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CHAMBERS'S



MISCELLANY

OF

USEFUL & ENTERTAINING TRAGTS

VOLUME VIII.



W. & R. CHAMBERS  
LONDON AND EDINBURGH



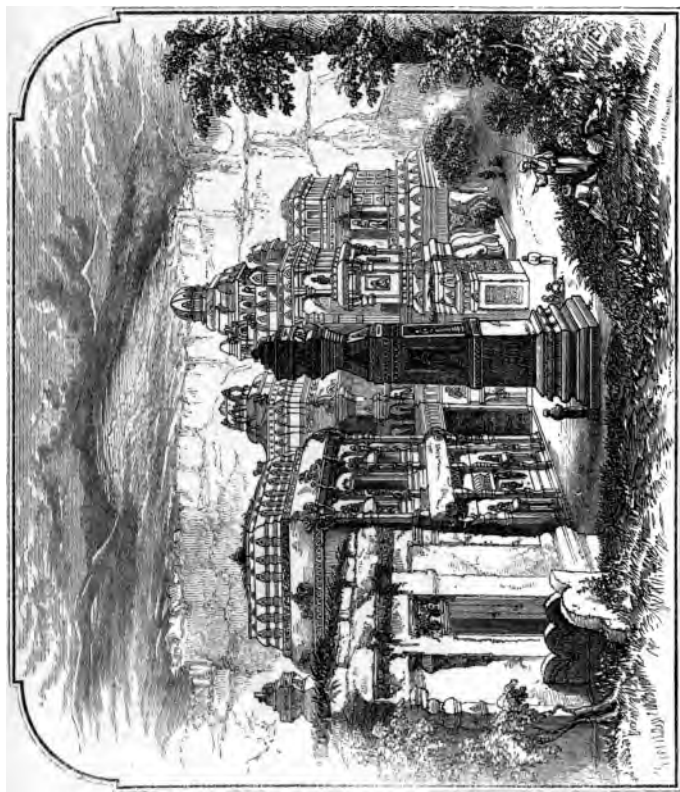
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CHAMBERS'S  
MISCELLANY

OF

INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

*New and Revised Edition*

VOL. VIII.



W. AND R. CHAMBERS  
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1870

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**G**EORGE WASHINGTON was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, on the 22d of February 1732. He was the eldest son, by a second marriage, of Augustine Washington, a gentleman of large property, the descendant of John Washington, an Englishman who had emigrated to America during the government of Oliver Cromwell. The name of Washington's mother was Mary Ball. Her husband dying suddenly in the year 1743, the charge of educating a large family, consisting of two surviving sons of her husband by his former wife and five surviving children of her own, devolved upon her. George Washington was eleven years of age at the time of his father's death.

Although cut off in the prime of life, Augustine Washington left all his children well provided for. Lawrence, the eldest, was left an estate of twenty-five hundred acres, besides shares in ironworks

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in Maryland and Virginia; Augustine, who was next oldest, inherited an estate in Westmoreland; George inherited the house and lands in Stafford County, where his father resided at the time of his death; his three younger brothers had each a plantation of six or seven hundred acres assigned him; and provision was otherwise made for the sister. By the will of her husband, Mrs Washington was intrusted with the sole management of the property of her six children, until they should respectively come of age. Being a woman of singular prudence and strength of character, she fulfilled this important charge with great success. She lived to see her illustrious son at the height of his greatness.

The means of education were at that time very limited in the American colonies. Wealthy persons, who wished their sons to receive a liberal education, were under the necessity of sending them home to the mother-country for that purpose; but most of the planters were satisfied with the plain elementary education which their sons could obtain at the nearest school. Sometimes a man of superior qualifications would settle down as a schoolmaster in Virginia; but the majority of the schoolmasters pretended to nothing more than being qualified to teach reading, writing, arithmetic, and book-keeping. It was under a person of this kind that George Washington acquired all the school education that he ever received; and he appears to have left school altogether before arriving at the age of sixteen. From all that can be learned of this early period of his life, he seems to have been characterised by great docility and rectitude of disposition. His schoolfellows, it is said, used to refer all their disputes to his judgment. As a boy, he was exceedingly fond of such athletic exercises as leaping, wrestling, throwing the hammer, swimming, &c.; and his military propensity developed itself in the delight which he took in arranging his schoolfellows in companies, making them parade like soldiers, attack imaginary forts, and fight mimic battles. The best insight, however, which we obtain into Washington's character and pursuits when a boy, is derived from fragments of his juvenile copy-books and manuscripts which have been preserved. They are all written in a neat and careful hand, with great attention to method and arrangement. The greater number contain exercises in arithmetic and practical geometry, especially land-surveying; and the diagrams which are drawn to illustrate the geometrical exercises are remarkable for their accuracy and beauty. The earliest of the manuscripts is a folio one, entitled 'Forms of Writing,' containing copies of bills of exchange, receipts, bonds, indentures, bills of sale, land warrants, leases, deeds, and wills, written out with care, the prominent words in large and varied characters, in imitation of a clerk's hand. These 'Forms of Writing' are followed by quotations in verse, more remarkable, his biographer tells us, for the soundness of the sentiments which they express, than for their poetical merit; and these quota-

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tions, again, are followed by 'Rules of Civility and Decent Behaviour in Company and Conversation.' The rules are a hundred and ten in number, and appear to have been either copied entire out of one book, or collected out of several. We may quote two or three as specimens. Rule 2: 'In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.' Rule 12: 'Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.' Rule 29: 'Utter not base and frivolous things amongst grave and learned men; nor very difficult questions or subjects amongst the ignorant; nor things hard to be believed.' Rule 40: 'Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.' Rule 57: 'Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.'

The methodical habits which we see so clearly manifested in these juvenile copy-books, were Washington's characteristics through life.

Grammar, or the study of languages, was no part of Washington's education when a boy. His early letters are sometimes faulty in point of grammar and expression, and it was only by practice in writing and conversation that he acquired the accurate and distinct style which he afterwards wrote. When considerably advanced in life, he made an attempt to learn French, but appears to have succeeded but poorly.

When Washington was fourteen years of age, a proposal was made with his own consent, which, if carried into effect, would have opened up for him a very different career from that which he was destined to follow. Observing his liking for adventure and active exercise, his brother Lawrence exerted his interest to procure for him a midshipman's warrant in the British navy. The warrant was procured, and the boy was pleased with a prospect which was at that time as promising as one in his circumstances could desire; but as nothing could overcome Mrs Washington's reluctance to let her son go to sea, the project was at length abandoned: George Washington remained at school, and some other boy obtained the midshipman's berth.

After leaving school, at the age of sixteen, Washington resided some time with his brother Lawrence on his estate of Mount Vernon; so called in honour of Admiral Vernon, who was a friend of Lawrence Washington, and under whose command George was to have served. Lawrence Washington had married Miss Fairfax, the daughter of his near neighbour, William Fairfax, a person of wealth and political station in the colony, and a distant relative of Lord Fairfax—a nobleman of literary tastes and somewhat eccentric habits, who had left England and come to reside in Virginia, where he was the proprietor of a vast tract of country lying between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers, and stretching across the Alleghany Mountains. At the time of George Washington's

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residence with his brother at Mount Vernon, Lord Fairfax was on a visit at the house of William Fairfax, the father-in-law of Lawrence ; and between the two families a constant intercourse was kept up. As young Washington was continually employed in his favourite pursuit of land-surveying, putting his art in practice on his brother's estate, it occurred to Lord Fairfax to engage him in surveying his own vast property. Various circumstances were rendering such a survey absolutely necessary. Settlers were squatting down on the most fertile spots on the extremity of his lordship's lands, without leave being asked or given ; and to put a stop to such proceedings, it was essential that the boundaries of the lands should be defined, and the remoter districts accurately divided into lots. Our young surveyor was intrusted with this very responsible office ; and accordingly, in the month of March 1748, he set out on his surveying expedition to the valleys of the Alleghanies, accompanied by George Fairfax, the son of William Fairfax. The tour lasted two months, and from the entries in Washington's journal, the labour appears to have been pretty arduous. On the 15th of March he writes : 'Worked hard till night, and then returned. After supper, we were lighted into a room, and I, not being so good a woodsman as the rest, stripped myself very orderly, and went into the bed, as they called it, when, to my surprise, I found it to be nothing but a little straw matted together, without sheet or anything else, but only one threadbare blanket, covered with vermin. I was glad to get up and put on my clothes, and lie as my companions did.'

For three years Washington pursued the profession of land-surveyor in the neighbourhood of Mount Vernon, making occasional journeys as far as the Alleghanies. As he had received a commission as public surveyor, which gave his surveys authority, and as there were very few of the profession at that time in Virginia, his practice was extensive and lucrative. In writing to a friend, describing the hardships and exposures which he had to undergo in his surveying tours to the west, he says : 'Nothing could make it pass off tolerably but a good reward. A doubloon is my constant gain every day that the weather will permit of my going out, and sometimes six pistoles.' In another letter written during the same period to a friend, whom he addresses as 'dear Robin,' and who appears to have been his confidant, he says : 'My place of residence at present is at his lordship's (Lord Fairfax's), where I might, were my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly, as there is a very agreeable young lady in the same house, Colonel George Fairfax's wife's sister. But that only adds fuel to the fire, as being often and unavoidably in company with her revives my former passion for your Lowland beauty ; whereas, were I to live more retired from young women, I might in some measure alleviate my sorrow by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in oblivion.' Several other letters of the same period are written in the same desponding tone ;

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but the name of this 'troublesome' Lowland beauty, who was Washington's first love, has unfortunately perished.

About the year 1751, the French and the Indians were making themselves very disagreeable neighbours to the British colonists in Virginia; the French by their encroachments on the frontier, and the Indians by the depredations which they committed. To defend themselves against these, as well as to be prepared for the war which seemed likely at no distant period to break out between France and Great Britain, it was resolved to organise the colonial militia, divide the province into districts, and appoint an adjutant-general, with the military rank of major, to superintend each district. Washington, who was now in his twentieth year, was appointed one of these officers, probably by the interest of his friends the Fairfaxes. The office, besides bringing him in a hundred and fifty pounds a year, afforded him opportunities of becoming practically acquainted with military affairs. He entered with ardour into its duties, taking lessons from the ablest military men he could meet with, submitting himself to the drill, and reading numerous books on the military art.

Shortly after Washington's appointment to the rank of major in the militia, his brother Lawrence, whose health had been long declining, was advised to make a voyage to Barbadoes, and reside a few months there for the benefit of the climate; and as it was necessary that he should not go unattended, George accompanied him. While in Barbadoes, Washington was attacked by small-pox, but recovered after a short illness. As his brother was not deriving any benefit from the climate, he resolved to go to Bermuda in the spring, and in the meantime Washington was to return to Virginia. From Bermuda, Lawrence was to write to him to rejoin him along with his wife. This arrangement, however, was never carried into effect; for though, in the spring, Lawrence did proceed to Bermuda, he found himself so much worse, that he saw it to be necessary to return to Virginia; and on the 26th of July 1752 he died at Mount Vernon, leaving a wife and an infant daughter. By his will, the property of Mount Vernon was bequeathed to his daughter; but in case of her death without issue, it was to devolve on Washington, with the reservation of a life-interest in favour of his wife. Washington was also appointed one of the executors.

Immediately on his return from Barbadoes, Major Washington had resumed his military duties with great zeal and perseverance; and when, on the appointment of Mr Dinwiddie as governor of Virginia, the whole colony was mapped out into four grand military divisions, so high was Major Washington's character, that the northern division was allotted to him. His duties were to 'visit the several counties, in order to train and instruct the militia officers, review the companies on parade, inspect the arms and accoutrements, and establish a uniform system of manœuvres and discipline.'

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### WAR WITH THE FRENCH ON THE FRONTIER.

Every day fresh accounts were received of the encroachments which the French were making on the British territory beyond the Alleghanies. These accounts had reached the government at home, and the British cabinet had sent out instructions to Governor Dinwiddie to build two forts on the Ohio, for the purpose of driving off the intruders, and asserting the British claim to the disputed territory. As a preliminary step, Governor Dinwiddie resolved to send a commissioner, in the name of his Britannic majesty, to confer with the commander of the intruding French troops, and demand his reason for invading the British territory, and also with a view to collect accurate information respecting the numbers and force of the invaders, their intended movements, and the extent to which they had gained the confidence and alliance of the Indians. Major Washington was selected as a person well qualified for this important mission, although yet only in his twenty-second year. Accompanied by seven others, two of whom were to act as his interpreters, one with the French, the other with the Indians, he performed a difficult and dangerous journey of 560 miles, in the depth of winter, through a region of forest, swamp, and wilderness, which had not yet been penetrated by civilisation; and after an absence of nearly three months, returned to Williamsburg, the seat of the Virginia government, having fully accomplished the main objects of his expedition. The three principal objects which Governor Dinwiddie contemplated by the mission were, the ascertaining of a suitable site for a British fort, a conference with the Indian tribes, with a view to secure their assistance against the French, and a visit to the French fort itself. Major Washington attended to them all. Proceeding to the French fort, he had several interviews with the commandant; but as nothing satisfactory resulted from these conferences, he took his departure, after having stayed long enough to obtain all the intelligence he wished to carry back to Governor Dinwiddie. Immediately on his return to Williamsburg, his journal of the expedition was published, and being regarded as an important official document, as affairs then stood between France and Great Britain, it was copied into almost all the newspapers both in the colony and in the mother-country.

Governor Dinwiddie commenced his military preparations with great alacrity. He summoned an early meeting of the legislature, to adopt such proceedings as might appear proper in the emergency; and not content with this, he wrote to the governors of the other provinces, to rouse their flagging zeal. The colonists, however, shewed no signs of sympathy with the bustling activity of the governor. They were in no hurry, they said, to precipitate themselves

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into a war with which they had no concern. What business had the governor of Virginia with the encroachments of the French on the Ohio? Was it even certain that they were encroaching on the king's lands? What claim had the king of Great Britain to these lands, any more than the king of France? Or, if the lands did belong to the king of Great Britain, why did he not send out his own soldiers to beat back the French, instead of leaving it to be done by the colonists, to whom it did not matter a pin's point whether the French kept possession of the lands or not? Such murmurs gave the governor great vexation. It is true that, after a long discussion, the legislature of Virginia voted ten thousand pounds for the defence of the colony; but the manner in which the vote was made was very displeasing to the loyal governor. 'I am sorry,' he wrote to the Earl of Holdernes, 'to find the colonists very much in a republican way of thinking.'

A respectable militia force was nevertheless raised. An Englishman, Colonel Fry, was appointed to the first command, and Washington was named his second, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. While the governor and Colonel Fry were engaged in trying to recruit the army by appeals to the colonists, and by holding out bounties in land to such as would enlist, Colonel Washington, with three small companies, was sent to occupy an outpost in the very line in which the French were advancing. It was destined that the first battle in the war should be fought by him. Hearing that the French had succeeded in obtaining possession of the British fort at the Ohio fork, and that a party was approaching in the direction of his post, he deemed it advisable to advance himself into the wilderness; and on the 27th of May 1754, meeting a party of fifty French soldiers under the command of M. de Junonville, an action ensued, in which Junonville and ten of his men were killed, and twenty taken prisoners. Only one of Washington's men was killed, and two or three wounded. As war had not yet been formally declared, the importance of this skirmish was greatly magnified both in France and Great Britain, and Washington did not escape blame. In France, the death of Junonville was pronounced to be nothing else than a murder in cold blood; and it was even made the subject of a heroic poem, in which Washington did not appear to advantage. Nor does the transaction appear to have been regarded with more favour in England, if we may believe the following passage in Horace Walpole's *Memoirs of George the Second*, written not long after the event. 'In the express which Major Washington despatched on his preceding little victory,' says Walpole, 'he concluded with these words: "I heard the bullets whistle, and believe me, there is something charming in the sound." On hearing of this, the king said sensibly: "He would not say so if he had been used to hear many." However,' adds Walpole, 'this brave braggart learned to blush for his rhodomontade.' A gentleman once asked Washington

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whether he ever used the expression attributed to him. 'If I said so,' replied Washington, 'it was when I was young.'

Colonel Fry dying when on his way to join the army, the command devolved on Washington; for although Colonel Innes, a Scotchman, was appointed, he never assumed the office. Washington was involved in great difficulties, owing to the complaints of the officers and men, whom an ill-timed parsimony deprived of part of their pay. Doing his best, however, to preserve order among his men, amounting now to upwards of 300 militia, and about 150 regulars under Captain Mackay, he continued the campaign. Fearing that a French force would advance from Fort Duquesne and overpower him, he withdrew to the Great Meadows, nearer the inhabited parts of the colony. Here, his men being fatigued by the labour of transporting the guns and baggage, and there being a scarcity of provisions, he resolved to intrench himself, and wait for reinforcements. Accordingly, a fort was built, called Fort Necessity. Unexpectedly, the fort was besieged by a French force amounting to nearly 900 men; and after some resistance, Washington was obliged to capitulate on honourable terms, and retreat to Wills's Creek. So skilful, however, was his conduct on this occasion, that he and his little army received the thanks of the House of Burgesses.

Governor Dinwiddie had now conceived some scheme for organising the militia on what he considered a better footing; but as this scheme had the effect of reducing Washington to the rank of a captain, and not only so, but of making him inferior in that rank to captains bearing the king's commission, he resigned his command, and retired from the army. 'If you think me capable of holding a commission which has neither rank nor emolument annexed to it,' was the answer he gave to Governor Sharpe of Maryland, who had solicited him to remain in the army, 'you must entertain a very contemptible opinion of my weakness, and believe me to be more empty than the commission itself.' He therefore passed the winter of 1754-5 in retirement. In the spring of 1755, however, General Braddock landed in Virginia with two regiments of soldiers from Great Britain, and Washington was prevailed on to join him as aide-de-camp, retaining his former rank. 'I may be allowed,' he said, 'to claim some merit, if it is considered that the sole motive which invites me to the field is the laudable desire of serving my country, not the gratification of any ambitious or lucrative plans.'

The unfortunate issue of Braddock's expedition is well known. Having, by means of the vigorous exertions of Benjamin Franklin, then postmaster-general of the provinces, been provided with 150 wagons, and the number of horses requisite to transport his cannon and baggage—a piece of gratuitous labour on Franklin's part, which Braddock, in his letter to the English ministry, complaining of the inactivity of the colonial authorities, speaks of as being 'the only instance of address and integrity he had seen in the provinces'—

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he marched westward to attack Fort Duquesne, and finally, as he thought, expel the French from the British territory. The march was rough and difficult, and Braddock consulted Washington as to the best mode of proceeding. 'I urged him,' says Washington, 'in the warmest terms I was able, to push forward, if he even did it with a small but chosen band, with such artillery and light stores as were necessary, leaving the heavy artillery and baggage to follow with the rear division by slow and easy marches.' This advice prevailed; the army was divided into two, General Braddock leading the advanced division of 1200 men, and Colonel Dunbar bringing up the rest more leisurely. During the march, Washington was seized with a violent fever, which detained him several days. When he rejoined General Braddock on the evening of the 8th of July, the troops were on the banks of the Monongahela, within fifteen miles of Fort Duquesne. In approaching the fort, it was necessary to cross the river twice, and march part of the way on the south side. 'Early on the morning of the 9th,' writes Mr Sparks, 'all things were in readiness, and the whole train passed through the river a little below the mouth of the Youghiogany, and proceeded in perfect order along the southern bank of the Monongahela. Washington was often heard to say during his lifetime, that the most beautiful spectacle he had ever beheld was the display of the British troops on this eventful morning. Every man was neatly dressed in full uniform, the soldiers were arranged in columns, and marched in exact order, the sun gleamed from their burnished arms, the river flowed tranquilly on their right, and the deep forest overshadowed them with solemn grandeur on their left. Officers and men were equally inspirited with cheering hopes and confident anticipations.' They had just crossed the river a second time, and were ascending a wooded acclivity on their way to the fort, when suddenly they were attacked and thrown into confusion by two heavy discharges of musketry from an unseen enemy. Alarmed and bewildered, the troops did not know what to do; they fired at random into the woods, and huddled together in disorderly masses, shrinking from the deadly discharges which were poured in from the right and the left simultaneously. For three hours this unequal combat continued, the Indians and French taking deliberate aim from the ravines in which they were concealed, the British firing upon each other in their confusion and desperation. The carnage was terrible: more than half the men were either killed or wounded. Out of eighty-six officers, six were killed and thirty-seven wounded; and General Braddock himself received a wound which proved mortal. During the battle, Washington exposed himself with the most reckless bravery, riding about in every direction, and giving the general's orders—a conspicuous mark for the enemy's bullets. 'By the all-powerful dispensations of Providence,' he wrote in a letter to his brother after the battle, 'I have been protected beyond all human

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probability or expectations; for I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me; yet I escaped unhurt, although death was levelling my companions on every side of me.'

The failure of this expedition was the subject of universal conversation for a long time afterwards, and many were the reproaches cast out against the memory of the ill-fated Braddock. Washington was the only person engaged in the affair who derived honour from it. It was proved that he had given General Braddock advice which had been neglected; in particular, that he had insisted on the necessity of sending out Indian scouts to precede the army; and it was entirely owing to his bravery and presence of mind that the remains of the army were enabled to cross the river and effect a retreat. Wherever, therefore, the unfortunate battle of the Monongahela was spoken of, Washington's name was mentioned with honour. In the meantime, having no permanent commission in the army, he had retired to Mount Vernon, which, by the death of his late brother's child, had now become his own property. Here he employed himself assiduously in fulfilling his duties as adjutant-general of the district. The attention of the whole colony, however, was turned to him, and he was not allowed long to live in retirement. Such was the military ardour which had been excited in all classes by General Braddock's defeat, that the language of war and patriotism was even heard from the pulpit. The clergy preached sermons stimulating the martial spirit of their congregations; and one sermon preached at that time became memorable afterwards. It was in a sermon preached by the Rev. Samuel Davies before a volunteer company, that a reference was made to Washington, which made a deep impression then, and was often quoted afterwards as prophetic. Speaking of the courage displayed by the Virginia troops, the preacher used these words: 'As a remarkable instance of this, I may point out to the public that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country.' This was but the common feeling of the colony; and it was in accordance with this feeling that, the legislature having made a grant of £40,000 to be employed in fresh military preparations, Washington was requested to assume the chief command of the Virginia forces. Before accepting this command, he made several stipulations; 'among others, that he should possess a voice in choosing his officers, and that there should be a better system of military regulations, more promptness in paying the troops, and a thorough reform inducing activity and method in all the departments for procuring supplies.'

Elected in the autumn of 1755, Washington continued in his command nearly three years. It is unnecessary, and it would be tedious, to give a detailed account of all that he was engaged in during that period. Suffice it to say, that the qualities he was

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required to exercise during that time were those for which he was all his life remarkable—prudence, patience, resolution, self-denial, and strict attention to order and method. As the tardiness and inactivity of the colonial authorities in all matters connected with the military service, obliged him to confine his operations to such as were merely defensive, he had not so many opportunities of signalling himself as a successful general in the field. The skill, however, which he thus acquired in conducting a defensive war, was of vast consequence to him afterwards. He kept his command till the close of the campaign of 1758, when, the great object of the war having been accomplished by the re-occupation of the Ohio, he resigned his commission, and again retired to Mount Vernon, carrying with him the good wishes of the army, and the esteem of the whole colony.

### PRIVATE AND POLITICAL LIFE FROM 1759 TO 1775.

In 1755, Washington, while on a visit to New York, had a second slight attack of the tender passion. The object this time was a Miss Mary Phillips, the sister of the wife of one of his most intimate friends. Forced at length to leave New York, without making any declaration of his affections, Miss Phillips married Captain Morris, one of Washington's associates in Braddock's expedition. It was not till 1758, when he had reached his twenty-seventh year, that Washington fairly yielded to female charms. This time the object was Mrs Martha Custis, a beautiful, accomplished, and very wealthy young widow, with two children, between whom and herself her late husband's property was equally divided. To this lady Washington was married, on the 6th of January 1759.

The next fifteen years of Washington's life were spent in fulfilling the duties of private life, which were not small, considering that they included the managing of an extensive property, and in attending to those other duties of a public nature which devolved upon him, in consequence of his election as a member of the House of Burgesses of Virginia.

Washington's estate, like every other property in Virginia, was cultivated by negro slaves; and, according to the feelings of the time and place, he does not appear to have considered that the keeping of men in a state of degrading bondage was any way criminal or improper—a circumstance which one has cause to regret in estimating the benevolence and conscientiousness of his character. In his diary for 1760, the following passages respecting his rural occupations occur: '*February* 5.—Visited my plantations, and found, to my great surprise, Stephens constant at work. Passing by my carpenters that were hewing, I found that four of them—viz., George, Tom, Mike, and young Billy, had only hewed one hundred and twenty feet yesterday from ten o'clock. Sat down, therefore,

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and observed Tom and Mike, in a less space than thirty minutes, clear the bushes from about a poplar stock, line it ten feet long, and hew each his side twelve inches deep. Then letting them proceed their own way, they spent twenty-five minutes more in getting the cross-cut saw, standing to consider what to do, sawing the stock off in two places, putting it on the blocks for hewing it square, and lining it. From this time till they had finished the stock entirely, required twenty minutes more, so that in the space of one hour and a quarter they each of them, from the stump, finished twenty feet of hewing. From hence it appears very clear, that, allowing they work only from sun to sun, and require two hours at breakfast, they ought to yield each his one hundred and twenty-five feet while the days are at their present length, and more in proportion as they increase. While this was doing, George and Billy sawed thirty feet of plank ; so that it appears that, making the same allowance as before (but not for the time required in piling the stock), they ought to saw one hundred and eighty feet of plank. It is to be observed, that this hewing and sawing, likewise, were of poplar ; what may be the difference, therefore, between the working of this wood and others, some future observations must make known.' *March 26.*—'Spent the greatest part of the day in making a new plough of my own invention.' *March 18.*—'The lightning, which had been attended with a good deal of rain, had struck my quarter, and about ten negroes in it ; some very badly injured, but with letting blood, they recovered.'

Several interesting details of his ordinary habits as a planter are given by his biographer, Mr Sparks. Tobacco was the staple product of his plantations : the greater part of his produce he sent to the London market ; but he occasionally consigned smaller quantities to correspondents in Liverpool and Bristol. It was then the practice of the Virginia planters to import directly from London all the articles which they required for common use ; and accordingly, 'twice a year, Washington forwarded lists of such articles to his agent, comprising not only the necessities and conveniences for household purposes—ploughs, hoes, spades, scythes, and other implements of agriculture ; saddles, bridles, and harness for his horses—but likewise every article of wearing apparel for himself and the different members of his family, specifying the names of each, and the ages of Mrs Washington's two children, as well as the size, description, and quality of the various articles. In an order sent to his tailor in London, he describes himself as "six feet high, and proportionably made ; if anything, rather slender for a person of that height ;" and adds, that his limbs were long. In exact measure, his height was six feet three inches. He required the agent through whom he sent these orders to send him, in addition to a general bill of the whole, the original vouchers of the shopkeepers and mechanics from whom purchases had been made. So particular was he in

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these concerns, that for many years he recorded with his own hand, in books prepared for the purpose, all the long lists of orders and copies of the multifarious receipts from the different merchants and tradesmen who had supplied the goods. In this way he kept a perfect oversight of the business, ascertained the prices, could detect any imposition, mismanagement, or carelessness, and tell when any advantage was taken of him even in the smallest matter, of which, when discovered, he did not fail to remind his correspondents the next time he wrote.'

Washington, while thus intent on agricultural pursuits, did not withdraw himself from general society. 'He was a frequent visitor at Annapolis, the seat of government in Maryland, renowned as the resort of the polite, wealthy, and fashionable. At Mount Vernon, he returned the civilities he had received, and practised on a large and generous scale the hospitality for which the southern planters have ever been distinguished. When he was at home, a day seldom passed without the company of friends or strangers at his house.' During his occasional visits to Williamsburg and Annapolis, he frequently attended the theatre; and at home, his principal amusement was the chase. He used, at the proper season, to 'go out three or four times a week with horses, dogs, and horns, in pursuit of foxes, accompanied by a small party of gentlemen, either his neighbours or visitors at Mount Vernon.'

As a landed proprietor, Washington had to take part in many kinds of local business. His neighbours used frequently to ask his assistance in settling disputes, or advising them in matters of importance, and his sagacity and judgment in such affairs gave him a strong and extensive influence. Being a vestryman of Truro parish, in which he resided, parochial affairs occupied much of his attention. The clergyman of the parish used to tell the following story of him in his capacity as vestryman. The church being old and ruinous, it was resolved to build a new one, and several meetings of the parishioners were held to determine on the site. At length the parishioners divided into two parties, one insisting that the new church should be built on the site of the old one, the other insisting on its being built in a more central situation. The conservatives appeared to have the majority; and when, at a final meeting, Mr George Mason, a friend and neighbour of Washington, and an influential man in the colony, made an eloquent speech about not deserting a spot hallowed by so many venerable associations, and in which the bones of their fathers were buried, such was the effect, that it seemed the resolution to adhere to the old site would be carried without a dissenting voice. At this critical moment Washington rose up, and taking from his pocket a plan of Truro parish, in which were marked the two disputed sites, and the positions of the houses of all the parishioners, spread it out before them, bidding them forget Mr Mason's eloquent speech, and attend to the difference of the

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distances they would have to travel in going to church, as exhibited by the map. The result was, that the new site was agreed on.

Washington was punctual in the discharge of his duties as a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses. It is related that when he took his seat, the speaker, in compliance with a vote of the house, rose up to return him the thanks of the colony for his distinguished military services, and did so in such complimentary terms, that when Washington rose to acknowledge the honour, he blushed, trembled, stammered, and was unable to utter a single syllable. 'Sit down, Mr Washington,' said the speaker; 'your modesty equals your valour, and that surpasses any power of language that I possess.' Washington made it a point of conscience to be present at almost every sitting. He spoke very seldom, but attended carefully to all the proceedings; and when he did speak, it was with a thorough understanding of the matter in hand, and strictly to the point. 'It is not known,' says his biographer, 'that he ever made a set speech, or entered into a stormy debate.' He was one of those who derive their influence in public assemblies, not from their eloquence, but from their sagacity and the soundness of their judgment. It was owing to this, perhaps, that Washington's name was not so often mentioned as those of other colonists in the early stage of the dispute between the colonies and the mother-country. It has even been argued from the same circumstance, that Washington's sentiments did not at first agree with those of the leaders of the American revolution. But the fact is, that, from the very beginning, he belonged to the party of Henry, Randolph, and Lee, although, like them, he long believed it possible that the rupture between England and the colonies might be healed. He spoke in terms of decided hostility to the Stamp Act, calling it an 'unconstitutional method of taxation, and a direful attack on the liberties of the colonies.'

The struggle was approaching its crisis. In March 1773, Lord Dunmore, who had succeeded Lord Botecourt as governor of Virginia, prorogued the unmanageable House of Burgesses. A few days after the session of 1774 had commenced, the intelligence reached the colony of the act which the English parliament had passed, shutting up the port of Boston. The excitement was immense, and on the 24th of May, the House of Burgesses passed an order appointing the 1st of June (the day on which the act of the English parliament relative to the port of Boston was to take effect) to be observed as 'a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, devoutly to implore the divine interposition to avert the heavy calamity' which seemed impending over the colony. In consequence of this order, the house was next day dissolved by Lord Dunmore. A large number of the members immediately met in the Raleigh tavern, constituted themselves into an association, and threw out a public recommendation to enter into a correspondence with the other provinces, for the purpose of convening a general congress of deputies from all the

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thirteen British colonies in America. This idea of a general congress had been suggested by Franklin the previous year.

On the 1st of August 1774, deputies from the various counties of Virginia met at Williamsburg, and constituted themselves a convention. This convention named the following seven persons as representatives of the colony of Virginia in the congress about to be held—Peyton Randolph, Richard Lee, George Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Bland, Benjamin Harrison, and Edmund Pendleton.

On the 5th of September these seven persons met at Philadelphia with the deputies appointed by eleven of the other colonies; namely, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina, and South Carolina. Such was the celebrated first continental congress, which now assumed the direction of affairs. Their proceedings consisted principally in drawing up humble petitions to the king, stating the grievances of the colonies, and letters to the people of Great Britain, appealing to their sense of justice.

The precise part acted by each member of congress cannot be ascertained, as the details of the proceedings were not published; but it is certain that Washington was regarded as one of the leading men in it, and that his opinion on all points was received with the utmost deference. The celebrated orator, Patrick Henry, was asked about this time 'whom he thought the greatest man in congress.' 'If you speak of eloquence,' was his reply, 'Mr Rutledge of South Carolina is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor.'

The second congress met on the 10th of May 1775. The members were nearly the same as in the first, only we observe the new name of Benjamin Franklin as one of the deputies from Pennsylvania. The petition which the first congress had addressed to King George had produced no effect; and the disposition of the British parliament appeared more hostile than before to the liberties of the colonists. In these circumstances, the congress assumed a decided tone. It was unanimously voted 'that the colonies be immediately put in a state of defence:' the army then engaged in besieging the British troops in Boston was adopted by congress as a continental army; and on the 15th of June, Washington was unanimously chosen commander-in-chief; the members of congress pledging themselves individually to stand by him with their lives and fortunes.

## WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

At the time of his appointment as commander-in-chief, Washington was forty-three years of age. His life, during the next eight years, is identified with the history of the war between Great Britain and



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the American States. We can narrate only the leading particulars of the history of this important period.

Washington's first care, after being appointed to the command, was to form and systematise the army, which was miserably weak and ill provided with the necessaries of war. The task was no easy one, as he had to contend against the wishes of the soldiers themselves, against the mutual jealousies of the officers, and against the irresolution of congress. Nevertheless, he succeeded to a certain extent. 'He arranged the army into six brigades of six regiments each, in such a manner that the troops from the same colony should be brought together as far as practicable, and act under a commander from that colony. Of the whole he made three grand divisions, each consisting of two brigades, or twelve regiments. The great work of creating a regular military system was to be executed mainly by the commander-in-chief. Congress might approve, sanction, and aid; but it was his task to combine, organise, establish, and sustain. To this end he kept up an unremitted correspondence with congress during the whole war. His letters were read to the house in full session, and almost every important resolution respecting the army was adopted on his suggestion or recommendation, and emanated from his mind. Besides his unceasing intercourse with congress, he was obliged to correspond with the heads of the provincial governments, and afterwards with the governors and legislatures of the states; with conventions, committees, and civil magistrates.'

The first year of Washington's command was spent not so much in actual warfare, as in making these arrangements. At the end of the year, when the old army was dissolved, the whole number of the new establishment was nine thousand six hundred and fifty. More than a thousand of these men were absent on furloughs, which it had been necessary to grant as a condition of re-enlistment. This result was peculiarly discouraging. 'Search the volumes of history through,' said Washington, 'and I much question whether a case similar to ours is to be found; namely, to maintain a post against the flower of the British troops for six months together without powder, and then to have one army disbanded, and another to be raised within the same distance of a reinforced enemy.' The advanced season of the year, however, rendered it impossible for the British troops to avail themselves of the advantage which these circumstances gave them.

Washington, when he accepted the command, had expected to be able to reside a part of every year at Mount Vernon. As, however, he found it impossible to do so, it was Mrs Washington's custom to join him in the camp every winter, returning to Mount Vernon at the opening of the campaign in spring. But though absent from his estates, Washington did not neglect his private affairs. In the midst of his pressing and multifarious business as

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commander-in-chief, he kept up a regular correspondence with Mr Lund Washington, to whom he had committed the management of his property during his absence. Twice or thrice a month Mr Lund Washington sent him a detailed account of whatever had happened, or whatever was going on, at Mount Vernon; and all these letters were answered by Washington in the most punctual manner.

In the end of 1775, General Howe, who had been sent out to supersede General Gage in the command of the British forces, was fitting out an expedition which was imagined at first to be against New York, but which was, in reality, destined for North Carolina. Washington, on his side, was eager for an attack on Boston, but was overruled by a council of his officers; and it was agreed to attempt the occupation of Dorchester Heights. Accordingly, on the 4th of March 1776, the Americans took possession of the heights; and this was followed by the evacuation of Boston by the British on the 17th. On this occasion the thanks of congress were conveyed to Washington in a letter signed by the president, and a gold medal was struck in his honour. After leaving Boston, General Howe and his army hovered about the coast in their fleet, meditating, as it appeared, an attack on New York. When they did land at Sandy Hook, on the 28th of June, such was the state of Washington's army, that he was unprepared to offer any effective resistance; and accordingly, after the British had got possession of Long Island, he was obliged to evacuate New York, and fall back behind the Delaware. The defeat at Long Island made Washington more anxious than ever for a complete reorganisation of his army. 'I am fully confirmed,' he wrote to the president of congress, 'in the opinion I ever entertained, and which I more than once in my letters took the liberty of mentioning to congress, that no dependence could be put in a militia or other troops than those enlisted for a longer period than our regulations heretofore have prescribed. I am persuaded, and as fully convinced as I am of any one fact that has happened, that our liberties must of necessity be greatly hazarded, if not entirely lost, if their defence is left to any but a permanent standing army; I mean one to exist during the war.' In consequence of these representations, congress turned its attention earnestly to the state of the army: most of Washington's recommendations were adopted; and in the month of December he was invested with powers which made him, in fact, a military dictator.

Meanwhile, the famous declaration of independence had been passed, by which the name of *colonies* was abolished for ever, and the thirteen provinces constituted into the United States of America. This act was entirely in accordance with the wishes of General Washington, who, with all the leading men in the colonies, had long foreseen the impossibility of any reconciliation with the mother-country. A short time after the declaration of independence was

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passed, Lord Howe, the brother of the British general, arrived from Great Britain as a commissioner from the king, bearing certain terms from the British government. The terms were such as might have had some effect if they had been offered sooner ; but now they came too late.

Lord Howe's mission having proved fruitless, the war was continued. The campaign of the year 1777 did not open till the month of June. During the winter, Washington had been employed in making those preparations which his increased authority now enabled him to effect. The months of June and July were spent in insignificant skirmishing between the two armies. The month of July, however, was signalised by an event of some importance—namely, the arrival from France of the Marquis de Lafayette, with the chivalrous design of fighting on the side of the Americans.

In the end of 1777, the American army was twice defeated—at the Brandywine on the 11th of September, and at Germantown, in Pennsylvania, on the 4th of October. The British entered Philadelphia, and Washington retired into winter-quarters at Valley Forge. The winter was one of severe trial to the patience and patriotism of Washington. A volume of spurious letters, said to be his, had been published in London ; and now they were reprinted at New York by some of his enemies, and widely circulated. But a more serious trial, and one more likely to produce fatal results, was a cabal against him formed by several of his own officers, assisted by a small party in congress. The leaders in this cabal were General Conway, General Gates, and General Mifflin, and the object they seemed to have in view was the removal of Washington from the supreme command. At first they did succeed in making some impression upon the public mind unfavourable to Washington, but at length the good sense of the majority of congress prevailed, and the cabal was crushed.

After a trying winter, during which all Washington's promptitude and skill were required to prevent his troops from breaking out into mutiny, owing to the want of supplies, the war was resumed in the spring of 1778. Upon the whole, the issue of this campaign was favourable to the Americans. The British were obliged to evacuate Philadelphia, and retreat towards the coast ; and although the battle of Monmouth was a drawn one, its results to the Americans were nearly as good as a victory. But the event of the year 1778, which caused the most universal joy in America, was the conclusion of a treaty between the United States and France, by which the French king recognised the independence of the states. This treaty was concluded in May ; and in July following, a French fleet, consisting of twelve ships-of-the-line and four frigates, arrived on the American coast, to assist the States against the British. The rest of the year was spent rather in mutual menaces than in actual

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warfare, and in December the army went into winter-quarters on the west of the Hudson. During the winter, a scheme was projected in congress for invading Canada; but in consequence of Washington's representations and remonstrances, it was thrown aside.

The year 1779 was marked by few events of consequence, although the general tenor of the war was in favour of the Americans. The only two circumstances which need be noticed are the expedition against certain Indian tribes which had gone over to the side of the British, and the storming of Stony Point on the 15th of July. In both these enterprises the Americans were successful. In the want of more interesting particulars connected with this period of Washington's life, we shall imitate his biographer's example, and introduce the following letter which he wrote to his friend Dr Cochrane, inviting him to dinner. It will give an idea of Washington's mode of life in the camp, and of his manner when he meant to be playful. The date is 16th August 1779.

'DEAR DOCTOR—I have asked Mrs Cochrane and Mrs Livingstone to dine with me to-morrow; but am I not in honour bound to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to premise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies. Of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered, is rather more essential; and this shall be the purport of my letter.

'Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot; and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beefsteak-pies, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side of the centre dish, dividing the space, and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which, without them, would be nearly twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies; and it is a question whether, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples instead of having both of beefsteaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates, once tin, but now iron (not become so by the labour of scouring), I shall be happy to see them; and am, dear doctor, yours.'

In April 1780, Lafayette returned from a visit to France, bringing intelligence that the French government had fitted out an armament, both of sea and land forces, to assist the Americans, and that its arrival might shortly be expected. Accordingly, on the 10th of July, the French fleet arrived at Rhode Island. It consisted of eight ships-of-the-line and two frigates, commanded by the Chevalier de

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Fernay, and having on board five thousand troops, commanded by the Count de Rochambeau. A conference was immediately held between Washington and Rochambeau, and a plan of co-operation agreed upon. Nothing of consequence, however, was done during the remainder of the year—the only incident of note being the capture and execution of the unfortunate Major André. It may be proper, for the sake of most of our readers, to give a brief account of this melancholy transaction. One of the commanders of the American army under Washington was General Arnold, who had distinguished himself greatly by his courage and his military talents during the war, and who was at this time invested with the command of West Point and other forts in the highlands. A vain and extravagant man, he had contracted debts far beyond his means of payment; and to extricate himself from these embarrassments, he had fallen upon the desperate resource of treachery. Eighteen months before the period we are now arrived at, he had commenced a treasonable correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, the British general, communicating intelligence respecting the plans and movements of the American army. The correspondence was at first anonymous; but at length Arnold threw off his disguise, and Sir Henry Clinton, perceiving the advantage to be derived from the treason, employed Major André, a young, brave, and accomplished British officer, to carry on the communication with Arnold. For some time letters passed between Arnold and André, under the assumed names of *Gustavus* and *John Anderson*, and written in such a manner as to be unintelligible to any party not in the secret. When, however, Arnold was invested with the command of West Point, he made proposals for delivering the fort up to the enemy, and it became necessary that André should have a personal interview with him, to make the final arrangements. An interview was accordingly arranged. The British sloop-of-war *Vulture*, with André on board, ascended the Hudson to within a few miles of King's Ferry: André went on shore in the night-time, and met Arnold, who had come thither on purpose. Not being able to finish their business that night, Arnold persuaded André, contrary to his intention, to go within the American lines, and lie concealed during the day at the house of a person of the name of Smith. Leaving him here, Arnold returned in the morning to West Point. In the evening, André having exchanged his regimentals for an ordinary dress, and been provided with a written pass from Arnold, left Smith's house, crossed the river, and took the direction of New York, not being able, as he wished, to return to the *Vulture*. Next day he was stopped on the road by three militiamen, who searched him, and found papers concealed in his boots. They immediately conveyed him to the nearest American post, the commander of which, on examining the papers found on André's person, perceived them to be in Arnold's handwriting. Stupidly enough, he wrote to Arnold, telling him of the

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capture of a person calling himself John Anderson, and carrying very strange papers ; and the consequence was, that Arnold had time to escape to the British camp. Meanwhile, intelligence of the affair had been conveyed to Washington. The unfortunate André himself wrote to Washington, telling his real name and rank, and explaining the manner in which he had been brought within the American lines. 'Against my stipulation,' he says, 'my intention, and without my knowledge beforehand, I was conducted within one of your posts. Your excellency may conceive my sensation on this occasion, and will imagine how much more I must have been affected by the refusal to reconduct me back next night as I had been brought. Thus become a prisoner, I had to concert my escape. I quitted my uniform, and was passed another way in the night, without the American posts, to neutral ground, and informed I was beyond all armed parties, and left to press for New York. I was taken at Tarrytown by some volunteers. Thus was I betrayed (being adjutant-general of the British army) into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise within your posts.'

André having been conveyed to the head-quarters of the army at Tappan, a board of officers was summoned by Washington to consider his case. The conclusion they came to was, that André ought to be regarded as a spy, and, according to the law and usage of nations, to suffer death. Washington approved of this decision. Great exertions were made by General Clinton, and by many others, to procure a remission of the sentence in a case so peculiar ; but all considerations of private or personal feeling were overcome by the sense of public duty ; and harsh as the death of Major André might appear, Washington felt himself bound not to interfere. The only possible way in which André could have been saved, was one which General Clinton could not, consistently with the honour of his country, adopt—namely, the surrender of the traitor Arnold. Meanwhile, the young and unfortunate officer met his fate nobly. On the 1st of October, the day before his death, he wrote as follows to Washington :

'SIR—Buoyed above the terror of death by the consciousness of a life devoted to honourable pursuits, and stained with no action that can give me remorse, I trust that the request I make to your excellency at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected. Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your excellency and a military tribunal to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honour. Let me hope, sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me, if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy, and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your breast, by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet.'

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Even this request could not be complied with, and next day Major André was hanged as a spy. André was a young man of amiable manners and disposition, and his fate was universally lamented both in America and England; and in reading the history of his ignominious death, one is inclined to feel that his life might, with no stretch of humanity or justice, have been spared. It seems at least clear that André was seduced into the position of a spy, and was animated by no dishonourable intention. At the time of his melancholy death, his mother and three sisters were alive in England. Provision was very properly made for them, in testimony of public sympathy with them, and public admiration for the brave and manly conduct of their lost relative; and after the conclusion of the war, Major André's ashes were disinterred, brought to England, and buried in Westminster Abbey.

The years 1781 and 1782 passed away like those which preceded them, no decisive battles being fought or great victories obtained on either side, but the general tenor of events, both in America and Europe, being favourable to the cause of American independence. The latter year, however, was marked by a very singular incident in the life of Washington. During the whole war, the sluggishness and timidity of congress, and its dilatory method of passing measures the most essential to the public good, had been the subject of great complaint in the army, and at length the feeling of discontent gave rise to sentiments of an anti-republican nature. Judging from the specimen of republican government which they had in the proceedings of congress, the soldiers and officers began to think that affairs would never be well managed, until some one man of ability were placed at the head of the government, if not with the title of king, at least with some other corresponding title. So strong had this conviction become in the army, that at length a number of the officers met, and deputed a veteran colonel to express their sentiments to Washington himself. A long and skilfully written letter was prepared, in which, after describing the wretched condition of the country, and especially of the army, the writer adds this important paragraph: 'This must have shewn to all, and to military men in particular, the weakness of republics, and the exertions the army have been able to make by being placed under a proper head. Therefore, I have little doubt that when the benefits of a mixed government are pointed out and duly considered, such will be readily adopted. In this case it will, I believe, be uncontroverted, that the same abilities which have led us through difficulties apparently insurmountable by human power to victory and glory, those qualities that have merited and obtained the universal esteem and veneration of an army, would be most likely to conduct and direct us in the smoother paths of peace. Some people have so confounded the ideas of tyranny and monarchy as to find it very difficult to separate them. It may therefore be requisite to give the head of such a

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constitution as I propose some title apparently more moderate ; but if all other things were once adjusted, I believe strong arguments might be produced for admitting the title of king, which I conceive would be attended with some material advantages.'

This was an important moment in the history of the United States. It has been remarked, that there are two classes of persons who play an important part in revolutions—lawyers and military men. The lawyers usually make themselves conspicuous *during* the revolution ; but the military men at last obtain the ascendancy, and restore society to order. It was by the power of the army that Cromwell and Napoleon were placed in the supreme civil command, and, in the present case, it was from the army that the proposal originated to make Washington king. Washington, however, declined the proposal, not, probably, from any mere scruple about injuring his fair name with posterity by appearing ambitious, but simply because, in the circumstances of the United States at that time, he may have seen that his accepting the offer would be attended not by good, but by ruinous consequences. The following is the answer which he returned to the letter containing the proposal :

'NEWBURG, 22d May 1782.

'SIR—With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and which I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary.

'I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to such an address, which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the same time, to do justice to my own feelings, I must add, that no man possesses a more sincere wish to see ample justice done to the army than I do ; and as far as my power and influence in a constitutional way extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be occasion. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature. I am, sir, &c.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.'

In May 1782, Sir Guy Carleton arrived at New York, having been appointed to succeed Sir Henry Clinton in the command of the



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British army. It was apparent, from the tone of his first letters to Washington, that the British government was inclined to make concessions ; and in August he gave formal notice that negotiations for a general peace had commenced at Paris, and 'that the independence of the United States would be conceded as a preliminary step.' By Washington's advice, however, the army was kept entire until the spring of 1783, when the news arrived that the treaty recognising the independence of the states had been actually signed. Nor was this a task of small difficulty ; for so large were the arrears of pay due to the officers and men, that it required all the prudence and authority of Washington to prevent the troops from rising in rebellion against the congress which had employed them.

The proclamation of the final cessation of hostilities was made to the American army on the 19th of April 1783, 'exactly eight years from the day on which the first blood was shed in this memorable contest at Lexington.' Eight years' war had converted what had been a few flourishing colonies of Great Britain into a new and independent state, likely to become ere long one of the most powerful nations on the face of the earth. The war had not been one of daring achievements and brilliant exploits. If viewed in this light, the war of American independence would seem but paltry and insignificant compared with other struggles recorded in history. We do not see in it any of those glorious victories of hundreds over thousands, those flashing acts of individual heroism, or those daring stratagems of military genius, which characterise other wars of similar importance. It was a cool, cautious, defensive war, in which patience and perseverance were the qualities most essential. Nor was Washington a Cæsar or a Napoleon. It would be absurd to name him as a military genius along with these two. But he was gifted with those great moral qualities which the circumstances of the American people required ; and if he gained no victories of the first class, and astonished the world by no feats of warlike skill, it is still not the less true, that if the British colonies had not possessed such a man, they would in all probability have failed in the struggle, and remained British colonies still. Let the truth, indeed, be spoken. It was not the bulk of the American people, as represented in congress, who achieved the independence of their country. That congress, by its perverse wrangling and incapability ; that people, by their slowness in furnishing supplies, would have ruined all, but for the intrepidity, the patience, and the powers of management of George Washington. Although not what might be called an amiable man, or a man of refined sentiment, few have ever appeared of so well balanced a character, and uniting the same power of command over men's minds with the same self-denial and want of personal ambition ; and probably none but a man of his rigid methodical habits would have been able to preserve order in the American army. Some of Washington's orderly-books during the period of his

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holding command, contain striking proofs of his strictness as a disciplinarian, and of his watchfulness of everything going on among the troops likely to injure the cause for which they were contending. To complete our idea of Washington as commander-in-chief, we shall select one or two of these entries in the orderly-book.

*'November 5, 1775.*—As the commander-in-chief has been apprised of a design formed for the observance of that ridiculous and childish custom of burning the effigy of the pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in this army so void of common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step at this juncture—at a time when we are soliciting, and have really obtained, the friendship and alliance of the people of Canada, whom we ought to consider as brethren embarked in the same cause—the defence of the general liberty of America. At such a juncture, and in such circumstances, to be insulting their religion is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to express public thanks to these our brethren, as to them we are indebted for every late happy success over the common enemy in Canada.'

*'August 3, 1776.*—That the troops may have an opportunity of attending public worship, as well as to take some rest after the great fatigue they have gone through, the general in future excuses them from fatigue-duty on Sundays, except at the ship-yards, and on special occasions, until further orders. The general is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing—a vice heretofore little known in an American army—is growing into fashion; he hopes the officers will, by example as well as by influence, endeavour to check it; and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly; added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it.'

*'September 20.*—Any soldier or officer who, upon the approach or attack of the enemy's forces by land or water, shall presume to turn his back and flee, shall be instantly shot down; and all good officers are hereby authorised and required to see this done, that the brave and gallant part of the army may not fall a sacrifice to the base and cowardly part, nor share their disgrace in a cowardly and unmanly retreat.'

*'November 22, 1777.*—The commander-in-chief offers a reward of ten dollars to any person who shall, by nine o'clock on Monday morning, produce the best substitute for shoes, made of raw hides. The commissary of hides is to furnish the hides, and the major-general of the day is to judge of the essays and assign the reward to the best artist.'

What were Washington's thoughts and feelings at the restoration of peace, may be gathered from the following extract from a letter

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which he wrote to Lafayette in April 1783 : 'We are now an independent people, and have yet to learn political tactics. We are placed among the nations of the earth, and have a character to establish ; but how we shall acquit ourselves, time must discover. The probability is (at least I fear it), that local or state politics will interfere too much with the more liberal and extensive plan of government which wisdom and foresight, freed from the mist of prejudice, would dictate ; and that we shall be guilty of many blunders in treading this boundless theatre, before we shall have arrived at any perfection in this art.'

Part of the summer of 1783 was spent by Washington in a tour through the northern states ; and it was during this tour that he struck out a plan of great importance, which has since been carried into effect—a water-communication between the Hudson and the great lakes. Returning from this tour he attended the congress then sitting at Princetown, where he was received with the highest honours. On the 18th of October the army was disbanded by congress ; on the 2d of November Washington issued his farewell address to it ; on the 4th of December he dined with his officers at New York, now evacuated by the British troops ; and on the 23d of the same month he resigned his commission into the hands of congress. 'Having now,' he said in the conclusion of his address, 'finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action ; and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life.' Next day he left Annapolis, and proceeded to Mount Vernon, which he had only visited twice during more than eight years.

## RETIREMENT INTO PRIVATE LIFE.

Washington was now once more a private citizen, devoting himself to those agricultural pursuits in which he took so much delight. Arrived at the age of fifty-two, he again 'trod the paths of private life with heartfelt satisfaction.' 'Envious of none,' he wrote to a friend, 'I am determined to be pleased with all ; and this, my dear friend, being the order for my march, I shall move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers.'

For three years Washington pursued this equable course of life, finding his delight in farming, planting, and gardening. Mount Vernon had been celebrated for its hospitality even before Washington had risen to the high station which he had recently occupied ; and now, when visitors were constantly pouring in upon him, Europeans and Americans, noblemen and commoners, old friends and new acquaintances, authors and ordinary men, authoresses and ordinary women, the hospitality had to be resumed on a more extensive scale, and Mrs Washington's powers of household arrangement were

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sufficiently tested. During these three years of private life, Mr Sparks informs us, Washington's 'habits were uniform, and nearly the same as they had been previous to the war. He rose before the sun, and employed himself in his study, writing letters or reading till the hour of breakfast ; when breakfast was over, his horse was ready at the door, and he rode to his farms, and gave directions for the day to the managers and labourers. Horses were likewise prepared for his guests whenever they chose to accompany him, or to amuse themselves by excursions into the country. Returning from his fields, and despatching such business as happened to be on hand, he went again to his study, and continued there till three o'clock, when he was summoned to dinner. The remainder of the day and the evening were devoted to company, or to recreation in the family circle. At ten he retired to rest. From these habits he seldom deviated, unless compelled to do so by particular circumstances.'

The even tenor of Washington's life was soon to be interrupted. The war was now over, but much remained to be done. The great difficulty was, to devise a federal form of government, one which would give the states the strength of a united nation, without trenching on the privileges and interests of each particular state. The general feeling was against investing congress with much controlling authority. Washington saw the evil of this ; and, in his letters to his friends, he spoke strongly on the necessity of a central and supreme government.

At length, after considerable prevarication and delay, a convention of deputies from all the states was agreed upon, for the purpose of framing a constitution. Washington was unanimously elected one of the deputies to this convention from the state of Virginia ; and although somewhat reluctant, he consented to attend. Immediately on his appointment, he set about preparing himself diligently, by the study of history, for the important duties which, as a member of the convention, he would be called upon to perform. He examined carefully, we are told, all those confederacies of the ancient and modern world which appeared most to resemble that which he was about to assist in erecting. He also read and abridged several standard works on political science, to store his mind with those general ideas for which he supposed he would have occasion in the convention. Thus prepared, he set out for Philadelphia, where the convention met on the 14th of May 1787, consisting of deputies from all the states except Rhode Island. Washington was unanimously called to the chair. After sitting five or six hours daily for nearly four months, the convention announced the results of its deliberations in the form of a new constitution for the United States of America. This constitution was accepted with remarkable unanimity all over the states. Benjamin Franklin, one of the members of the convention, thus expressed his opinion of it : 'I consent to

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this constitution, because I expect no better, and because I am not sure it is not the best. The opinions I have had of its errors, I sacrifice to the public good.' And Washington's opinion was exactly the same. 'In the aggregate,' he said, 'it is the best constitution that can be obtained at this epoch.'

After all the states had signified their acceptance of the constitution, congress passed an act, appointing the first Wednesday of February 1789 as the day on which the people were to choose the electors of the president, according to the provision made in the constitution, and the first Wednesday of March as the day on which these electors were to meet and choose the president. When the day of election came, the electors did their duty, by unanimously declaring George Washington the first president of the United States. Leaving Mount Vernon on the 16th of April 1789, he set out for New York. The journey was a triumphal procession; people gathered all along the road; and his entry into every town was celebrated by the ringing of bells and the firing of cannons. He made his public entry into New York on the 23d of April; and on the 30th, he was solemnly inaugurated, and took the oaths of office. He was now fifty-seven years of age.

## WASHINGTON AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

As soon as Washington had assumed the presidency, he requested the heads of the various departments of the government, as it was then carried on—the secretary of state, the secretary of war, the secretary of foreign affairs, and the secretaries of the treasury—to draw up an elaborate report, each of the affairs of his own department. These reports Washington read and condensed with his own hand; and at the same time he perused with care the whole of the official records from the treaty of peace down to his own election to the presidency, making an abridgment of them for his own use. Thus he acquired a thorough understanding of the condition of the nation over which he presided.

We have seen that, while commander-in-chief of the armies, Washington exercised a vigilant superintendence over his private affairs, and this superintendence he continued to exercise while burdened with the cares of civil government. Every week he received accurate reports from the manager he had left in charge of Mount Vernon, these reports being drawn up according to a form which he had himself prepared. In this way he perceived what was going on at Mount Vernon almost as distinctly as if he had been on the spot; and once a week at least he wrote a letter of directions to his bailiff, in reply to the reports sent. So laboriously accurate was he, that this letter of directions was usually copied from a rough draft. It is another proof of the extreme interest which Washington took in agricultural pursuits, that, during his presidency, he kept up a

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correspondence with the most skilful agriculturists both in Europe and America, exchanging his ideas on the subject with them.

At first there was no established etiquette at Washington's court as to the times when he should receive visitors ; and the consequence was, that he had to receive them at all times, from morning till night, just as they pleased to come. To put a stop to this torrent of people, it was arranged that Washington should receive ordinary visitors on Tuesdays only, from three to four o'clock ; while Mrs Washington in like manner received visitors on Fridays, from three to five o'clock, the president being always present at her levees. He never accepted any invitations to dinner ; but every day, except Sunday, he invited to his own table a number of guests, official persons, private friends, or foreigners who were introduced to him. On Sundays he received no company : in the mornings he regularly attended church ; and the evenings he spent in the society of his own family, and such intimate friends as were privileged to drop in. During the first year of Washington's presidency his mother died at the age of eighty-two.

The first session of congress under his presidency was spent in organising the several departments of the executive. Washington, as president, nominated the heads of these departments. The celebrated Thomas Jefferson he appointed secretary of state ; Alexander Hamilton, whose political opinions were considerably less democratic than Jefferson's, was named secretary of the treasury ; Henry Knox was continued in the office of secretary of war ; Edmund Randolph was made attorney-general ; and John Jay chief-justice. These appointments reflected great credit on Washington's sagacity and impartiality.

It is impossible, in such a paper as the present, to sketch the history of Washington's presidency ; suffice it to say, that the same talents and probity which had characterised him hitherto, appeared conspicuously in the discharge of the new duties which now fell to his lot. In nothing was his ability more manifest than in the manner in which he maintained the balance between the two political parties into which his own cabinet and the nation generally split—the federal party, whose aim was to strengthen the central authority, and the democratic party, whose aim was to increase the power of the citizens in their local courts, and in the separate state legislatures. The head of the former party was Henderson ; the head of the latter was Jefferson. Washington personally inclined to the former ; but, as president, he made it his object to make the different elements work as harmoniously as possible. It was impossible, however, to prevent the parties from diverging more and more ; and as Washington's term of presidency was drawing to a close, fears began to be entertained of the consequences which might result from such a division of opinion. The nation had not yet been consolidated, and a struggle between the federal and the democratic party might produce the most disastrous effects. The only means of preventing such a

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calamity was the re-election of Washington for another term of four years. Accordingly, all his friends and the members of his cabinet earnestly solicited him to allow himself to be re-elected. With considerable reluctance Washington yielded to these solicitations, and suffered himself to be re-elected. The time of his re-election was just that at which the French Revolution was at its height; and it required all Washington's skill and strength of purpose to prevent the United States from being drawn into the vortex of a European war. But although he succeeded in preserving the neutrality of the states, there were many citizens who sympathised with the French revolutionists, and the democratic party, with Jefferson at its head, was gaining ground. So vehement did the struggle between the two parties become towards the end of Washington's second presidency, that even he did not escape the attacks of calumny, and the accusations of an excited public.

So disturbed was the state of political opinion in the union, that many were anxious that Washington should, for a third time, accept the office of president; but against this proposal he was resolute. Accordingly, in 1797, the election of a new president took place. John Adams, of the federalist party, having the largest number of votes, was declared president; Thomas Jefferson, of the democratic party, having the next largest number, was appointed vice-president. Adams was inaugurated on the 4th of March; and immediately after the ceremony Washington retired to Mount Vernon, where he resided for two years and a half, finding a recreation in his old age in those quiet agricultural pursuits which had always been his delight. On the rumour of the probability of a war with France, he was, indeed, appointed commander-in-chief; but he had no occasion to take the field. His health continued to be remarkably good; and, to all appearance, the day of his death was yet distant. But on the 12th of December 1799, having gone out as usual to give directions to his labourers, he was overtaken, when riding home, by a storm of sleet and rain. When he came in, his neck was wet, and the snow had lodged itself in the locks of his hair. Next day he felt that he had taken a cold, but anticipated no danger. He read the newspapers as usual, seemed very cheerful, and when asked to take something for his cold, said: 'No; you know I never take anything for a cold. Let it go as it came.' Before morning he was much worse; he breathed with difficulty, and could scarcely speak. He had himself bled by one of his overseers, and his friend Dr Craik was sent for. The remedies tried produced no effect. A little after four, he desired Mrs Washington to bring two wills which she would find in his desk. After looking at them, he gave her one, which he said was useless, as it was superseded by the other, and desired her to burn it; which she did. Shortly after, he said to Mr Tobias Lear, who lived with him in the capacity of secretary and superintendent of his affairs: 'I find I am going. My breath cannot last long. I believed

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from the first that the disorder would be fatal. Do you arrange and record all my late military letters and papers. Arrange my accounts, and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else, and let Mr Rawlins finish recording my other letters, which he has begun.' To Dr Craik he said : ' Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go.' For some hours he was uneasy and restless, often asking what o'clock it was. About ten, he said with some difficulty to Mr Lear : ' I am just going. Have me decently buried ; and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead.' Towards eleven o'clock, he died without a struggle or sigh. Mrs Washington, who was sitting at the foot of the bed, asked : ' Is he gone?' ' It is well,' she said, when told that he was ; ' all is now over ; I shall soon follow him ; I have no more trials to pass through.'

Washington died on the 14th of December 1799, aged sixty-seven years. He was buried at Mount Vernon on the 18th. The news of his death was speedily carried through America, and all over Europe ; and everywhere men vied with each other in doing honour to his memory.

One circumstance connected with the death of this great man it is gratifying to record. On his estate, as we have already mentioned, there was a large number of negro slaves. Part of these belonged to Washington himself ; the rest were the property of Mrs Washington. During his life, the founder of American liberty seems to have acted, in the matter of slaves, in no more humane or enlightened spirit than any other Virginia gentleman of the time ; but at his death he left a benevolent clause in his will, directing that all the slaves he possessed in his own right should be emancipated after Mrs Washington's death. During her life, they were still to continue slaves, because their emancipation, during that period, ' though earnestly wished by him, would be attended with insuperable difficulties,' on account of their intermarriage with Mrs Washington's own negroes, whom it was not in his power to manumit. At Mrs Washington's death, however, his executors, or the survivors of them, were solemnly enjoined to see the clause in his will respecting the emancipation of the slaves, and every part thereof, ' religiously fulfilled, without evasion, neglect, or delay.' Such of the negroes thus emancipated as should be old and unable to work, were to be comfortably fed and clothed by his heirs so long as they lived. Such of the young negroes as might have no parents living at the date of their emancipation, or whose parents might be unable or unwilling to provide for them, were to be ' bound by the court till they should arrive at the age of twenty-five years ;' and negro children thus bound were to ' be taught to read and write, and brought up to some useful occupation, agreeably to the laws of the commonwealth of Virginia providing for the support of orphan and other poor children.' In the meantime, until the emancipation



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should take place, he expressly forbade 'the sale or transportation out of the commonwealth of any slave he might die possessed of, under any pretence whatsoever.' To one of his slaves, a mulatto man named William Lee, he granted immediate liberty, with an annuity of thirty dollars.

The character of Washington has been often sketched, but probably never with such truth and ability as by his contemporary, and in many respects his rival in greatness, Thomas Jefferson. 'Although, in the circle of his friends,' says Jefferson, 'where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed; yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world; for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalising his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was, in the mass, perfect; in nothing bad, in a few points indifferent; and it may be truly said that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from men an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down in a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.'





See p. 22.

## HINDUISM.

**H**INDUISM, the general name for the prevailing religion of India, embraces a variety of creeds, differing from one another even more than the different forms of Christianity do. The several Hindu sects have each its own special directory of faith and worship; but there is a book, or rather a set of books, called the Vedas, venerated by all alike; and although the simple faith and worship there described have hardly a feature in common with modern Hinduism, yet all the sectarian books profess to be founded on the Vedas, and the worshippers believe that they have the sacred authority of those books for all their practices. It is the group of creeds, then, that are ostensibly based on the Vedas that forms the subject of the present paper; and we purpose to sketch the system in the successive phases through which it has passed, from the simple worship of the elements of nature, in which shape we first know it, down to the impure and debasing ritual of the Tantras. But before speaking of the religion itself, it is necessary to say something of the people who profess it.

The population of Hindustan is a mixture of numerous races, the relations of which to one another have as yet been very imperfectly made out. Within the historic period there have been several irruptions of Tartar and Mongol races, Mohammedans, who,

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entering from the north-west, spread themselves over the peninsula as conquerors, and added a still distinguishable element to the population. But a multitude of facts point to the conclusion that, in times before the dawn of history, there must have been a succession of such irruptions from the same quarter, each superposing a fresh stratum on the original tribes, whoever they may have been. One of those streams of immigration has left more marked and indelible traces than any of the others, and may be said to have moulded the whole subsequent history of India; that, namely, of the race in whose language the Vedas are written. This language, called Sanscrit, has been shewn to be nearly akin not only to the ancient language of Persia, but to the principal languages of Europe—to Greek and Latin, and therefore to their modern descendants; to the Celtic, the Teutonic, and the Slavonic tongues. In fact, the recent science of language has put it beyond all reasonable doubt that these languages, now seemingly so diverse, and spoken in regions so wide apart, were in their origin only dialects of one and the same tongue. To account for this fact—regarding the languages, ethnologists have formed a theory as to the origin of the nations speaking them. They suppose that, in remote ages, a region of Central Asia, somewhere perhaps to the north of the Hindu Kush, and east from the Sea of Aral, was occupied by a nation or group of tribes all speaking substantially the same language. While yet living together in their native seats, those tribes must have attained a high degree of civilisation, for a number of terms denoting arts and relations of civilised life are found to be common to all the nations descended from them. After a time, this hive of the highest and most improvable type of the human race began to throw off successive swarms towards the west. The first swarm formed the Celts, who were the first of this high race to enter Europe, and who seem at one time to have occupied the greater part of it. At a considerably later epoch than the Celts, came the ancestors of the Italians, the Greeks, and the Teutonic peoples. All these would seem to have made their way to their new settlements through Persia and Asia Minor, crossing into Europe by the Hellespont, and partly, perhaps, between the Caspian and the Black Sea. The stream that formed the Slavonic nations—that is, the Russians, Poles, Servians, &c.—is thought to have taken the route by the north of the Caspian. At a period subsequent to the last north-western migration, the remnant of the primitive stock would seem to have broken up; part poured southwards through the passes of the Himalaya and Hindu Kush into the Punjab, and became the dominant race in the valley of the Ganges; while the rest settled in Persia, and became the Medes and Persians of history.

It is from these eastern members that the whole family takes its name. In the most ancient Sanscrit writings (the Veda), the Hindus

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style themselves Aryas; and the name is preserved in the classic Arian, a tribe of ancient Persia, Aria, the modern Herat, and Ariana, the name of a district comprehending the greater part of ancient Persia, and extended by some so as to embrace Bactriana. Ariana, or Airyana, is evidently an old Persian word, preserved in the modern native name of Persia, Airan or Iran. *Arya*, in Sanscrit, signifies 'excellent,' 'honourable,' being allied probably to the Greek *arē*(stos), the best. Others connect it with the root *ar* (Lat. *arare*, to plough), as if to distinguish a people who were tillers (*earers*) of the earth from the purely pastoral Turanians or Turks.

The mother nation dwelling in the basin of the Caspian is, of course, hypothetical, as are the order and routes of the north-western migrations. Less uncertainty rests on the relation between the ancient Persians and the Aryas who migrated to Hindustan. The Zendavesta, which is to the ancient religion of Persia what the Vedas are to primitive Hinduism, contains distinct allusions to a schism between the two branches of the stock while they yet lived together. The estrangement seems to have arisen from a variety of causes, social as well as religious. The Iranians, as we may call the branch that settled in Persia, began to refine and spiritualise the primitive religious notions common to both parties; antipathy and religious hate were the natural result, and led to still greater divergence, until the advanced party came to denounce the old gods as devils, and the whole system as the source of all evil. It was probably the strife and warfare consequent on this state of feeling that drove the conservative Aryas across the Indus, carrying with them that primitive faith which we have learned to know in the Vedas, and which their descendants afterwards developed into the vast system of Brahmanism. Among the Iranians, the religious development continued in its original direction, until, in the hands of the great religious reformer Zoroaster (properly Zarathustra), it became almost a monotheism, which soon degenerated, however, into dualism. In this shape it continued to be the religion of Persia until overwhelmed by Mohammedanism in the middle of the seventh century A.D. It is represented in modern times by the Parsees, the descendants of those Persians who, escaping from the oppression of the crescent, settled along the western coast of India.

When we first get a glimpse of the Aryas in India, they are settled in the Punjab; from which they seem to have gradually extended their settlements first along the valley of the Ganges, and over Central India as far as the Vindhya Mountains. The immigration probably came in successive swarms, at considerable intervals of time. They established themselves everywhere as a conquering race; their superior energy, both of body and mind, enabling them to hold the native population in subjection, and gradually to impose upon them their religious institutions and their language. The chief modern dialects of Northern India are

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undoubted descendants of the ancient Sanscrit ; and the institution of caste, to be afterwards spoken of, probably originated at the time when the mass of the population, now represented by the *Sudras*, were little better than serfs under a dominant class, whose superiority and privileges were made permanent by being put under the sanction of religion. The extension of the Aryas into the south of India, or the Deccan, seems to have been later ; and there, although they imbued the people with their religion, their language made little impression. In the course of generations, the enervating climate of India and intermixture with the original inhabitants could not fail to tell on the conquerors ; their blood became impure, and they degenerated physically and mentally. And as with their blood, so it fared with their religion. When a debased people adopt the religion of a higher race, it is only their old superstitions put in a new framework and slightly varnished over ; hence the wide departure of the Brahmanic system from the primitive Aryan faith.

The development of Hinduism was greatly affected, no doubt, by its long conflict with Buddhism, a rival faith which sprang up in the sixth century before Christ, and by appealing chiefly to the non-Aryan races, spread widely over India and the adjacent countries. In the early centuries of the Christian era, it threatened to supplant Brahmanism in India ; but, from causes not well known, the latter again acquired the ascendancy, Buddhism rapidly declined, and about the eleventh century A.D. had almost disappeared from the peninsula. It still prevails in Ceylon, the Eastern Peninsula, China, Tibet, and other regions of Upper Asia, and its adherents are estimated at 400 millions, or about a third of the human race ; but except among the Nepaulese in the extreme north, it has no longer any nominal adherents in the country of its birth. The Jains, or Jainas, however, who are found chiefly in Guzerat and other provinces of the west, and, from their wealth and influence, form an important section of the population, profess a faith which seems to be a kind of corrupt Buddhism mixed up with Hinduism ; and Hinduism itself, as believed and practised by the largest and most popular sect, the Vaishnavas or worshippers of Vishnu, is believed to bear traces of Buddhism, as if it had resulted from a compromise with that faith.

Amid all these successive tides of conquest, civilisation, and conversion, numerous outstanding groups of the aboriginal inhabitants, chiefly hill tribes, have remained inaccessible to change, retaining their original languages and dark superstitions. There is also everywhere a floating degraded mass, without the pale of any of the recognised religious communities. Of the 200 millions, which is assumed to be the population of Hindustan, Mr Montgomery Martin estimates this heathen element, as we may call it, at 28 millions ; the Mohammedans at 12 or 15 millions ; the Sikhs at 2 millions ;

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the Jains at 5 millions; thus leaving 150 millions as Hindus of the Brahmanical creed.

Having thus indicated the external history and position of Hinduism, we proceed to give a sketch of its internal nature and course of development. Hinduism may be divided into three great periods, which, for brevity's sake, we will call the Vedic, Epic, and Puranic periods, as our knowledge of the first is derived from the sacred books called the *Veda*; of the second from the epic poem called the *Ramāyana*, and more especially from the great epos, the *Mahabharata*; while the chief source of our information relative to the last period is that class of mythological works known under the name of *Purāṇas* and *Tantras*. We purpose first to sketch the general character of the religion under these three successive phases, prefacing each sketch by some account of its special literature; and then to give such details of the system as seem most characteristic and instructive.

It may be well, however, at the outset, to guard the reader against attempting to connect dates with the earlier of the periods above named. It has not been uncommon for writers on this subject to assign thousands of years before the Christian era as the starting-points of various phases of Hindu antiquity; others, more cautious, have marked the beginnings of certain divisions of Vedic works with 1200, 1000, 800, and 600 years B.C. The truth is, that while Hindu literature itself is almost without known dates, owing either to the peculiar organisation of the Hindu mind, or to the convulsions of Indian history, the present condition of our knowledge of it does not afford the means of speculating with safety on its chronology. The more cautious Sanscrit scholars, in the actual state of their science, content themselves with assuming that the latest writings of the Vedic class are not more recent than the second century before Christ. They fix a lower limit, and leave the determination of the upper limit to future research. A like uncertainty hangs over the period at which the two great epic poems of India were composed, although there is reason to surmise that the lower limits of that period did not reach beyond the beginning of the Christian era. The Puranic period, on the other hand, all scholars are agreed to regard as corresponding with part of our medieval history.

### THE VEDIC PERIOD.

*The Vedas.*—Veda (from the Sanscrit *vid*, know; kindred with the Latin *vid*-, Greek *id*-, Gothic *vait*-, English *wit*, hence, literally, knowledge) is the name of those ancient Sanscrit works on which the first period of the religious belief of the Hindus is based. The oldest of these works—and in all probability the oldest literary document still existing—is the *Rigveda*; next to it stand the

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*Yajurveda* and *Sāmaveda*; and the latest is the *Atharvaveda*. All four are considered to be of divinely inspired origin. Each of these Vedas consists of two distinct divisions—a *Sa'n'hita*, or collection of *mantras*, or hymns; and a portion called *Bra'hmana*.

A *mantra* (from *man*, think; hence, literally, the means by which thinking or meditation is effected) is a prayer, or else a thanksgiving addressed to a deity. If such a mantra is metrical, and intended for loud recitation, it is called *Rich* (from *rich*, praise)—whence the name *Rigveda*, that is, the Veda containing such praises—if it is in prose, and then it must be muttered inaudibly, it is called *Yajus* (from *yaj*, sacrifice; hence, literally, the means by which sacrificing is effected); therefore, *Yajurveda* signifies the Veda containing such *yajus*. And if it is metrical, and intended for chanting, it is termed *Sāman*; whence *Sāmaveda* means the Veda containing such *sāmans*. The author of the mantra, or, as the Hindus would say, the inspired 'seer,' who received it from the deity, is termed its *Rishi* (from the obsolete Sanscrit *rish*, to see).

*Bra'hmana*.—*Bra'hmana*—derived from *brahman*, neuter, probably in the sense of prayer or hymn—designates that portion in prose of the Vedas which contains either commandments or explanations; or, in other words, which gives injunctions for the performance of sacrificial acts, explains their origin, and the occasions on which the mantras had to be used, by adding sometimes illustrations and legends, and sometimes also mystical and philosophical speculations. The *Bra'hmana* portion of the Vedas is therefore the basis on which the Vedic ritual rests, and whence the *Upa'nishads* (to be afterwards spoken of) and the philosophical doctrines took their development.

Though mantras and *Bra'hmanas* were held at a later period of Hinduism to have existed simultaneously, that is, from eternity, it is certain that the *Bra'hmana* portion of each Veda is posterior to at least some part of its *Sa'n'hita*, for it refers to it; and it scarcely requires a remark that so great a bulk of works as that represented by both portions must have been the gradual result of a considerable period of time. There is, indeed, sufficient evidence to prove that various conditions of society, various phases of religious belief, and even different periods of language, are reflected by them.

It is common to speak of Vedas in the plural; but, strictly speaking, there is only one original Veda, namely, the *Rig-veda*, and the others are manufactured out of it. A collection of songs like that of the *Rigveda*, the product of a time when the forms of worship were excessively simple, became inadequate for a regular liturgy of a highly developed and artificial ritual. Out of this necessity there arose the *Sāma*- and the *Yajur-veda*. The former was entirely made up of extracts from the *Rigveda*, put together so as to suit the ritual of the so-called Soma sacrifices. The origin of the *Yajurveda* is similar to that of the *Sāmaveda*; it, too, is chiefly composed of verses taken from the *Rigveda*;

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but as the sphere of the ritual for which the compilation of this Veda became necessary is wider than that of the Sāmaveda, and as the poetry of the R̥gveda no longer sufficed for certain sacrifices with which this ritual had been enlarged, new mantras were added to it—the so-called Yajus, in prose, which thus became a distinctive feature of this Veda ; and it is on the Yajurveda, therefore, that the orthodox Hindu looked with especial predilection, for it could better satisfy his sacrificial wants than the Sāma-, and still more, of course, than the R̥gveda.

The Atharvaveda, too, is made up in a manner similar to the Yajurveda, with this difference only, that the additions in it to the garbled extracts from the R̥gveda are more considerable than those in the Yajurveda. It is avowedly the latest Veda. The Atharvaveda was not used 'for the sacrifice, but merely for appeasing evil influences, for insuring the success of sacrificial acts, for incantations, &c. ;' but on this very ground, and perhaps on account of the mysteriousness which pervades its songs, it obtained, amongst certain schools, a degree of sanctity which even surpassed that of the older Vedas.

The Sa'nkhita of the R̥gveda consists of 1028 *sūktas*, or hymns, containing 10,417 verses ; and the number of words is stated to be 153,826. As for the authorship of the hymns, they are attributed to certain rishis and families of rishis. On this subject, Dr J. Muir (*Original Sanscrit Texts*, Part ii. p. 206) remarks : 'For many ages the successive generations of these ancient rishis continued to make new contributions to the stock of hymns, while they carefully preserved those which had been handed down to them by their forefathers. The fact of this successive composition of the hymns is evident from the ancient index to the R̥gveda, which shews that these compositions are ascribed to different generations of the same families, as their "seers."' The final collection of the hymns into one body, Dr Muir conceives to have happened thus : 'The descendants of the most celebrated rishis would, no doubt, form complete collections of the hymns which had been composed by their respective ancestors. After being thus handed down, with little alteration, in the families of the original authors for several centuries, during which many of them were continually applied to the purposes of religious worship, these hymns, which had been gathering an accumulated sanctity throughout all this period, were at length collected in one great body of sacred literature, styled the *Sa'nkhita* of the R̥gveda—a work which in the Pura'nas is assigned to Veda-vyāsa and one of his pupils.' A complete translation of the R̥gveda into English was left in manuscript by the late Professor H. H. Wilson, of which four volumes have already appeared in print. A translation of the hymns to the Maruts, or storms, has recently been published by Max Müller, who promises a translation of the whole R̥gveda.



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*Religious Ideas of the Vedic Period.*—If the Rigveda coincided with the beginning of Hindu civilisation, the popular creed of the Hindus, as depicted in some of its hymns, would reveal not only the original creed of this nation, but throw a strong light on the original creed of humanity itself. But the Hindus, as depicted in these hymns, are far removed from the starting-point of human society. Their social condition is not that of a pastoral or nomadic people, as is sometimes supposed, but, on the contrary, betrays an advanced stage of civilisation. Frequent allusion is made in them to towns and cities, to mighty kings, and their prodigious wealth. Besides agriculture, they mention various useful arts which were practised by the people, as the art of weaving, of melting precious metals, of fabricating cars, golden and iron mail, and golden ornaments. The employment of the needle and the use of musical instruments are known to them. They also prove that the Hindus of that period were not only familiar with the ocean, but sometimes must have engaged in naval expeditions. They had some knowledge of medicine, and must have made some advance in astronomical computation, as mention is made of the adoption of an intercalary month, for the purpose of adjusting the solar and lunar years. Nor were they unacquainted with the vices of civilisation, for we read in these hymns of common women, of secret births, of gamblers and thieves. There is also a curious hymn, from which it would follow that even the complicated law of inheritance, which is one of the peculiarities of the existing Hindu law, was to some extent already in use at one of the periods of the Rigveda hymns.

Yet, in examining the ideas expressed in the greatest number of the Rigveda hymns, it cannot be denied that they are simple enough and altogether *naïve*. The Hindu of these hymns is essentially engrossed by the might of the elements. The powers which turn his awe into pious subjection and veneration are—*Agni*, the fire of the sun and lightning; *Indra*, the bright, cloudless firmament; the *Maruts*, or winds; *Surya*, the sun; *Ushas*, the dawn; and various kindred manifestations of the luminous bodies, and of nature in general. He invokes them, not as representatives of a superior being, before whom the human soul professes its humility; not as superior beings themselves, who may reveal to his searching mind the mysteries of creation or eternity, but because he wants their assistance against enemies—because he wishes to obtain from them rain, food, cattle, health, and other worldly goods. He complains to them of his troubles, and reminds them of the wonderful deeds they performed of yore, to coax them, as it were, into acquiescence and friendly help. 'We proclaim eagerly, *Maruts*, your ancient greatness, for the sake of inducing your prompt appearance, as the indication of (the approach of) the showerer of benefits;' or: 'Offer your nutritious viands to the great hero (*Indra*), who is pleased by praise, and to *Vishnu* (one of the forms of the sun), the

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two invincible deities who ride upon the radiant summit of the clouds as upon a well-trained steed. *Indra* and *Vishnu*, the devout worshipper glorifies the radiant approach of you two who are the granters of desires, and who bestow upon the mortal who worships you an immediately receivable (reward), through the distribution of that fire which is the scatterer (of desired blessings).'

Such is the strain in which the Hindu of that period addresses his gods. He seeks them, not for his spiritual, but for his material welfare. Ethical considerations are therefore foreign to these instinctive outbursts of the pious mind. Sin and evil, indeed, are often adverted to, and the gods are praised because they destroy sinners and evil-doers; but one would err in associating with these words our notions of sin or wrong. A sinner, in these hymns, is a man who does not address praises to those elementary deities, or who does not gratify them with the oblations they receive at the hands of the believer. He is the foe, the robber, the demon—in short, the borderer infesting the territory of the 'pious' man, who, in his turn, injures and kills, but, in adoring Agni, *Indra*, and their kin, is satisfied that he can commit no evil act.

As may be imagined, the worship of elementary beings like those we have mentioned was originally a simple and harmless one. By far the greatest number of the *Rigveda* hymns know of but one sort of offering made to these gods; it consists of the juice of the *Soma* or moon-plant, which, expressed and fermented, was an exhilarating and inebriating beverage, and for this reason, probably, was deemed to invigorate the gods, and to increase their beneficial potency. It was presented to them in ladles, or sprinkled on the sacred *Kusa* grass. Clarified butter, too, poured on fire, is mentioned in several hymns as an oblation agreeable to the gods; and it may have belonged to this, as it would seem, primitive stage of the Vedic worship.

There is a class of hymns, however, to be found in the *Rigveda* which depart already materially from the simplicity of the conceptions we are referring to. In these, which are conceived to be of another order, and to belong to a more advanced stage of development, this instinctive utterance of feeling makes room for the language of speculation; the allegories of poetry yield to the mysticism of the reflecting mind; and, the mysteries of nature becoming more keenly felt, the circle of beings which overawe the popular mind becomes enlarged. Thus, the objects by which *Indra*, *Agni*, and the other deities are propitiated, become gods themselves; *Soma*, especially, the moon-plant and its juice, is invoked as the bestower of all worldly boons. The animal sacrifice—the properties of which seem to be more mysterious than the offerings of *Soma*, or of clarified butter—is added to the original rites.

The growing dissatisfaction of the Hindu mind with the adoration of mere elemental powers, and the longing to penetrate the mysteries

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of creation, become still more manifest in a third class of hymns, which mark the beginning of the philosophical creed of the Vedic period. The following is a specimen of those utterances: 'Who knows exactly, and who shall in this world declare, whence and why this creation took place? The gods are subsequent to the production of this world, then who can know whence it proceeded, or whence this varied world arose, or whether it uphold itself or not? He who in the highest heaven is the ruler of this universe, does indeed know; but not another one can possess this knowledge.'

As soon as the problem implied by passages like these was raised in the minds of the Hindus, Hinduism must have ceased to be the pure worship of the elementary powers. The answer to the question, 'whence this varied world arose,' is attempted in the writings known under the name of *Upa'nishads*, the date of which is uncertain. It must suffice here to state that the object of these important works is to explain, not only the process of creation, but the nature of a Supreme Spirit (*Brahman*, as a neuter word, and therefore different from the same word as the first god of the Hindu trinity), and its relation to the human soul. In the *Upa'nishads*, Agni, Indra, Vāyu, and the other deities of the Vedic hymns, become symbols to assist the mind in its attempt to understand the true nature of one absolute being, and the manner in which it manifests itself in its worldly form. The human soul itself is of the same nature as this supreme or great soul: its ultimate destination is that of becoming re-united with the supreme soul, and the means of attaining that end is not the performance of sacrificial rites, but the comprehension of its own self and of the great soul. The doctrine which at a later period became the foundation of the creed of the educated—the doctrine that the supreme soul, or *Brahman*, is the only reality, and that the world has a claim to notice only in so far as it emanated from this being, is already clearly laid down in these *Upa'nishads*, though the language in which it is expressed still adapts itself to the legendary and allegorical style which characterises the *Brahmana* portion of the Vedas. The *Upa'nishads* became thus the basis of the enlightened faith of India.

## THE EPIC PERIOD.

This period is so called because we derive our knowledge of it chiefly from the two great epic poems of ancient India—the *Ramāyana* and *Mahabharata*.

*The Ramāyana*.—The subject-matter of this work is the history of Rāma, one of the incarnations of Vishnu (see page 21), and its reputed author is *Valmiki*. Be this as it may, it seems certain that the *Ramāyana* was the work of one single poet—not like the *Mahabharata*, the creation of various epochs and different minds. As a poetical composition, the *Ramāyana* is therefore far superior to

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the *Mahabharata*; and it may be called the best great poem of ancient India, fairly claiming a rank in the literature of the world equal to that of the epic poetry of Homer. The poem contains 24,000 verses; only a small part of it has ever been translated into English.

*The Mahabharata.*—The main story of this huge composition relates to the contest between two rival families, both descendants of a king Bharata, and the name probably implies 'the great history of the descendants of Bharata.' Of the one hundred thousand verses of which it consists, barely a fourth part is taken up by this narrative; all the rest is episodic. By means of this episodic matter, which at various periods, and often without regard to consistency, was superadded to the original structure of the work, the *Mahabharata* gradually became a collection of all that was needed to be known by an educated Hindu; in fact, it became the encyclopædia of India. A kind of analysis of the leading story of the *Mahabharata* has lately been given by Professor Monier Williams (*Indian Epic Poetry*; London, 1863).

*Religious Ideas of the Period.*—The Epic period of Hinduism is marked by a similar development of the same two creeds, the general features of which we have traced in the Vedic writings. The popular creed strives to find a centre round which to group its imaginary gods, whereas the philosophical creed finds its expression in the groundworks of the *Sāṅkhya*, *Nyāya*, and *Vedānta* systems of philosophy. In the former, we find two gods in particular who are rising to the highest rank, Vishnu and Siva; for as to Brahmā (the masculine form of Brahman), though he was looked upon, now and then, as superior to both, he gradually disappears, and becomes merged into the philosophical Brahma, which is a further evolution of the Great Soul of the *Upa'nishads*. In the *Ramāyana*, the superiority of Vishnu is admitted without dispute; in the *Mahabharata*, however, there is an apparent rivalry between the claims of Vishnu and Siva to occupy the highest rank in the pantheon. The character of these gods, and the relation in which the conception of these beings stands to that of the Vedic time, are noticed further on. We will point, however, to one remarkable myth, as it will illustrate the altered position of the gods during the Epic period. In the Vedic hymns, the immortality of the gods is never matter of doubt; most of the elementary beings are invoked and described as everlasting, as liable neither to decay nor death. The offerings they receive may add to their comfort and strength; they may invigorate them, but it is nowhere stated that they are indispensable for their existence. It is, on the contrary, the pious sacrificer himself who, through his offerings, secures to himself long life, and, as it is sometimes hyperbolically called, immortality. And the same notion prevails throughout the oldest *Brahmanas*. It is only in the latest work of this class, and more

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especially in the Epic poems, that we find the inferior gods as mortal in the beginning, and as becoming immortal through exterior agency. In the *Satapatha-Brahmana*, the juice of the Soma plant, offered by the worshipper, or at another time clarified butter, or even animal sacrifices, impart to them this immortality. At the Epic period, Vishnu teaches them how to obtain the *Amrita*, or beverage of immortality, without which they would go to destruction. It is obvious, therefore, that gods like these could not strike root in the religious mind of the nation. We must look upon them more as the gods of poetry than of real life; nor do we find that they enjoyed any of the worship which was allotted to the two principal gods, Vishnu and Siva.

The philosophical creed of this period adds little to the fundamental notions contained in the *Upa'nishads*; but it frees itself from the legendary dross which still imparts to those works a deep tinge of mysticism. On the other hand, it conceives and develops the notion, that the union of the individual soul with the Supreme Spirit may be aided by penances, such as peculiar modes of breathing, particular postures, protracted fasting, and the like; in short, by those practices which are systematised by the Yoga doctrine (see page 26). The doctrine of the reunion of the individual soul with the supreme soul, was necessarily founded on the assumption, that the former must have become free from all guilt affecting its purity before it can be re-merged into the source whence it proceeded; and since one human life is apparently too short for enabling the soul to attain its accomplishment, the Hindu mind concluded that the soul, after the death of its temporary owner, had to be born again, in order to complete the work it had left undone in its previous existence, and that it must submit to the same fate until its task is fulfilled. This is the doctrine of *metempsychosis*, or Transmigration, which, in the absence of a belief in grace, is a logical consequence of a system which holds the human soul to be of the same nature as that of an absolute God. The beginning of this doctrine may be discovered in some of the oldest *Upa'nishads*, but its fantastical development belongs to the Epic time, where it pervades the legends, and affects the social life of the nation. (See page 18.)

## THE PURANIC PERIOD.

The popular Hindu creed of the present is mainly founded on the two classes of works called the *Pura'nas* and the *Tantras*.

*The Pura'nas*.—According to the popular belief, these works (the name of which means 'old') were compiled by Vyāsa, the supposed arranger of the Vedas and author of the *Mahabharata*, and possess an antiquity beyond historical computation. But a critical examination leaves little doubt that, in their present form, they can barely claim an antiquity of a thousand years. Even a superficial comparison

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of the contents of the Pura'nas with the ancient standards of the Hindu religion, shews that the picture of religion and life presented in them is a caricature of that afforded by the Vedic works, and that it was drawn by priestcraft, interested in submitting to its sway the popular mind, and unscrupulous in the use of the means which had to serve its ends. So great and multifarious is the variety of their contents, that they became, as it seems, the source of all popular knowledge; a substitute to the masses of the nation, not only for the theological literature, but for scientific works, the study of which was gradually restricted to the leisure of the learned few. One purpose, however, seems paramount, the purpose, namely, of establishing a sectarian creed. At the third phase of the Hindu religion, two gods of the Hindu pantheon especially engrossed the religious faith of the masses—Vishnu and Siva. Now, a principal object, and probably the principal one of the Pura'nas, was to establish, as the case might be, the supremacy of Vishnu or Siva. There are, accordingly, Vaishnava-Pura'nas, or those composed for the glory of Vishnu, Saiva-Pura'nas, or those which extol the worship of Siva. The number of Pura'nas is stated to be eighteen. A short description of each Pura'na has been given by the late Professor H. H. Wilson in the preface to his translation of the *Vishnu-Pura'na*, to which the reader who wishes fuller insight into modern Hinduism is referred.

*The Tantras.*—Tantra (from the Sanscrit *tan*, to believe, to have faith in; hence, literally, an instrument or means of faith) is a name of the sacred works of the worshippers of the female energy of the god Siva. (See page 22.) A Tantra always assumes the form of a dialogue between Siva and his wife, in one of her many forms, but mostly as *Uma*, or *Parvati*, in which the goddess questions the god as to the mode of performing various ceremonies, and the mantras, or prayers and incantations to be used in them. The efficacy of these mantras is deemed to be all-powerful, and according to some Tantras, the efficacy of faith in these revelations of Siva so great, as to free a believer from the consequences of even the most atrocious sins. The followers of the Tantras profess to consider them as a fifth Veda, and attribute to them equal antiquity and superior authority. Though such an antiquity, or even one approaching the age of the four Vedas, is entirely imaginary, the question of their date is nevertheless involved in obscurity. They must, it would seem, at all events, be later than the first centuries of the Christian era. The works of this class are very numerous.

*General Character of the Period.*—The Puranic period of Hinduism is the period of its decline, so far as the popular creed is concerned. Its pantheon is nominally the same as that of the Epic period. Brahmā, Vishnu, and Siva remain still at the head of its imaginary gods; but whereas the Epic time is generally characterised by a friendly harmony between the higher occupants of the divine spheres, the Puranic period shews discord and

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destruction of the original ideas whence the Epic gods arose. Brahmā withdraws, in general, from the popular adoration, and leaves Vishnu and Siva to fight their battles in the minds of their worshippers for the highest rank. The elementary principle which originally inhered in these deities is thus completely lost sight of by the followers of the Pura'nas. The legends of the Epic poems relating to these gods become amplified and distorted, according to the sectarian tendencies of the masses; and the divine element which still distinguishes these gods in the *Rama'yana* and *Mahabharata*, is now more and more mixed up with worldly concerns, and intersected with historical events, disfigured in their turn to suit individual interests. Of the ideas implied by the Vedic rites, scarcely a trace is visible in the Pura'nas and Tantras, which are the text-books of this creed. In short, the unbridled imagination which pervades these works is neither pleasing from a poetical, nor elevating from a philosophical point of view. It is this creed which, with further deteriorations caused by the lapse of centuries, is still the main religion of the masses in India. The opinion these entertain, that it is countenanced by the ritual, as well as by the theological portion of the Vedas, is the redeeming feature of their belief; for, as nothing is easier than to disabuse their mind on this score, by reviving the study of their ancient and sacred language, and by enabling them to read again their oldest and most sacred books, it may be hoped that a proper education of the people in this respect, by learned and enlightened natives, will remove many of the existing errors, which, if they continued, must inevitably lead to a further and, ultimately, total degeneration of the Hindu race.

The philosophical creed of this period, and the creed which is still preserved by the educated classes, is that derived from the tenets of the Veda'nta philosophy. It is based on the belief of one supreme being, which imagination and speculation endeavour to invest with all the perfections conceivable by the human mind, but the true nature of which is nevertheless declared to be beyond the reach of thought, and which, on this ground, is defined as not possessing any of the qualities by which the human mind is able to comprehend intellectual or material entity.

To this brief description of the general character of the system we will now subjoin a few of the most significant details.

## COSMOGONY.

In Indian cosmogony, and in pagan cosmogonies in general, the idea of creation out of nothing is unknown. The existence of an eternal crude matter (*prākṛiti*) is assumed, which, however, is devoid of all those properties by which bodies manifest themselves to sentient beings. Creation, then, consists in making the visible world out of this crude matter, and is of two kinds—primary and

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secondary. In primary creation, Brahmā first evolves the elementary substances; and then, in secondary creation, he develops the forms of things out of those elements. A succession of creations take place periodically, each, of course, preceded by a dissolution. The length and order of the periods is laid down in a complex system of chronology, which is thus stated in Professor Wilson's translation of the *Vishnu-Purāṇa*: 1 year of mortals = 1 day of the gods; 12,000 years of the gods = a period of 4 *Yugas*. These *Yugas* are not equal; the last, which is called the Kaliyuga, and in which we are now living, consists of 1200 divine years; and the others, in ascending progression, are respectively twice, thrice, and four times as long. As a day of the gods makes a year of mortals, this period of 12,000 divine years =  $12,000 \times 360$  (the assumed number of days in the year), or 4,320,000 years of mortals; 1000 of these periods of 4 *Yugas* make a day of Brahma, called a *Kalpa*, which is thus equal to 4,320,000,000 human years. At the end of this day of Brahma, a dissolution (not a total one) of the universe takes place, which lasts through a night of Brahma, equal in duration to his day. At the end of this night he awakes, and creates anew. A year of Brahma is composed of the proper number of such days and nights; and 100 such years constitute his whole life. One half of Brahma's existence has now expired. The dissolution which occurs at the end of each *Kalpa* or day of Brahma is called incidental or intermediate; 'it affects only the forms of inferior creatures, and lower worlds, leaving the substance of the universe entire, and sages and gods unharmed.' That which takes place at the close of Brahma's life is called elemental, 'when not only all the gods and all other forms are destroyed, but the elements are again merged into primary substance, besides which only one spiritual being exists.'

The creation of the human race was not directly effected by Brahma, but by the interposition of a succession of mythical, semi-divine personages. First, Brahma, dividing himself into two parts, male and female, produces Viraj, who creates Manu, who creates ten Maharshis or Prajāpatis, who create the different orders of beings, and among them men. Manu figures largely in Hindu mythology. One of the most famous law-books of the ancient Hindus, a work containing not only laws in the European sense, but also a system of cosmogony and metaphysics, is ascribed to him, in order to enhance its sanctity and authority. In this work he declares himself to have created all this universe; other works speak of him as the progenitor of the human race, and connect with him the traditions of a deluge. In accounting for the institution of castes, a quite different account is given of the creation of the human race; and, indeed, the legends generally regarding cosmogony are full of conflicting statements, shewing them to be founded on a variety of different traditions. The native writers have an easy way



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of accounting for such discrepancies in their sacred books by saying that the author is here speaking of a different Kalpa.

The Yuga periods above mentioned are depicted in much the same way as are the gold, silver, and iron ages of classic antiquity. There is a gradual deterioration, physical and moral, corresponding to the decrease in length of duration. In the first Yuga, says Manu, 'men are free from disease, attain all the objects of their desires, and live 400 years; but in the succeeding Yugas their life is lessened gradually by one quarter.' The Kaliyuga—the present or iron age—is thus described in one of the Puraṇas—quite in the style of our own admirers of 'the good old time:—' 'In the Kaliyuga, (the genius of) Right will have but one foot; every one will delight in evil. The four castes will be devoted to wickedness, and deprived of the nourishment which is fit for them. The Brahmans will neglect the Vedas, hanker after presents, be lustful and cruel. They will despise the scriptures, gamble, steal, and desire intercourse with widows. . . . The twice-born (that is, the first three castes) will live upon debts, sell the produce of cows, and even their daughters. In this Yuga, men will be under the sway of women, and women will be excessively fickle. . . . In the Kaliyuga, the earth will bear but little corn; the clouds will shed but little rain, and that, too, out of season. The cows will feed on ordure, and give little milk, and the milk will yield no butter; there is no doubt of that. . . . Trees, even, will wither in twelve years, and the age of mankind will not exceed sixteen years; people, moreover, will become gray-haired in their youth; women will bear children in their fifth or sixth year, and men will become troubled with a great number of children. . . . In the first twilight of the Kaliyuga, people will disregard Vishnu; and in the middle of it, no one will even mention his name.'

## CASTE.

The division of society into hereditary classes, so that the privileges and employment of the father descend to the son, prevailed among the ancient Egyptians, who, according to Herodotus, were divided into priests, warriors, herdsmen, swineherds, tradesmen, interpreters, and pilots. According to the theory of Hindu caste, as laid down by Manu, there are four primary classes, which were distinct at their very creation. Regardless of what is said of the creation of the human race in general in the same work, the writer makes Brahmā create the four classes directly by causing them to proceed from different parts of his body—the *Brahmans* from his mouth, the *Kṣhātriyas* from his arm, the *Vaśīsyas* from his thigh, and the *Sudras* from his foot. 1. The office of the Brahmans, or priestly class, is to read and study the Veda or sacred books, to conduct sacrifice, to teach, to act as lawyers and state-councillors. If poor, they are to be supported by the gifts of others; and only when subsistence

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is impossible by other means, are they to descend to military duties, or engage in certain kinds of traffic. They are invested with extraordinary sanctity, and even a species of divinity is claimed for them. 2. The Ksha'triyas, or soldier class, comprise kings and nobles. Their office is to defend the people. 3. The Vai'syas are to engage in agriculture, in tending cattle, and in trade. All these are considered privileged classes, and distinguished by a broad line from—4. The Sudras, who are enjoined to serve the other classes. This simply means that, originally at least, they were slaves. Any injury done to one of them is considered a venial offence. They are debarred from the higher rites and rewards of religion; it is a crime even to read the Veda to a Sudra. Besides the four pure castes, there are a great many mixed castes, arising from the intermarriage of the pure castes, to which, in certain cases, a kind of sanction is given, out of motives of necessity and policy, no doubt. To each of these, certain employments and handicrafts are assigned, making altogether a highly complex and artificial social system.

The classification of modern Hindu society is very different from this original theory. With the exception of the Brahmans, the pure castes have disappeared, and out of the intermixture of the others have sprung innumerable classes, many of them unauthorised except by the people themselves. The restriction of employments, with some exceptions in the case of some of the holy functions of the Brahmans, cannot be said to exist. Brahmans serve as soldiers, and even as cooks. Most of the princes of India are of low caste or base-born; while there is no ordinary employment that is not open to all classes alike. The institution of caste, as now in force, acts chiefly in restricting people from associating together in such acts as eating and drinking. The loss of caste is the penalty, not of moral offences, but of some kind of ceremonial impurity, the chief sources of contamination being the associating with improper persons, or the eating of improper food. Those excommunicated in this way are called Pariahs; but so inveterate is this custom of class distinctions, that the very outcasts are said to institute castes among themselves. Several religious sects have sprung up in Hindustan that altogether or in part disregard the trammels of caste. This is a distinguishing feature in the Buddhist and Sikh sects.

The institution of caste is unknown to the Vedas. So long as the intruders lived in isolated settlements by themselves, there were but two classes, the Aryas and the hostile aborigines—the Dasyus. It seems to have been as the Aryas gradually brought the natives into subjection that the caste system became developed; just as feudalism sprang out of the irruption of the German warrior-tribes into the provinces of the Roman world. In Sanscrit the castes are called *varnas*, or 'colours;' and the Sudras are spoken of as black, while the other castes are comparatively light. This no doubt points

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to a historical fact, namely, that the Aryas, coming from northern countries, were fair, and the aborigines dark. The three privileged castes were composed of the dominant race, the Sudras were the subject natives. How the gradation of dignity among the privileged classes established itself, is not so clear. In the legends there is abundance of evidence that the Brahmins and Kshatriyas were originally of one race, and that it was only after a long struggle that their respective prerogatives became defined and acknowledged.

## TRANSMIGRATION.

The notion that the soul after death passes into another substance or body, has been common to the most uncivilised and the most civilised nations of the earth ; it has been the object of fantastical superstition, as well as philosophical speculation ; and it belongs both to ancient and modern times. A belief of this nature was entertained by the ancient Mexicans, and probably also by the Druids. It is met with in a more developed form among the ancient Egyptians ; but its real importance it obtained as a tenet of the religion and philosophy of the Brahmanical Hindus and the Buddhists, whence it passed into the doctrine of several philosophers of ancient Greece, and into that of some Jewish and Christian sects.

At the time when the dogma of transmigration became an integral part of the Brahmanic religion (in the Vedic period it seems to have been unknown), the Hindus believed that human souls emanated from a supreme being, which, as it were, in a state of bewilderment or forgetfulness, allowed them to become separate existences and to be born on earth. The soul, thus severed from the real source of its life, is bound to return to it, or to become merged again into that divine substance with which it was originally one ; but as its nature becomes contaminated with sin through its earthly career, it must, so long as it remains in this world, endeavour to free itself from all guilt, and thus become fit for its ultimate destiny. Religion teaches that this is done by the observance of religious rites, and a life in conformity with the precepts of the sacred books ; philosophy, that the soul will be re-united with Brahman, if it *understands* the true nature of the divine essence whence it comes. So long, therefore, as the soul has not attained this condition of purity, it must be born again, after the dissolution of the body to which it was allied ; and the degree of its impurity at one of these various deaths, determines the existence which it will assume in a subsequent life.

Since there can be no proof of the soul's migrations, the detail in which these are described in the religious works of the Hindus, is merely fantastical, and interesting only so far as it affords a kind of standard by which, at various epochs, and by different writers, the moral merit or demerit of human actions was measured in India.

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Thus, Manu (in the twelfth book of his Code of Laws) teaches : 'The slayer of a Brahman—according to the degree of his guilt—is reborn as a dog, a boar, an ass, a camel, a bull, a goat, a sheep, a stag, a bird, a Chândāla, or a Pukkasa. A Brahman who drinks spirituous liquor, will migrate into the body of a worm, an insect, a grasshopper, a fly feeding on ordure, or some mischievous animal. A twice-born who steals (the gold of a Brahman), will pass a thousand times into the bodies of spiders, snakes, and chameleons, of aquatic monsters, or of murderous blood-thirsty demons. Those who inflict injury (on sentient beings), become flesh-eaters ; and those who eat forbidden things, worms. Thieves become devourers of each other ; and those who embrace women of the lowest castes, become ghosts. . . . If a man has stolen grain, he becomes a rat ; if honey, a gadfly ;' &c.

The doctrine of Transmigration enters into the system of Buddhism as well as that of Hinduism.

## THE HINDU GODS.

*The Trimu'rti.*—Trimu'rti (from the Sanscrit *tri*, three, and *mūrti*, form) is the name of the Hindu triad, or the gods *Brahma*, *Vishnu*, and *Siva*, when thought of as an inseparable unity, though three in form. The *Padma-Purāna*, which, being a *Purāna* of the Vaishnava sect, assigns to Vishnu the highest rank in the Trimu'rti, defines its character in the following manner : 'In the beginning of creation, the great Vishnu, desirous of creating the whole world, became threefold : creator, preserver, and destroyer. In order to create this world, the supreme spirit produced from the right side of his body himself as *Brahmā* ; then, in order to preserve the world, he produced from the left side of his body *Vishnu* ; and in order to destroy the world, he produced from the middle of his body the eternal *Siva*. Some worship *Brahma*, others *Vishnu*, others *Siva* ; but *Vishnu*, one, yet threefold, creates, preserves, and destroys ; therefore, let the pious make no difference between the three.' Apart, therefore, from sectarian belief, which makes its own god the highest, and gives him the attributes also of the other gods, Trimu'rti implies the unity of the three principles of creation, preservation, and destruction, and as such belongs more to the philosophical than to the popular belief. When represented, the Trimu'rti is one body with three heads : in the middle, that of *Brahmā* ; at its right, that of *Vishnu* ; and at its left, that of *Siva*. The symbol of the Trimu'rti is the mystical syllable *om*, where (*o* being equivalent to *a+u*) *a* means *Brahman* ; *u*, *Vishnu* ; and *m*, *Siva*.

*Brahmā.*—This deity, as already remarked, although theoretically the first and greatest of the Hindu trinity, has gradually become merged in the universal soul *Brahma* (the neuter form of the same

word). He takes little or no part in the regency of the world; and, like great men out of place and power, has no adherents.

*Vishnu* is the second god of the trinity, but is considered by his worshippers to be the supreme deity. The name occurs in the Rigveda, but Vishnu is there a representation of the sun. Although highly extolled, he is described as having derived his power from Indra. It was during the Epic and Puranic periods that Vishnu became the great power he now is.

*Avatars*.—The large circle of myths relating to Vishnu, in the epic poems and Pura'nas, is distinguished by a feature which, though not quite absent from the mythological history of Siva, especially characterises that of Vishnu. It arose from the idea, that whenever a great disorder, physical or moral, disturbed the world, Vishnu descended 'in a small portion of his essence' to set it right, to restore the law, and thus to preserve creation. Such descents of the god are called his *Avata'ras* (from *ava* and *trī*, descend); and they consist in Vishnu's being supposed to have either assumed the form of some wonderful animal or superhuman being, or to have been born of human parents, in a human form, always, of course, possessed of miraculous properties. Some of these *Avata'ras* are of an entirely cosmical character; others, however, are probably based on historical events, the leading personage of which was gradually endowed with divine attributes, until he was regarded as the incarnation of the deity itself. With the exception of the last, all these *Avata'ras* belong to the past; the last, however, is yet to come. Their number is generally given as ten, and their names in order are—1. The fish-; 2. The tortoise-; 3. The boar-; 4. The man-lion-; 5. The dwarf-; 6. The Parasu-Râma-; 7. The Râmachandra-, or, briefly, Râma-; 8. The Krishna and Balarâma-; 9. The Buddha-; and 10. The Kalki or Kalkin-Avata'ra. We can only afford to notice the most characteristic and important.

The occasion of the *Dwarf-Avata'r* was as follows: A powerful monarch named Bali had, by the practice of austerities and costly ceremonies, raised himself to the rank of Indra, usurped the dominion of the three worlds (the sky, the earth, and *patala*, or the under world), and filled the gods with dismay. For such rites, especially the 'hundred horse-sacrifices,' are believed to have an inherent power which even Brahma cannot resist. After enduring this for a time, a deputation of gods usually proceeds to the heaven of Vishnu, and entreats his interference. In the present case, Vishnu consents, and descends to earth to reduce Maha Bali to order. A promise or gift of the gods, in whatever way it may have been obtained, and whatever consequences it may involve—even the overthrow of the gods themselves—is always considered irrevocable without the consent of the person who has obtained it. But there is nothing, it appears, unworthy of a god in filching that consent by a trick. Accordingly, Vishnu assumes the form of a

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poor Brahman dwarf, who begs of the monarch a piece of ground not larger than he could measure with three steps, on which to build a hut for himself. No sooner is the request granted, with the usual solemnities, than the form of the dwarf expands to the height of the skies; with three strides he compasses the three regions of the universe, and the power of Maha Bali is at an end.

The next three forms under which Vishnu figures would seem to have been originally historical personages—heroes in that series of wars by which the Aryan race established their sway over the aboriginal inhabitants of the country. In the first of these three, reckoned the sixth Avata'r, we have a hero of the name of Parasu Rama, who subdues the tyrannic Ksha'triyas or soldier race, and gives their lands to the Brahmans. But the most famous of all is the seventh Avata'r, that of Rama Chandra, the hero of the *Rama'yana*. The outline of the action is this : Rama, the son of the monarch of Oude, a hero of great promise, is banished, by a court intrigue, to wander with his beautiful wife, Sita, in the savage country of the Deccan, which was under the dominion of demons—that is, of princes hostile to the Hindu or Aryan race. Rama made himself hateful to the prince of the demons, Ra'vana, who, out of revenge, carried off Sita to his residence in Lanka (Ceylon). But Rama, in confederacy with the monkey-hero, Hanuman, and a whole army of apes, pursues, and making a bridge across the strait to Ceylon, by throwing in mountains, overcomes the demons, and recovers Sita. Under this guise we have probably the historical fact of the extension of the Brahman dominion and religion into Southern Hindustan. The exploits of the leader Rama, under whom this was effected, would first be preserved in metrical legends, and afterwards made to swell the glories of Vishnu, by representing Rama as an incarnation of that god. Rama has numerous temples, and with him and his wife Sita is associated the heroic monkey, Hanuman.

But the form under which Vishnu is most popular in modern times is that of *Krishna*, which is the eighth Avata'r. It being necessary to deliver the earth from a mighty demon, Kansa—a prince, most likely, of infidel or anti-Brahmanic tendencies—a portion of Vishnu descends into the womb of Devaki, the wife of Vasudeva. Kansa being informed that a child was to be born that would overthrow his power, and failing to catch the right one, Herod-like, orders a general massacre of young boys; but Krishna, the young god, had been sent away from Mathura, the capital of Kansa, to be educated in a pastoral district as the son of a cow-herd. The deity, yet in his cradle, performs feats of strength to which those of Hercules are nothing; and as a child, delights in playing tricks on his companions, and even on the god Indra. Grown up to be a youth, he captivates the hearts of all the *gopis*, or milkmaids, and in his sports and dances with them he divides himself, so that each one of the multitude believes herself to be the favoured partner of Krishna. Among

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his martial deeds was the destruction of the demon Kansa, and others, which had been the original end of the Avatār. Seven principal wives are assigned to Krishna, besides a trifle of 16,000 others of less note, by whom he had 180,000 sons. At last, Krishna was killed by a hunter, and Vishnu 'united himself with his own unborn, inconceivable, and universal spirit.'

Vishnu is variously represented. In the figure on page 1, he appears as Rama, receiving the adoration of the royal monkey Hanuman; while Sita is seen undergoing the fire ordeal, to satisfy the world of her chaste escape from the power of Rā'vana, comforted by the presence of Agni, the god of fire.

*Siva* is the name of the third god of the Hindu triad, in which he represents the principle of destruction. The name *Siva*, as that of a deity, is unknown in the Vedic hymns. The worshippers of *Siva* assign to him the first place in the Trimu'rti; and to them he is not only the chief deity, but the deity which comprises in himself all other deities. Amongst the principal achievements of this god is his conflict with the god *Brahma*, who was originally possessed of five heads, but lost one through exciting the anger of *Siva*; for the fifth head of *Brahma* once disrespectfully addressing *Siva*, and even challenging his power, *Siva* immediately cut off the offending member with the nail of his left thumb. *Siva* is especially worshipped under the symbol of the *Linga* (the male principle in generation), emblematic of creation, which follows destruction. *Siva*, like *Vishnu*, has a thousand names by which he is addressed; the principal are *Isa* or *Iswara* (lord); *Rudra* (the terrible), or *Maharudra* (the very terrible); and *Mahadeva* (the great god).

*Saktis*.—The Sanscrit *sakti* means 'power, energy;' but, in its special application, denotes the energy of the deity, and particularly that of the gods of the Hindu triad, *Brahma*, *Vishnu*, and *Siva*. This energy, originally spoken of as the wish or will of the Supreme Being to create the universe, and afterwards dilated upon in metaphorical and poetical speech, assumed at the Puranic period the form of a separate deity, thought of as the wife of the god to whom it belongs. Accordingly, *Saraswati* became the *Sakti* or wife of *Brahma*; *Lakshmi*, the *Sakti* or wife of *Vishnu*; and *Devi*, the *Sakti* or wife of *Siva*. Of these *Saktis* the only one that attracts special worship is the consort of *Siva*, who plays as prominent a part in later Hindu mythology as her husband. Her principal names are *Devi*, *Kali*, *Durga*, *Parvati*, *Uma*. As *Durga*, she is a kind of goddess of war; and her martial feats consisted in the destruction of a succession of demons who had conquered the gods and expelled them from heaven. In commemoration of her victory over one of these demons, a festival, called the *Durgapū'ja*, is annually celebrated in Bengal about the autumnal equinox. Three weeks after the *Durgapū'ja*, another festival in honour of this goddess,

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called the *Kalipuja*, takes place, to commemorate her victory over the demons Chanda and Munda.

'The sable goddess,' Mr Banerjea says, 'is represented holding the severed head of Chanda in her hand, with the heads of his soldiers formed into a garland suspended from her neck, and their hands wreathed into a covering round her loins—the only covering she has in the image constructed for the *puja*. The worship of *Kali* (that is, the Black), to which the narrative (of her victory over Chanda and Munda) has given rise, is considered by the Hindus themselves as embodying the principle of *tamas*, or darkness. She is represented as delighting in the slaughter of her foes, though capable of kindlier feelings to her friends. She is, however, styled the Black Goddess of Terror, frequenting cemeteries, and presiding over terrible sprites, fond of bloody sacrifices; and her worship taking place in the darkest night of the month.' Kali has a splendid temple at Kalighat, in the neighbourhood of Calcutta (the city of Kali), where myriads of victims are offered up to her. From the Puraṇa which forms the ritual of her worship, it is clear that human sacrifices at one time formed part of it; special directions are given how the victims are to be killed, and we learn that a sacrifice of three human beings will make her propitious for 100,000 years. It would seem as if in Lower Bengal and the adjoining district of Orissa a more than usual infusion of the dark superstitions of the aborigines had been introduced into Hinduism. In Orissa is the famous idol Jaggernaut, under the wheels of which thousands of Hindus annually were in the habit of sacrificing themselves in assurance of eternal bliss; and the hill tribes not yet Hinduised worship chiefly a female demon, whom they seek to propitiate by sacrifices of children. Under the influence of government, both practices have recently greatly abated. Jaggernaut (properly Jagannatha—i. e., lord of the world) is understood to represent Vishnu, as the dead Krishna; but the spirit of the worship ill accords with the mild character of that god.

*Indra and the other inferior gods.*—We have seen that the elemental gods of the Veda were afterwards superseded by higher conceptions. A number of them, however, were retained as an inferior order, styled 'guardians of the world,' and over these Indra was installed supreme lord. The eight guardians are: Indra, the god of the firmament; Agni, of fire; Yama, of the infernal regions; Surya, of the sun; Varuna, of water; Pavana, of wind; Kuvera, of wealth; Soma or Chandra, of the moon. Indra is still the god that sends rain, and wields the thunderbolt; but poetry is more engrossed by the beauty of his paradise, *Swarga*, the happy abode of the inferior gods, and of those pious men who attain it after death in consequence of having, during life, properly discharged their religious duties; by the charms of his heavenly nymphs, the *Apsarasas*, who now and then descend to earth, to disturb the equanimity of austere



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penitents ; by the musical performances of his choristers, the *Gandharvas* ; by the splendour of his capital, *Amaravati* ; by the fabulous beauty of his garden, *Nandana*, &c. The beings of yet inferior rank that have been conceived as objects of worship in Hindustan are innumerable. The Hindus themselves are said to enumerate 330 millions. But to count Hindu deities is like trying to count the objects in a kaleidoscope ; for the same deity is known and worshipped under hundreds of names.

## HINDU SECTS.

Of the sects which arose in the third period of Hinduism, there are three chief divisions—the adorers of Vishnu, of Siva, and of the wives or female energies of these gods ; called respectively Vaishnavas, Saivas, and Saktas.

*The Vaishnavas.*—The numerous sects that go by this common designation are held together by the common link of their belief in the supremacy of Vishnu over the other gods of the Trimurti ; their differences consist in the character which they assign to the god, in the religious and other practices founded on the nature of their belief, and in their sectarian marks. Six principal Vaishnava sects are enumerated, called by the names of their founders, who appeared in the character of religious reformers at various times between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries. We can only notice a few characteristic features of one or two of them, which will give a general notion of the character of the whole.—The most striking peculiarity of the *Ramanujas* is the preparation and the scrupulous privacy of their meals ; for should the meal during its preparation, or while they are eating, attract even the looks of a stranger, the operation is instantly stopped, and the viands buried in the ground. The marks by which they distinguish themselves from other sects are two perpendicular white lines, drawn with a white earth from the root of the hair to the commencement of each eyebrow, and a transverse streak connecting them across the root of the nose ; in the centre is a perpendicular streak of red, made with red sanders, or a preparation of turmeric and lime ; other marks representing several of the attributes of Vishnu, they have either painted or impressed on the breast and each upper arm ; and, besides, they wear a necklace of the wood of the Tulasi (holy basil), and carry a rosary of the seeds of the same plant, or of the lotus. Such, with variations in disposition and colour, are sectarian marks in general. The sacred formula with which a member of this sect is initiated into it consists merely of the words *Om rāmāya namaḥ*, ‘Om, salutation to Rama.’ Their principal religious tenet is the belief that Vishnu is the cause and creator of all worlds ; that he and the universe are one, though he is of a twofold form : the supreme spirit or cause, and the gross one, the effect or matter.—Nearly allied to the Ramanujas are the *Ramanandas*, by far the most

numerous class of sectaries in Gangetic India. Their practices are less precise than those of the Ramanujas; but the most important difference between them consists in the fact, that Ramananda abolished the distinction of caste amongst the religious orders, and taught that a *Vairagin*, or one who quitted the ties of nature and society, shook off at the same time all personal distinction. The initiatory formula of a Ramananda is *Sri Rama*, or 'blessed Rama.'—The *Kabir Panthis* are a kind of rationalists; they hold that there is but one God, the creator of the world; he is of ineffable purity and irresistible power, eternal, and free from the defects of human nature, but in other respects does not differ from man. The pure man is his living resemblance; and after death, becomes his equal and associate. God and man are therefore not only the same, but both are in the same manner everything that exists. The triad Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva are the offspring of God by Maya (illusion), and by their immediate agency the universe was formed. But although the Kabir Panthis have a peculiar respect for Vishnu, and therefore are reckoned Vaishnavas, it is no part of their faith to worship any deity, or to observe any ceremonies and rites of the Hindus. They are recommended, however, outwardly to conform to all the usages of tribe and caste, and some even pretend to worship the usual divinities, though this is not considered justifiable. The moral code of the Kabir Panthis is, in many respects, creditable to them. Life, they teach, being the gift of God, must not be violated by his creatures. Humanity and truth are two of their cardinal virtues; retirement from the world is deemed desirable.—One of the most remarkable sects is that of the *Vallabhacharyas*, who are widely diffused throughout Western India. A leading principle with all sects is reverence for, and implicit submission to, the spiritual teacher; but among the Vallabhacharyas this is carried to extravagance. The spiritual chiefs, the direct descendants of the founder, bear the proud title of *Maharaj*, or great king; and although they are nearly all grossly ignorant, and often highly disreputable, yet, solely on account of their descent, they enjoy the unlimited homage of their followers. The object of their adoration is Vishnu in his incarnation as Krishna; and the main purport of their precepts is to inculcate absolute submission to the spiritual teacher. Hence has grown up the doctrine, that the Guru or Maharaj is the impersonation of Krishna himself, that God and the Guru are necessarily to be worshipped, and that the sectary is bound to bestow on him 'his body, organs of sense, life, heart, and other faculties, and wife, house, family, property, with his own self.' The gross abuse which was made of this tenet became apparent in a very remarkable trial, the so-called Maharaj Libel Case, which took place in 1861 in the Supreme Court of Bombay, and revealed the licentiousness of one of the then Maharajas of the sect at Bombay. The defendant sued for libel by this Maharaj was a highly respected and distinguished member of the sect, Mr Karsandās

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Mulji, who had had the courage of calling, in a native newspaper, on the Maharajas to reform, and to return to the ancient Hindu faith, and whose public conduct on that occasion elicited the highest praise of the court. For a fuller account of this sect, see the interesting *History of the Sect of Maharajas or Vallabhacharyas in Western India* (by Karsandās Mulji; London, 1865), which also contains the history of the 'Maharaj Libel Case' above referred to.

*Saivas*.—A noticeable sect among the Saivas are the *Yogins*, who practise the most difficult austerities, in order to become absorbed into the universal spirit, and thus liberated from repeated births. The votaries of Siva, so called, hold that, by dint of these practices—such as continued suppressions of respiration, sitting in eighty-four different attitudes, fixing the eyes on the tip of the nose—they will be finally united with Siva, whom they consider as the source and essence of all creation. The *Yoga* doctrine from which the sect get their name, is not confined to them; it is a general system of philosophical speculation, conjoined with corresponding practices, which has always exercised great power over the Hindu mind, from its countenancing the favourite tendency to the performance of austerities. The word means 'concentration, abstract contemplation;' and the fundamental idea is, that in order to escape the necessity of successive births, and to become reunited with the Supreme Spirit, the soul must become disentangled from all objects, or completely indifferent. The means of attaining this state are the practice of certain moral duties and religious observances, profound meditation, and the performance of a variety of austerities consisting chiefly in painful postures, suspending the breath, and the like. These practices are supposed to produce the most wonderful effects; and there are multitudes of professional Yogins, often nothing but lazy mendicants and jugglers, who contrive to impress the vulgar with a belief in their supernatural powers, and pretend to foretell future events and cure diseases. There are instances where, for a consideration, they allow themselves to be buried for a certain time; and it would really appear that a human being, after having undergone certain preparations such as the *Yoga* prescribes, may be shut up in a box without either food or drink for the space of a month, or even more, and yet remain alive.—See *A Treatise on the Yoga Philosophy*, by N. C. Paul (a native Hindu); Benares, 1851.

*Saktas*.—*Sakta*, properly speaking, means a worshipper of any of the female representations of the divine power; but, in its special and usual sense, it is applied to the worshipper of the female energy or wife of Siva alone; and the *Saktas*, properly so called, are therefore the votaries of Durga, Devi, or Kali. Since Siva is the type of destruction, his energy or wife becomes still more so the type of all that is terrific; and, in consequence, her worship is based on the assumption that she can be propitiated only by practices which involve the destruction of life, and in which she herself delights.

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That such a worship must lead to the brutalisation of those addicted to it, and degenerate into the grossest licentiousness, is but natural; and it will easily be understood that the Sakta religion has become the worst of all the forms which the various aberrations of the Hindu mind have assumed. Appealing to the superstitions of the vulgar mind, it has its professors, chiefly amongst the lowest classes; and, amongst these, again, it prevails especially in Bengal, where it is cultivated with practices even scarcely known in most other provinces. The works from which the tenets and rites of this religion are derived are the *Tantras*; but as in some of these works the ritual enjoined does not comprehend all the impure practices which are recommended in others, the sect became divided into two leading branches, the Dakshinacharins and Vamacharins, or the followers of the right-hand and left-hand ritual.

The Dakshinacharins are the more respectable of the two. They profess, indeed, to possess a ritual as pure as that of the Vedas. Nevertheless, they annually decapitate a number of helpless animals, especially kids, and in some cases pommel the animal to death with their fists, or offer blood without destroying life—practices contrary to the Vedic ritual. The Vamacharins, on the other hand—the type of the Saktas—and amongst these especially that branch called Kaula or Kulina, adopt a ritual of the grossest impurities. ‘The principal ceremonies,’ says Professor Wilson, ‘comprehend the worship of Sakti, and require for that purpose the presence of a female as the living representative and type of the goddess. This worship is mostly celebrated in a mixed society, the men of which represent Bhairava (or Siva as the Terrific), and the women, Bhairavi (Sakti or Devi as the Terrific). The Sakti is personated by a naked female, to whom meat and wine are offered, and then distributed amongst the assistants; the recitation of various mantras and texts, and the performance of the Mudra, or gesticulations with the fingers, accompanying the different stages of the ceremony; and it is terminated with the most scandalous orgies amongst the votaries. The members of this sect are very numerous, especially amongst the Brahmanical caste; all classes are, however, admissible, and equal at the ceremonies of the sect.’

The primitive Aryas reared no temples to their gods, and formed no images or symbols of them. Yet modern Hinduism is pre-eminently the religion of temples and of idols. While the temples are grand and elegant, the idols are mostly rude, grotesque, and hideous. This arises, partly at least, from their excessively symbolical character. Four or more arms mark the power of the chief gods; several heads, superior wisdom; Kali’s necklace of skulls, and mouth smeared with gore, her destructive prowess. Most of the idols carried in procession are made for the occasion, and are thrown away when the ceremony is over. A common practice is for individuals to squeeze a lump of mud from the Ganges into the

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shape of an image, or of a lingam, bow reverently to it, offer rice, fruit, or flowers, present invocations and supplications, and then throw it away.

Hindu worshippers are divisible, as among us, into lay and clerical ; the latter consisting of regular priests, and of monks or devotees to a religious life, whose lives are one endless round of ceremonies. The daily devotions of the lay Hindu vary with his social position and greater or less zeal. The favourite places for performing them are the ghats or flights of steps with which the margins of rivers and of tanks are lined. There they perform their ablutions, offer water to ancestors, and invoke their favourite god. Many content themselves with merely making the marks of their sect on their bodies, and invoking, with uplifted hands, Vishnu, or Siva.

We cannot afford space to enter into the endless ceremonial *impurities* in which the Hindus believe. Among no other people, perhaps, has this pestilent superstition assumed such extravagant proportions. So numerous are the apprehensions of defilement, that the Hindu lives in constant fear ; all freedom of action is stifled, and one of the most ingenious races of mankind rendered the most helpless. As an example of the ceremonial which trammels the simplest action of private life, we quote the following from Colebrooke's essay *On the Religious Ceremonies of the Hindus* :

‘ Here, too, as in every other matter relating to private morals, the Hindu legislators and the authors of the *Purāṇas* have heaped together a multitude of precepts, mostly trivial, and not unfrequently absurd. Some of them relate to diet ; they prohibit many sorts of food altogether, and forbid the constant use of others : some regard the acceptance of food, which must on no account be received if it be given with one hand, nor without a leaf or dish ; some again prescribe the hour at which the two daily meals which are allowed should be eaten (namely, in the forenoon and in the evening) ; others enumerate the places (a boat, for example) where a Hindu must not eat, and specify the persons (his sons and the inmates of his house) with whom he should eat, and those (his wife, for instance) with whom he should not. The lawgivers have been no less particular in directing the posture in which the Hindu must sit ; the quarter towards which he ought to look, and the precautions he should take to insulate himself, as it were, during his meal, lest he be contaminated by the touch of some undetected sinner, who may be present. To explain even in a cursory manner the objects of all these, would be tedious ; but the mode in which a Hindu takes his repast, conformably with such injunctions as are most cogent, may be briefly stated, and with this I shall close the present essay.

‘ After washing his hands and feet, and sipping water without swallowing it, he sits down on a stool or cushion (but not on a couch nor on a bed) before his plate, which must be placed on a clean spot of ground that has been wiped and smoothed in a quadrangular form,

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if he be a *Brahmana*; a triangular one, if he be a *Kshatriya*; circular, if he be a *Vaisya*; and in the shape of a crescent, if he belong to the fourth tribe. When the food is first brought in, he is required to bow to it, raising both hands in the form of humble salutation to his forehead; and he should add: "May this be always ours;" that is, may food never be deficient. When he has sitten down, he should lift the plate with his left hand and bless the food, saying: "Thou art invigorating." He sets it down, naming the three worlds. Or if the food be handed to him, he says: "May heaven give thee," and then accepts it with these words: "The earth accepts thee." Before he begins eating, he must move his hand round the plate, to insulate it, or his own person rather, from the rest of the company. He next offers five lumps of food to Yama by five different titles; he sips and swallows water; he makes five oblations to breath by five distinct names—*Prana*, *Vyana*, *Apana*, *Samana*, and *Udana*; and lastly, he wets both eyes. He then eats his repast in silence, lifting the food with all the fingers of his right hand, and afterwards again sips water, saying: "Ambrosial fluid! thou art the couch of Vishnu and of food."

The extravagances to which the Yoga doctrine leads, have been thus described: 'Some [of those fanatical yogins or yogis] tear themselves with whips, or repose on beds of spikes, or chain themselves for life to the foot of a tree. Others keep their hands closed till they are pierced through by the growth of the nails. Others make vows to remain standing in a certain position for years, with their hands held up above their heads, until the arms wither away from inaction, and become fixed and powerless. Others, again, undertake to carry a cumbrous load, or drag after them a heavy chain. Some crawl like reptiles upon the earth for whole years, or until they have thus made the circuit of a vast empire. Others measure with their bodies the road to Jaggernaut, or, assuming as nearly as possible the form of a ball, or a hedgehog ensconced in his prickly coat, roll along from the banks of the Indus to those of the Ganges, collecting, as they move in this attitude, money to build a temple, or dig a well, or to atone for some secret crime. Some swing before a slow fire in that horrid clime; or hang for a certain time suspended with their heads downwards over the fiercest flames. Others, turning their heads over their shoulders to gaze at the heavens, remain in that posture until it becomes impossible for them to resume their natural position, while, from the twist of the neck, nothing but liquids can pass into the stomach. The grand act of penitence of sitting exposed to five fires, as commanded by Menu, was witnessed by the traveller Fryer nearly two hundred years ago. A yogi exhibited this example of self-torture, the most tremendous perhaps that can be conceived, in the sight of a vast multitude at a public festival, during forty days. Early in the morning, after having seated himself on a quadrangular stage, he fell prostrate, and

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continued fervent in his devotions till the sun began to have considerable power. He then rose, and stood on one leg, gazing steadfastly at the sun, while fires, each large enough, says the traveller, to roast an ox, were kindled at the four corners of the stage, the penitent counting his beads, and occasionally with his pot of incense throwing combustible materials into the fire to increase the flames. He next bowed himself down in the centre of the four fires, keeping his eyes still fixed on the sun. Afterwards placing himself upright on his head, with his feet elevated in the air, he stood for the extraordinary space of three hours in that inverted position; he then seated himself with his legs across, and thus remained, sustaining the raging heat of the sun and the fires till the end of the day.\*

Prominent features of Hinduism are pilgrimages to sacred places (fountains, rivers, cities), and religious festivals. A visit to Benares, especially, is considered to secure eternal happiness. Benares, situated in the interior of Hindustan, on the northern bank of the Ganges, is emphatically the holy city of India. It forms, the Hindu legends say, no part of the terrestrial globe, but rests on a foundation of its own, one of the prongs of Siva's trident—in consequence of which earthquakes are unknown at Benares. The shortest residence in this blessed spot secures the happy resident, even though he be an Englishman, an immediate absorption into Brahma; and one instance is actually recorded of a benighted Englishman availing himself of the privilege, and bequeathing a sum of money to the Brahmans for the erection of a temple after his death. Ward, who relates the story, adds: 'I suppress the name of my countryman from a sense of shame.'

There is another name even more familiar than that of Benares to those who have heard anything of the Hindus and their religion—that of Jaggernaut. The town of Jaggernaut, or Puri, stands on the dry sandy coast of Orissa; and the huge black temple of the idol is visible far and wide to the passengers of ships sailing in the Bay of Bengal. It is a vast obelisk or grotesque-shaped pyramid, constructed of enormous blocks of granite brought down from the neighbouring mountains, and rises to the height of three hundred and fifty feet. The temple is surrounded by a lofty wall, enclosing a spacious area, and round the interior of the wall runs a gallery, supported by two rows of pillars. The faces of the temple are covered over with sculptures, and the top of it is crowned with copper balls and ornaments, which flash and glitter in the sun. The temple and its precincts are inhabited by priests, and by numbers of dancing-girls; and the worship of the god is mixed up with, or rather consists of, all that is vicious and licentious. The great annual pilgrimage to Jaggernaut, to attend the festival which takes place in June, is, all things considered, the most striking exhibition

\* *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*—'Hindooa.'

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of the fanaticism of the Hindus. Dr Claudius Buchanan, in his *Christian Researches*, gives a description of the festival, at which he was present. 'We know that we are approaching Jaggernaut (and yet we are more than fifty miles from it), by the human bones which we have seen for some days strewed by the way. At this place we have been joined by several large bodies of pilgrims, perhaps two thousand in number, who have come from various parts of northern India. Some of them with whom I have conversed say that they have been two months on their march, travelling slowly in the hottest season of the year, with their wives and children. Some old persons are among them, who wish to die at Jaggernaut. Numbers of pilgrims die on the road, and their bodies generally remain unburied. On a plain by the river, near the pilgrims' caravansera at this place, there are more than a hundred skulls. . . . I passed a devotee to-day who laid himself down at every step, measuring the road to Jaggernaut by the length of his body, as a penance of merit, to please the god.'

The 18th of June was the great day of the festival. 'At twelve o'clock this day the Moloch of Hindustan was brought out of his temple, amidst the acclamations of hundreds of thousands of his worshippers. When the idol was placed on his throne, a shout was raised by the multitude, such as I had never heard before. . . . The throne of the idol was placed on a stupendous car or tower, about sixty feet in height, resting on wheels which indented the ground deeply as they turned slowly under the ponderous machine. Attached to it were six ropes, of the size and shape of a ship's cable, by which the people drew it along. Thousands of men, women, and children, pulled by each rope, crowding so closely, that some could only use one hand. Infants are made to exert their strength in this office; for it is accounted a merit of righteousness to move the god. Upon the tower were the priests and satellites of the idol surrounding his throne. I was told that there were about a hundred and twenty persons on the car altogether. The chief idol (which is supposed to represent the dead Krishna) is a block of wood, having a frightful visage, painted black, with a distended mouth of a bloody colour. His arms are of gold, and he is dressed in gorgeous apparel. The other two idols (representing Siva and Subhadra) are of a white and yellow colour.' After the procession had proceeded a little way it stopped, 'and now the worship of the god began. A high-priest mounted the car in front of the idol, and pronounced his obscene stanzas in the ears of the people, who responded at intervals in the same strain. "These songs," said he, "are the delight of the god. His car can only move when he is pleased with the song." Other disgusting ceremonies then followed, and, adds Dr Buchanan: 'I felt a consciousness of doing wrong in witnessing them. But a scene of a different kind was now to be presented. The characteristics of Moloch's worship are obscenity and blood; and now comes the blood.'



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After the tower had proceeded some way, a pilgrim announced that he was ready to offer himself a sacrifice to the idol. He laid himself down in the road before the tower, as it was moving along, lying on his face, with his arms stretched forwards. The multitude passed round him, leaving the space clear, and he was crushed to death by the wheels of the tower. A shout of joy was raised to the god. He is said to *smile* when the libation of blood is made. The people throw cowries, or small money, on the body of the victim, in approbation of the deed. He was left to view a considerable time, and was then carried by the *Hurries* to the Golgotha, where I have just been viewing his remains.

When the British took possession of the place in 1803, they continued the tax that the Mahrattas had formerly levied upon the pilgrims, and out of it paid a sum to the priests for the maintenance of the establishment; but for some years past the management of the matter has been given up into the hands of the native authorities. The attendance at the Jaggernaut festival is represented as sensibly falling off in recent years; and the latest accounts speak of the car of the god as having been left sticking in the road through lack of enthusiasm in the multitude to drag it.

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Vishnu, with Lakshmi, reposing on Shesha the Serpent, contemplating the Creation, with Brahma springing from a lotos to perform it.



## INTELLIGENT NEGROES.

**A**MONG the large body of negroes held in a state of bondage, or otherwise living in a condition unfavourable to mental development, there have at various times occurred instances of intelligence far beyond what could have been expected in this unhappy and abused, or at least neglected race. In the United States of America an instance occurred during last century of a coloured man shewing a remarkable skill in mathematical science. His name was Richard Banneker, and he belonged to Maryland. He was altogether self-taught, and having directed his attention to the study of astronomy, his calculations were so thorough and exact, as to excite the approbation of such men as Pitt, Fox, Wilberforce, and other eminent persons; and an almanac which he composed was produced in the House of Commons as an argument in favour of the mental cultivation of the coloured people, and of their liberation from their wretched thralldom. Elsewhere, we have presented the history of the gallant and unfortunate Toussaint l'Ouverture, a negro of St Domingo, whose name will ever be cherished by the friends of suffering humanity; and we now lay before our readers a few sketches of the lives of coloured individuals, who, though less celebrated than Toussaint, are equally worthy of remembrance, and of being placed along with Richard Banneker. We begin with a notice of

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### THOMAS JENKINS.

THOMAS JENKINS was the son of an African king, and bore externally all the usual features of the negro. His father reigned over a considerable tract of country to the east of, and, we believe, including Little Cape Mount, a part of the wide coast of Guinea, which used to be much resorted to by British vessels for the purchase of slaves. The negro sovereign, whom the British sailors knew by the name of King Cock-eye, from a personal peculiarity, having observed what a superiority civilisation and learning gave to the Europeans over the Africans in their traffic, resolved to send his eldest son to Britain, in order that he might acquire all the advantages of knowledge. He accordingly bargained with a Captain Swanstone, a native of Hawick, in Scotland, who traded to the coast for ivory, gold-dust, &c. that the child should be taken by him to his own country, and returned in a few years fully educated, for which he was to receive a certain consideration in the productions of Africa. The lad recollected a little of the scene which took place on his being handed over to Swanstone. His father, an old man, came with his mother, who was much younger, and a number of sable courtiers, to a place on the side of a green eminence near the coast, and there, amidst the tears of the latter parent, he was formally consigned to the care of the British trader, who pledged himself to return his tender charge, some years afterwards, endowed with as much learning as he might be found capable of receiving. The lad was accordingly conveyed on ship-board, where the fancy of the master conferred upon him the name of Thomas Jenkins.

Swanstone brought his protégé to Hawick, and was about to take the proper means for fulfilling his bargain, when, unfortunately, he was cut off from this life. No provision having been made for such a contingency, Tom was thrown upon the wide world, not only without the means of obtaining a Christian education, but destitute of everything that was necessary to supply still more pressing wants. Mr Swanstone died in a room in the Tower Inn at Hawick, where Tom very faithfully attended him, though almost starved by the cold of a Scottish winter. After his guardian had expired, he was in a state of the greatest distress from cold, till the worthy landlady, Mrs Brown, brought him down to her huge kitchen fire, where alone, of all parts of the house, could he find a climate agreeable to his nerves. Tom was ever after very grateful to Mrs Brown for her kindness. After he had remained for some time at the inn, a farmer in Teviot-head, who was the nearest surviving relation of his guardian, agreed to take charge of him, and accordingly he was removed to the house of that individual, where he soon made himself useful in rocking the cradle, looking after the pigs and poultry, and other such humble duties. When he left the inn, he understood hardly a word of

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English; but here he speedily acquired the common dialect of the district, with all its peculiarities of accent and intonation. He lived in Mr L——'s family for several years, in the course of which he was successively advanced to the offices of cow-herd and driver of peats to Hawick for sale on his master's account, which latter duty he discharged very satisfactorily. After he had become a stout boy, Mr Laidlaw of Falnash, a gentleman of great respectability and intelligence, took a fancy for him, and readily prevailed upon his former protector to yield him into his charge. 'Black Tom,' as he was called, became at Falnash a sort of Jack-of-all-trades. He acted as cow-herd at one time, and stable-boy at another: in short, he could turn his hand to any sort of job. It was his especial duty to go upon all errands to Hawick, for which a retentive memory well qualified him. He afterwards became a regular farm-servant to Mr Laidlaw, and it was while acting in this capacity that he first discovered a taste for learning. How Tom acquired his first instructions is not known. The boy probably cherished a notion of duty upon this subject, and was anxious to fulfil, as far as his unfortunate circumstances would permit, the designs of his parent. He probably picked up a few crumbs of elementary literature at the table of Mr Laidlaw's children, or interested the servants to give him what knowledge they could.

In the course of a brief space, Mrs Laidlaw was surprised to find that Tom began to have a strange liking for candle-ends. Not one about the farmhouse could escape him. Every scrap of wick and tallow that he fell in with was secreted and taken away to his loft above the stable, and very dismal suspicions began to be entertained respecting the use he put them to. Curiosity soon incited the people about the farm to watch his proceedings after he had retired to his den; and it was then discovered, to the astonishment of all, that the poor lad was engaged, with a book and a slate, in drawing rude imitations of the letters of the alphabet. It was found that he also kept an old fiddle beside him, which cost the poor horses below many a sleepless night. On the discovery of his literary taste, Mr Laidlaw put him to an evening school, kept by a neighbouring rustic, at which he made rapid progress—such, indeed, as to excite astonishment all over the country, for no one had ever dreamt that there was so much as a possibility of his becoming a scholar.

By and by, though daily occupied with his drudgery as a farm-servant, he began to *instruct himself in Latin and Greek*. A boy-friend, who in advanced life communicated to us most of the facts we are narrating, lent him several books necessary in these studies; and Mr and Mrs Laidlaw did all in their power to favour his wishes, though the distance of a classical academy was a sufficient bar, if there had been no other, to prevent their giving him the means or opportunity of regular instruction. In speaking of the kind treat-

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ment which he had received from these worthy individuals, his heart has often been observed to swell, and the tear to start into his honest dark eye. Besides acquainting himself tolerably well with Latin and Greek, he initiated himself in the study of mathematics.

A great era in Tom's life was his possessing himself of a Greek dictionary. Having learned that there was to be a sale of books at Hawick, he proceeded thither, in company with our informant. Tom possessed twelve shillings, saved out of his wages, and his companion vowed that if more should be required for the purchase of any particular book, he should not fail to back him in the competition—so far as eighteenpence would warrant, that being the amount of his own little stock. Tom at once pitched upon the lexicon as the grand necessary of his education, and accordingly he began to bid for it. All present stared with wonder when they saw a negro, clad in the gray cast-off surtout of a private soldier, and the number 'XCVI.' still glaring in white oil-paint on his back, competing for a book which could only be useful to a student at a considerably advanced stage. A gentleman of the name of Moncrieff, who knew Tom's companion, beckoned him forward, and inquired with eager curiosity into the seeming mystery. When it was explained, and Mr Moncrieff learned that thirteen and sixpence was the utmost extent of their joint stocks, he told his young friend to bid as far beyond that sum as he chose, and he would be answerable for the deficiency. Tom had now bidden as far as he could go, and he was turning away in despair, when his young friend, in the very nick of time, threw himself into the competition. 'What, what do you mean?' said the poor negro in great agitation; 'you know we cannot pay both that and the duty.' His friend, however, did not regard his remonstrances, and immediately he had the satisfaction of placing the precious volume in the hands which were so eager to possess it—only a shilling or so being required from Mr Moncrieff. Tom carried off his prize in triumph, and, it is needless to say, made the best use of it.

It may now be asked—what was the personal character of this extraordinary specimen of African intellect? We answer at once—the best possible. Tom was a mild, unassuming creature, free from every kind of vice, and possessing a kindness of manner which made him the favourite of all who knew him. In fact, he was one of the most popular characters in the whole district of Upper Teviotdale. His employers respected him for the faithful and zealous manner in which he discharged his humble duties, and everybody was interested in his singular efforts to obtain knowledge. Having retained no trace of his native language, he resembled, in every respect except his skin, an ordinary peasant of the south of Scotland: only he was much more learned than the most of them, and spent his time somewhat more abstractedly. His mind was deeply impressed with the truths of the Christian faith, and he was a regular

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attender upon every kind of religious ordinances. Altogether, Tom was a person of the most worthy and respectable properties, and, even without considering his meritorious struggles for knowledge, would have been beloved and esteemed wherever he was known.

When Tom was about twenty years of age, a vacancy occurred in the school of Teviot-head, which was an appendage to the parish school, for the use of the scattered inhabitants of a very wild pastoral territory. A committee of the presbytery of Jedburgh was appointed to sit on a particular day at Hawick, in order to examine the candidates for this humble charge, and report the result to their constituents. Among three or four competitors appeared the black farm-servant of Falnash, with a heap of books under his arm, and the everlasting soldier's greatcoat, with the staring 'XCVI.' upon his back. The committee was surprised; but they could not refuse to read his testimonials of character, and put him through the usual forms of examination. More than this, his exhibition was so decidedly superior to the rest, that they could not avoid reporting him as the best fitted for the situation. Tom retired triumphant from the field, enjoying the delightful reflection, that now he would be placed in a situation much more agreeable to him than any other he had ever known, and where he would enjoy infinitely better opportunities of acquiring instruction.

For a time this prospect was dashed. On the report coming before the presbytery, a majority of the members were alarmed at the strange idea of placing a negro and born pagan in such a situation, and poor Tom was accordingly voted out of all the benefits of the competition. The poor fellow appeared to suffer dreadfully from this sentence, which made him feel keenly the misfortune of his skin, and the awkwardness of his situation in the world. But fortunately, the people most interested in the matter felt as indignant at the treatment which he had received, as he could possibly feel depressed. The heritors, among whom the late Duke of Buccleuch was the chief, took up the case so warmly, that it was immediately resolved to set up Tom in opposition to the teacher appointed by the presbytery, and to give him an exact duplicate of the salary which they already paid to that person. An old *smiddy* (blacksmith's shop) was hastily fitted up for his reception, and Tom was immediately installed in office, with the universal approbation of both parents and children. It followed, as a matter of course, that the other school was completely deserted; and Tom, who had come to this country to learn, soon found himself fully engaged in teaching, and in the receipt of an income more than adequate to his wants.

To the gratification of all his friends, and some little confusion of face to the presbytery, he turned out an excellent teacher. He had a way of communicating knowledge that proved in the highest degree successful, and as he contrived to carry on the usual exercises without the use of any severities, he was as much beloved by his

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pupils as he was respected by those who employed him. Five days every week he spent in the school. On the Saturdays, he was accustomed to walk to Hawick (eight miles distant), in order to make an exhibition of what he had himself acquired during the week, to the master of the academy there; thus keeping up, it will be observed, his own gradual advance in knowledge. - It further shews his untiring zeal for religious instruction, that he always returned to Hawick next day—of course an equal extent of travel—in order to attend the church.

After he had conducted the school for one or two years, finding himself in possession of about twenty pounds, he bethought him of spending a winter at college. The esteem in which he was held rendered it an easy matter to demit his duties to an assistant for the winter; and this matter being settled, he waited upon his good friend, Mr Moncrieff (the gentleman who had enabled him to get the lexicon, and who had since done him many other good offices), in order to consult about other matters concerning the step he was about to take. Mr Moncrieff, though accustomed to regard Tom as a wonder, was nevertheless truly surprised at this new project. He asked, above all things, the amount of his stock of cash. On being told that twenty pounds was all, and, furthermore, that Tom contemplated attending the Latin, Greek, and mathematical classes, he informed him that this would never do: the money would hardly pay his fees. Tom was much disconcerted at this; but his generous friend soon relieved him, by placing in his hands an order upon a merchant in Edinburgh for whatever might be further required to support him for a winter at college.

Tom now pursued his way to Edinburgh with his twenty pounds. On applying to the Professor of Humanity (Latin) for a ticket to his class, that gentleman looked at him for a moment in silent wonder, and asked if he had acquired any rudimental knowledge of the language. Mr Jenkins, as he ought now to be called, said modestly that he had studied Latin for a considerable time, and was anxious to complete his acquaintance with it. Mr P——, finding that he only spoke the truth, presented the applicant with a ticket, for which he generously refused to take the usual fee. Of the other two professors to whom he applied, both stared as much as the former, and only one took the fee. He was thus enabled to spend the winter in a most valuable course of instruction, without requiring to trench much upon Mr Moncrieff's generous order; and next spring he returned to Teviot-head, and resumed his professional duties.

The end of this strange history is hardly such as could have been wished. It is obvious, we think, that Mr Jenkins should have been returned by some benevolent society to his native country, where he might have been expected to do wonders in civilising and instructing his father's, or his own subjects. Unfortunately, about thirty years ago, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, animated by the best intentions,

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recommended him to the Christian Knowledge Society, as a proper person to be a missionary among the colonial slaves ; and he was induced to go out as a teacher to the Mauritius—a scene entirely unworthy of his exertions. There he attained great eminence as a teacher.

## PHILLIS WHEATLEY.

In the year 1761, Mrs John Wheatley, of Boston, in North America, went to the slave-market, to select, from the crowd of unfortunates there offered for sale, a negro girl, whom she might train, by gentle usage, to serve as an affectionate attendant during her old age. Amongst a group of more robust and healthy children, the lady observed one, slenderly formed, and suffering apparently from change of climate and the miseries of the voyage. The interesting countenance and humble modesty of the poor little stranger induced Mrs Wheatley to overlook the disadvantage of a weak state of health, and Phillis, as the young slave was subsequently named, was purchased in preference to her healthier companions, and taken home to the abode of her mistress. The child was in a state almost of perfect nakedness, her only covering being a strip of dirty carpet. These things were soon remedied by the attention of the kind lady into whose hands the young African had been thrown, and in a short time, the effects of comfortable clothing and food were visible in her returning health. Phillis was, at the time of her purchase, between seven and eight years old, and the intention of Mrs Wheatley was to train her up to the common occupations of a menial servant. But the marks of extraordinary intelligence which Phillis soon evinced, induced her mistress's daughter to teach her to read ; and such was the rapidity with which this was effected, that, in sixteen months from the time of her arrival in the family, the African child had so mastered the English language, to which she was an utter stranger before, as to read with ease the most difficult parts of sacred writ. This uncommon docility altered the intentions of the family regarding Phillis, and in future she was kept constantly about the person of her mistress, whose affections she entirely won by her amiable disposition and propriety of demeanour.

At this period, neither in the mother-country nor in the colonies was much attention bestowed on the education of the labouring-classes of the whites themselves, and much less, it may be supposed, was expended on the mental cultivation of the slave population. Hence, when little Phillis, to her acquirements in reading, added, by her own exertions and industry, the power of writing, she became an object of very general attention. It is scarcely possible to suppose that any care should have been expended on her young mind before her abduction from her native land, and indeed her tender years almost precluded the possibility even of such culture as Africa



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could afford. Of her infancy, spent in that unhappy land, Phillis had but one solitary recollection, but that is an interesting one. She remembered that, every morning, *her mother poured out water before the rising sun*—a religious rite, doubtless, of the district from which the child was carried away. Thus every morning, when the day broke over the land and the home which fate had bestowed on her, was Phillis reminded of the tender mother who had watched over her infancy, but had been unable to protect her from the hand of the merciless breakers-up of all domestic and social ties. The young negro girl, however, regarded her abduction with no feelings of regret, but with thankfulness, as having been the means of bringing her to a land where a light, unknown in her far-off home, shone as a guide to the feet and a lamp to the path.

As Phillis grew up to womanhood, her progress and attainments did not belie the promise of her earlier years. She attracted the notice of the literary characters of the day and the place, who supplied her with books, and encouraged by their approbation the ripening of her intellectual powers. This was greatly assisted by the kind conduct of her mistress, who treated her in every respect like a child of the family—admitted her to her own table—and introduced her as an equal into the best society of Boston. Notwithstanding these honours, Phillis never for a moment departed from the humble and unassuming deportment which distinguished her when she stood, a little trembling alien, to be sold, like a beast of the field, in the slave-market. Never did she presume upon the indulgence of those benevolent friends who regarded only her worth and her genius, and overlooked in her favour all the disadvantages of caste and of colour. So far was Phillis from repining at, or resenting the prejudices which the long usages of society had implanted, too deeply to be easily eradicated, in the minds even of the most humane of a more favoured race, that she uniformly respected them, and, on being invited to the tables of the great and the wealthy, chose always a place apart for herself, that none might be offended at a thing so unusual as sitting at the same board with a woman of colour—a child of a long-degraded race.

Such was the modest and amiable disposition of Phillis Wheatley: her literary talents and acquirements accorded well with the intrinsic worth of her character. At the early age of fourteen, she appears first to have attempted literary composition; and between this period and the age of nineteen, the whole of her poems which were given to the world seem to have been written. Her favourite author was Pope, and her favourite work the translation of the *Iliad*. It is not of course surprising that her pieces should present many features of resemblance to those of her cherished author and model. She began also the study of the Latin tongue, and if we may judge from a translation of one of Ovid's tales, appears to have made no inconsiderable progress in it.

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A great number of Phillis Wheatley's pieces were written to commemorate the deaths of the friends who had been kind to her. The following little piece is on the death of a young gentleman of great promise :

' Who taught thee conflict with the powers of night,  
To vanquish Satan in the fields of fight ?  
Who strung thy feeble arms with might unknown ?  
How great thy conquest, and how bright thy crown !  
War with each principedom, throne, and power is o'er ;  
The scene is ended, to return no more.  
Oh, could my muse thy seat on high behold,  
How decked with laurel, and enriched with gold !  
Oh, could she hear what praise thy harp employs,  
How sweet thine anthems, how divine thy joys,  
What heavenly grandeur should exalt her strain !  
What holy raptures in her numbers reign !  
To soothe the troubles of the mind to peace,  
To still the tumult of life's tossing seas,  
To ease the anguish of the parent's heart,  
What shall my sympathising verse impart ?  
Where is the balm to heal so deep a wound ?  
Where shall a sovereign remedy be found ?  
Look, gracious Spirit ! from thy heavenly bower,  
And thy full joys into their bosoms pour :  
The raging tempest of their griefs control,  
And spread the dawn of glory through the soul,  
To eye the path the saint departed trod,  
And trace him to the bosom of his God.'

The following passage on sleep, from a poem of some length, *On the Providence of God*, shews a very considerable reach of thought, and no mean powers of expression :

' As reason's powers by day our God disclose,  
So may we trace Him in the night's repose.  
Say, what is sleep ? and dreams, how passing strange !  
When action ceases and ideas range  
Licentious and unbounded o'er the plains,  
Where fancy's queen in giddy triumph reigns.  
Hear in soft strains the dreaming lover sigh  
To a kind fair, and rave in jealousy ;  
On pleasure now, and now on vengeance bent,  
The labouring passions struggle for a vent.  
What power, O man ! thy reason then restores,  
So long suspended in nocturnal hours ?  
What secret hand returns\* the mental train,  
And gives improved thine active powers again ?  
From thee, O man ! what gratitude should rise !

\* *Returns*, a common colloquial error for *restores*.

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And when from balmy sleep thou op'st thine eyes,  
Let thy first thoughts be praises to the skies.  
How merciful our God, who thus imparts  
O'erflowing tides of joy to human hearts,  
When wants and woes might be our righteous lot,  
Our God forgetting, by our God forgot !'

We have no hesitation in stating our opinion, and we believe that many will concur in it, that these lines, written by an African slave-girl at the age of fifteen or sixteen, are quite equal to a great number of the verses that appear in all standard collections of English poetry, under the names of Halifax, Dorset, and others of 'the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.' Phillis Wheatley's lines are, if anything, superior in harmony, and are not inferior in depth of thought; the faults are those which characterise the models she copied from; for it must be recollected that, sixty years ago, the older authors of England were almost unknown; and till the return to nature and truth in the works of Cowper, the only popular writers were those who followed the artificial, though polished style introduced with the second Charles from the continent of Europe. This accounts fully for the elaborate versification of the negro girl's poetry; since it required minds such as those of Cowper and Wordsworth to throw off the trammels of this artificial style, and to revive the native vigour and simplicity of their country's earlier verse.

Phillis Wheatley felt a deep interest in everything affecting the liberty of her fellow-creatures, of whatever condition, race, or colour. She expresses herself with much feeling in an address to the Earl of Dartmouth, secretary of state for North America, on the occasion of some relaxation of the system of haughty severity which the home government then pursued towards the colonies, and which ultimately caused their separation and independence.

'Should you, my lord, while you peruse my song,  
Wonder from whence my love of freedom sprung;  
Whence flow those wishes for the common good,  
By feeling hearts alone best understood—  
I, young in life, by seeming cruel fate,  
Was snatched from Afric's fancied happy seat.  
What pangs excruciating must molest,  
What sorrows labour in my parents' breast !  
Steeled was that soul, and by no misery moved,  
That from a father seized his babe beloved;  
Such, such my case. And can I then but pray  
Others may never feel tyrannic sway?'

A slight and rather curious defect of Phillis's intellectual powers might, under ordinary circumstances, have prevented her compositions from being ever placed on paper. This was the weakness of

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her memory, which, though it did not prevent her from acquiring the Latin tongue, or benefiting by her reading, yet disabled her from retaining on her mind, for any length of time, her own cogitations. Her kind mistress provided a remedy for this, by ordering a fire to be kept constantly in Phillis's room, so that she might have an opportunity of recording any thoughts that occurred to her mind, by night as well as by day, without endangering her health from exposure to cold.

The constitution of Phillis was naturally delicate, and her health always wavering and uncertain. At the age of nineteen, her condition became such as to alarm her friends. A sea voyage was recommended by the physicians, and it was arranged that Phillis should take a voyage to England in company with a son of Mrs Wheatley, who was proceeding thither on commercial business. The amiable negro girl had hitherto never been parted from the side of her benefactress since the hour of her adoption into the family; and though the necessity of the separation was acknowledged, it was equally painful to both.

'Susannah mourns, nor can I bear  
To see the crystal shower,  
Or mark the tender falling tear  
At sad departure's hour;  
Not unregarding can I see  
Her soul with grief oppress,  
But let no sighs, no groans for me  
Steal from her pensive breast.

\* \* \*

Lo! Health appears, celestial dame,  
Complacent and serene,  
With Hebe's mantle o'er her frame,  
With soul-delighting mien.'

Phillis was received and admired in the first circles of English society; and it was here that her poems were given to the world, with a likeness of the authoress attached to them. From this likeness, the countenance of Phillis appears to have been pleasing, and the form of her head highly intellectual. On this engraving being transmitted to Mrs Wheatley in America, that lady placed it in a conspicuous part of her room, and called the attention of her visitors to it, exclaiming: 'See! look at my Phillis; does she not seem as if she would speak to me?' But the health of this good and humane lady declined rapidly, and she soon found that the beloved original of the portrait was necessary to her comfort and happiness. On the first notice of her benefactress's desire to see her once more, Phillis, whose modest humility was unshaken by the severe trial of flattery and attention from the great, re-embarked immediately for the land

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of her true home. Within a short time after her arrival, she discharged the melancholy duty of closing the eyes of her mistress, mother, and friend, whose husband and daughter soon sunk also into the grave. The son had married and settled in England, and Phillis Wheatley found herself alone in the world.

The happiness of the African poetess was now clouded for ever. Little is known of the latter years of her life, but all that has been ascertained is of a melancholy character. Shortly after the death of her friends, she received an offer of marriage from a respectable coloured man of the name of Peters. In her desolate condition, it would have been hard to have blamed Phillis for accepting any offer of protection of an honourable kind ; yet it is pleasing to think that, though the man whose wife she now became rendered her after-life miserable by his misconduct, our opinion of her is not lowered by the circumstances of her marriage. At the time it took place, Peters not only bore a good character, but was every way a remarkable specimen of his race ; being a fluent writer, a ready speaker, and altogether an intelligent and well-educated man. But he was indolent, and too proud for his business, which was that of a grocer, and in which he failed soon after his marriage.

The war of independence began soon after this, and scarcity and distress visited the cities and villages of North America. In the course of three years of suffering, Phillis became the mother of three infants, for whom and for herself, through the neglect of her husband, she had often not a morsel of bread. No reproach, however, was ever heard to issue from the lips of the meek and uncomplaining woman, who had been nursed in the lap of affluence and comfort, and to whom all had been once as kind as she herself was deserving. It would be needless to dwell on her career of misery, further than the closing scene. For a long time nothing had been known of her. A relative of her lamented mistress at length discovered her in a state of absolute want, bereft of two of her infants, and with the third dying by a dying mother's side. Her husband was still with her, but his heart must have been one of flint, otherwise indolence, which was his chief vice, must have fled at such a spectacle. Phillis Wheatley and her infant were soon after laid in one humble grave.

Thus perished a woman who, by a fortunate accident, was rescued from the degraded condition to which those of her race who are brought to the slave-market are too often condemned, as if for the purpose of shewing to the world what care and education could effect in elevating the character of the benighted African. The example is sufficient to impress us with the conviction, that, out of the countless millions to whom no similar opportunities have ever been presented, many might be found fitted by the endowments of nature, and wanting only the blessings of education, to make them ornaments, like Phillis Wheatley, not only to their race, but to humanity.

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### LOTT CARY.

This self-taught African genius was born a slave in Charles City county, about thirty miles below Richmond, Virginia, on the estate of Mr William A. Christian. He was the only child of parents who were themselves slaves, but, it appears, of a pious turn of mind; and though he had no instruction from books, it may be supposed that the admonitions of his father and mother may have laid the foundations of his future usefulness. In the year 1804, the young slave was sent to Richmond, and hired out by the year as a common labourer, at a warehouse in the place. While in this employment, he happened to hear a sermon, which implanted in his uncultivated mind a strong desire to be able to read, chiefly with a view of becoming acquainted with the nature of certain transactions recorded in the New Testament. Having somehow procured a copy of this work, he commenced learning his letters, by trying to read the chapter he had heard illustrated in the sermon, and by dint of perseverance, and the kind assistance of young gentlemen who called at the warehouse, he was in a little time able to read, which gave him great satisfaction. This acquisition immediately created in him a desire to be able to write; an accomplishment he soon also mastered. He now became more useful to his employers, by being able to check and superintend the shipping of tobacco; and having, in the course of time, saved the sum of 850 dollars, or nearly £170 sterling, he purchased his own freedom and that of two children left him on the death of his first wife. 'Of the real value of his services while in this employment,' says the author of the American publication from whence these facts are extracted, 'it has been remarked that no one but a dealer in tobacco can form an idea. Notwithstanding the hundreds of hogsheads which were committed to his charge, he could produce any one the moment it was called for; and the shipments were made with a promptness and correctness such as no person, white or coloured, has equalled in the same situation. The last year in which he remained in the warehouse, his salary was 800 dollars. For his ability in his work he was highly esteemed, and frequently rewarded by the merchant with a five-dollar bank-note. He was also allowed to sell, for his own benefit, many small parcels of damaged tobacco. It was by saving the little sums obtained in this way, with the aid of subscriptions by the merchants, to whose interests he had been attentive, that he was enabled to purchase the freedom of his family. When the colonists were fitted out for Africa, he was enabled to bear a considerable part of his own expenses. He also purchased a house and some land in Richmond. It is said that, while employed at the warehouse, he often devoted his leisure time to reading, and that a gentleman, on one occasion, taking up a book

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which he had left for a few moments, found it to be Smith's *Wealth of Nations*!

As early as the year 1815, this intelligent emancipated slave began to feel special interest in the cause of African missions, and contributed, probably more than any other person, in giving origin and character to the African Missionary Society, established during that year in Richmond. His benevolence was practical, and whenever and wherever good objects were to be effected, he was ready to lend his aid. Mr Cary was among the earliest emigrants to Africa. Here he saw before him a wide and interesting field, demanding various and powerful talents, and the most devoted piety. His intellectual ability, firmness of purpose, unbending integrity, correct judgment, and disinterested benevolence, soon placed him in a conspicuous station, and gave him wide and commanding influence. Though naturally diffident and retiring, his worth was too evident to allow of his remaining in obscurity. The difficulties which were encountered in founding a settlement at Cape Montserado were appalling, and it was proposed on one occasion that the emigrants should remove to Sierra Leone, whose climate is of the most destructive character; but the resolution of Lott Cary to remain was not shaken, and his decision had no small effect towards inducing others to imitate his example. In the event, they suffered severely. More than eight hundred natives attacked them in November 1822, but were repulsed; and a few weeks later, a body of fifteen hundred attacked them again at daybreak. Several of the colonists were killed and wounded; but with no more than thirty-seven effective men and boys, and the aid of a small piece of artillery, they again achieved a victory over the natives. In these scenes the intrepid Cary necessarily bore a conspicuous part. In one of his letters, he remarks that, like the Jews in rebuilding their city, they had to toil with their arms beside them, and rest upon them every night; but he declared after this, in the most emphatic terms, that 'there never had been an hour or a minute, no, not even when the balls were flying round his head, when he could wish himself back in America again.'

The peculiar exposure of the early emigrants, the scantiness of their supplies, and the want of adequate medical attention, subjected them to severe and complicated sufferings. To relieve, if possible, these sufferings, Mr Cary obtained all the information in his power concerning the diseases of the climate, and the proper remedies. He made liberal sacrifices of his property in behalf of the poor and distressed, and devoted his time almost exclusively to the relief of the destitute, the sick, and the afflicted. His services as a physician to the colony were invaluable, and were for a long time rendered without hope of reward. But amid his multiplied cares and efforts for the colony, he never forgot or neglected to promote the joint cause of civilisation and Christianity among the natives.

In 1806 Mr Cary was elected vice-agent of the colony, and he

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discharged the duties of that important office till his death, which occurred in 1828 in the most melancholy manner. One evening, while he and several others were engaged in making cartridges in the old agency house at Monrovia—the chief town in the settlement—in preparation to defend the rights of the colony against a slave-trader, a candle appears to have been accidentally overturned, which ignited some loose powder, and almost instantaneously reached the entire ammunition, producing an explosion which resulted in the death of eight persons. Mr Cary survived for two days. Such was the unfortunate death of this active coloured apostle of civilisation on the coast of Africa, where his memory will continue long to be cherished. The career which he pursued, and the intelligence which marked his character, might prove, to the satisfaction of all impartial thinkers, that the miserable race of blacks is not destitute of moral worth and innate genius, and that their culture would liberally produce an abundant harvest of the best principles and their results which dignify human nature.

## PAUL CUFFEE.

From the foregoing instances of intelligent negroes, we now turn to Paul Cuffee, who presents us with an example of great energy of mind in the more common affairs of life, as Cary and Wheatley exhibited the finer and higher degrees of intellectual endowment. The father of Paul was a native of Africa, from which country he was brought as a slave to Boston, in North America. Here he remained in slavery for a considerable portion of his life; but finally, by industry and economy, he amassed a sum which enabled him to purchase his personal liberty. About the same period he married a woman of Indian descent, and continuing his habits of industry and frugality, he soon found himself rich enough to purchase a farm of a hundred acres at Westport, in Massachusetts. Here a family of ten children was born to him, four sons and six daughters, all of whom received a little education, and were ultimately established in respectable situations in life. Paul, the fourth son, was born in the year 1759. When he was about fourteen years of age, his father died, leaving a considerable property in land, but which, being at that time comparatively unproductive, afforded only a very moderate provision for the large family which depended on it for subsistence. After assisting his brothers for a time in the management of this property, Paul began to see that commerce then held out higher prospects to industry than agriculture, and being conscious, perhaps, that he possessed qualities which, under proper culture, would enable him to pursue commercial employments with success, he resolved to betake himself to the sea. A whaling voyage was his first adventure in the capacity of a mariner, and on his return from this, he



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made a trip to the West Indies, acting on both occasions as a 'common man at the mast.' His third voyage occurred in the year 1776, at which period Britain was at war with America. Paul and his companions were taken prisoners by the British, and detained for about three months at New York. On being liberated, Paul returned to Westport, where he resided for several succeeding years, assisting his brothers in their agricultural pursuits.

We have now to mention a circumstance most honourable to Paul Cuffee. The free negro population of Massachusetts was at that period excluded from all participation in the rights of citizenship, though bearing a full share of every state burden. Paul, though not yet twenty years of age, felt deeply the injustice done to himself and his race, and resolved to make an effort to obtain for them the rights which were their due. Assisted by his brothers, he drew up and presented a respectful petition on the subject to the state legislature. In spite of the prejudices of the times, the propriety and justice of the petition were perceived by a majority of the legislative body, and an act was passed, granting to the free negroes all the privileges of white citizens. This enactment was not only important as far as regarded the state of Massachusetts; the example was followed at different periods by others of the united provinces, and thus did the exertions of Paul Cuffee and his brothers influence permanently the welfare of the whole coloured population of North America.

After accomplishing this great work, our hero's enterprising spirit directed itself to objects of a more personal character. In his twentieth year, he laid before his brother David a plan for opening a commercial intercourse with the state of Connecticut. His brother was pleased with the scheme: an open boat, which was all that their means could accomplish, was built, and the adventurers proceeded to sea. Here David Cuffee found himself for the first time exposed to the perils of the ocean, and the hazard of the predatory warfare which was carried on by the private refugees on the coast. His courage sank ere he had proceeded many leagues, and he resolved to return. This was a bitter disappointment to the intrepid Paul; but he was affectionate, and gave up the enterprise at his elder brother's desire. After labouring diligently for some time afterwards in the fields, at the family farm, Paul collected sufficient means to try the scheme again on his own account. He went to sea, and lost all the little treasure which by the sweat of his brow he had gathered. Not discouraged by this misfortune, he returned to his farm labours, only to revolve his plans anew. As he could not now purchase what he wanted, he set to work, and with his own hands constructed a boat, complete from keel to gunwale. This vessel was without a deck, but his whaling experience had made him an adept in the management of such a bark. Having launched it into the ocean, he steered for the Elizabeth Isles, with the view of consulting one of his brothers, who resided there, upon his future plans. Alas,

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poor Paul! he was met by a party of pirates, who deprived him of his boat and all its contents. He returned once more to Westport in a penniless condition.

Ardent indeed must the spirit have been which such repeated calamities did not shake. Again did our young adventurer prevail on his brother David to assist him in building a boat. This being accomplished, the respectability of Paul Cuffee's character, and his reputation for unflinching energy, procured him sufficient credit to enable him to purchase a small cargo. With this he went to sea, and after a narrow escape from the refugee pirates, disposed of his cargo at the island of Nantucket, and returned to Westport in safety. A second voyage to the same quarter was less fortunate; he fell into the hands of the pirates, who deprived him of everything but his boat. Paul's inflexible firmness of mind did not yet desert him: he undertook another voyage in his open boat, with a small cargo, and was successful in reaching Nantucket. He there disposed of his goods to advantage, and returned in safety to Westport.

Hitherto we have not alluded to the condition of Paul Cuffee as far as regarded mental culture. In truth, up almost to manhood he can scarcely be said to have received any education whatever beyond the acquirement of the English alphabet. Ere he was twenty-five years of age, however, he had obviated this disadvantage by his assiduity, and had taught himself writing and arithmetic. He had also applied to the study of navigation, and had mastered it so far as to render himself capable of engaging in nautical and commercial undertakings to any extent.

The profits of the voyage already alluded to put Paul in possession of a covered boat, of about twelve tons burden, with which he made many voyages to the Connecticut coasts. In these he was so successful, that he thought himself justified in undertaking the cares of a family, and married a female descendant of the same tribe of Indians to which his mother belonged. For some years after this event, he attended chiefly to agricultural concerns, but the increase of his family induced him to embark anew in commercial plans. He arranged his affairs for a new expedition, and hired a small house on Westport River, to which he removed with his wife and children. Here, with a boat of eighteen tons, he engaged in the cod-fishing, and was so successful that he was enabled in a short time to build a vessel of forty-two tons, which he navigated with the assistance of his nephews, several of whom had devoted themselves to the sea-service.

Paul Cuffee was now the most influential person in a thriving fishing community, which depended chiefly on his enterprise and voyages for employment and support. How deeply he interested himself in the welfare of those around him, may be estimated from the following circumstance. Having felt in his own person the want

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of a proper education, he called the inhabitants of his village to a meeting, and proposed to them the establishment of a school. Finding some disputes and delays to start up in the way, Paul took the matter into his own hands, built a school-house on his own ground at his own expense, and threw it open to the public. This enlightened and philanthropic conduct on the part of a coloured person, the offspring of a slave, may serve as a lesson to rulers and legislators of far higher pretensions. Though the range of his influence was limited, the intention of the act was not less meritorious than if it had extended over an empire.

About this time, Paul proceeded on a whaling voyage to the Straits of Belleisle, where he found four other vessels much better equipped than his own. For this reason the masters of these vessels withdrew from the customary practice on such occasions, and refused to mate with Paul's crew, which consisted of only ten hands. This disagreement was afterwards made up; but it had the effect of rousing the ardour of Cuffee and his men to such a pitch, that out of seven whales killed in that season, two fell by Paul's own hands, and four by those of his crew. Returning home heavily freighted with oil and bone, our hero then went to Philadelphia to dispose of his cargo, and with the proceeds purchased materials for building a schooner of sixty or seventy tons. In 1795, when he was about thirty-six years of age, Paul had the pleasure of seeing his new vessel launched at Westport. The *Ranger* was the name given to the schooner, which was of sixty-nine tons burden. By selling his two other boats, Paul was enabled to put a cargo worth two thousand dollars on board of the *Ranger*; and having heard that a load of Indian corn might be procured at a low rate on the eastern shore of Maryland, he accordingly directed his course thither. It may give some idea of the low estimation in which the African race was held, and of the energy required to rise above the crushing weight of prejudice, when we inform the reader that, on the arrival of Paul at Vienna, in Nantichoke Bay, the inhabitants were filled with astonishment, and even alarm; a vessel owned and commanded by a black man, and manned with a crew of the same colour, was unprecedented and surprising. The fear of a revolt on the part of their slaves was excited among the inhabitants of Vienna, and an attempt was made to prevent Paul from entering the harbour. The prudence and firmness of the negro captain overcame this difficulty, and converted dislike into kindness and esteem. He sold his cargo, received in lieu of it three thousand bushels of Indian corn, which he conveyed to Westport, where it was in great demand, and yielded our hero a clear profit of a thousand dollars. He made many subsequent voyages to the same quarter, and always with similar success.

Paul Cuffee was now one of the wealthiest and most respectable men of the district in which he lived, and all his relations partook

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of his good-fortune. He had purchased some valuable landed property in the neighbourhood where his family had been brought up, and placed it under the care of one of his brothers. He built a brig likewise of a hundred and sixty-two tons, which was put under the command of a nephew. As may be supposed, he had in the meantime fitted himself also with a vessel suited to his increasing means. In 1806, the brig *Traveller*, of a hundred and nine tons, and the ship *Alpha*, of two hundred and sixty-eight tons, were built at Westport, and of these he was the principal owner. He commanded the *Alpha* himself, and the others also were engaged in the extensive business which he carried on at Westport.

The scheme of forming colonies of free blacks, from America and other quarters, on the coast of their native Africa, excited the deepest interest in Paul Cuffee, whose heart had always grieved for the degraded state of his race. Anxious to contribute to the success of this great purpose, he resolved to visit in person the African coast, and satisfy himself respecting the state of the country, and other points. This he accomplished in 1811, in the brig *Traveller*, with which he reached Sierra Leone after a two months' passage. While he was there, the British African Institution, hearing of his benevolent designs, applied for and obtained a license, which induced Paul to come to Britain with a cargo of African produce. He left his nephew, however, behind him at Sierra Leone, to prosecute his disinterested views, and brought away a native youth, in order to educate him, and render him fit to educate others, on being restored to the place of his birth.

On arriving at Liverpool with his brig, navigated by eight men of colour and a boy, Paul Cuffee soon gained the esteem of all with whom he held intercourse. He visited London twice, the second visit being made at the request of the members of the African Institution, who were desirous of consulting with him as to the best means of carrying their benevolent views respecting Africa into effect. This excellent and enterprising man shortly after returned to America, to pass the remainder of his days in the bosom of his family, and to do good to all around him, with the ample means which his industry had acquired.

The following description is appended to a notice of him which appeared in the *Liverpool Mercury* at the time of his visit to Britain, and to which we have been indebted for the materials of the present article: 'A sound understanding, united with indomitable energy and perseverance, are the prominent features of Paul Cuffee's character. Born under peculiar disadvantages, deprived of the benefits of early education, and his meridian spent in toil and vicissitudes, he has struggled under disadvantages which have seldom occurred in the career of any individual. Yet, under the pressure of these difficulties, he seems to have fostered dispositions of mind which qualify him for any station of life to which he may

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be introduced. His person is tall, well formed, and athletic; his deportment conciliating, yet dignified and serious. His prudence, strengthened by parental care and example, no doubt guarded him in his youth, when exposed to the dissolute company which unavoidably attends a seafaring life; whilst religion, influencing his mind by its secret guidance in silent reflection, has, in advancing manhood, added to the brightness of his character, and instituted or confirmed his disposition to practical good. Latterly, he made application, and was received into membership with the respectable Society of Friends.'

## THE AMISTAD CAPTIVES.

The case of the 'Amistad Captives,' as they were termed, created considerable sensation in the United States; and as little or nothing was known respecting them in England at the time we write, we offer the following account, which we have collected from materials in the work of Mr Sturge.

During the month of August 1839, public attention was excited by several reports, stating that a vessel of suspicious and piratical character had been seen near the coast of the United States, in the vicinity of New York. This vessel was represented as a long, low, black schooner, and manned by blacks. Government interfered, and the steamer *Fulton* and several revenue-cutters were despatched after her, and notice was given to the collectors at various seaports.

The suspicious-looking schooner proved to be the *Amistad*, and it was eventually captured off Culloden Point by Lieutenant Gedney, of the brig *Washington*. On being taken possession of, it was found that the schooner was a Spanish vessel, in the hands of about forty Africans,\* one of whom, named Cinque, acted as commander. They described themselves, with truth and consistency, to be persons who had been originally carried off from their own country as slaves, and taken to Havana to be sold; bought there by two Spaniards, Jose Ruiz and Pedro Montez, who shipped them on board the *Amistad*, to be conveyed to a distant part of Cuba, at which was Ruiz's estate; and that, when at sea, they overpowered their oppressors, killing the captain and part of the crew in the effort to regain their liberty, and now wished to navigate the vessel homeward to Africa. Ruiz and Montez they had not injured, but only placed in confinement till an opportunity occurred for liberating them. Lieutenant Gedney at once secured the whole as prisoners, and sent them to Newhaven county jail, where they were detained by Ruiz and Montez, who claimed them as their property, and caused them to be

\* The exact number is not clearly stated by Mr Sturge: he speaks first of forty-four, and afterwards of thirty-five: as it appears there were several children, perhaps thirty-five was the number of individuals who took a share in the fray.

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indicted for piracy and murder. This was almost immediately disposed of, on the ground that the charges, if true, were not cognisable in the American courts; the alleged offences having been perpetrated on board a Spanish vessel. The whole were, however, still kept in confinement; the question remaining to be determined, whether they should be handed over to the Spanish authorities of Cuba, who loudly demanded them, or transmitted to the coast of Africa?

It may be supposed that these proceedings excited a lively sensation among all the friends of the blacks in America, and every proper means was adopted to procure the liberation of the unhappy Africans. The American government finally came to the resolution of delivering them up either as property or assassins; and Van Buren, the president, issued an order, January 7, 1840, to that effect. But, after all, the order did not avail. The district judge, contrary to all anticipations of the executive, decided that the negroes were freemen; that they had been kidnapped in Africa, and were fully entitled to their liberty. They were accordingly set free, and allowed to go where they pleased. This event gave great satisfaction to the anti-slavery societies throughout the States; and many persons kindly volunteered to assist the late captives in their homeless and utterly penniless condition. Lewis Tappan, a member of a committee of benevolent individuals, took a warm interest in their fate, and was deputed by his brethren to make an excursion with some of the Africans to different towns, in order to raise funds. In this he was aided by Mr Deming and one or two others; and by their united efforts, several highly interesting public exhibitions were accomplished, and some money collected. The Africans, it appears, were natives of Mendi, and possessed no small degree of intelligence. Ten were selected from among the number as being considered the best singers, and most able to address an audience in English. These were named Cinque, Banna, Si-si, Su-ma, Fuli, Ya-bo-i, So-ko-ma, Kinna, Kali, and Mar-gru. Taken to Boston, they made a deep impression on the large audiences which came to hear them sing and tell the story of their capture. In a narrative written by Mr Tappan, we find the following account of what occurred at one of these exhibitions. After some preliminary statements, 'three of the best readers were called upon to read a passage in the New Testament. One of the Africans next related in 'Merica language' their condition in their own country, their being kidnapped, the sufferings of the middle passage, their stay at Havana, the transactions on board the *Amistad*, &c. The story was intelligible to the audience, with occasional explanations. They were next requested to sing two or three of their native songs. This performance afforded great delight to the audience. As a pleasing contrast, however, they sang immediately after one of the songs of Zion. This produced a deep impression upon the audience; and while these late pagans were singing so correctly and impressively a hymn in a

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Christian church, many weeping eyes bore testimony that the act and its associations touched a chord that vibrated in many hearts. Cinque was then introduced to the audience, and addressed them in his native tongue. It is impossible to describe the novel and deeply interesting manner in which he acquitted himself. The subject of his speech was similar to that of his countrymen who had addressed the audience in English ; but he related more minutely and graphically the occurrences on board the *Amistad*. The easy manner of Cinque, his natural, graceful, and energetic action, the rapidity of his utterance, and the remarkable and various expressions of his countenance, excited the admiration and applause of the audience. He was pronounced a powerful natural orator, and one born to sway the minds of his fellow-men.

‘The amount of the statements made by Kinna, Fuli, and Cinque, and the facts in the case, are as follow : These Mendians belong to six different tribes, although their dialects are not so dissimilar as to prevent them from conversing together very readily. Most of them belong to a country which they call Mendi, but which is known to geographers and travellers as Kos-sa, and lies south-east of Sierra Leone, as we suppose, from sixty to one hundred and twenty miles. With one or two exceptions, these Mendians are not related to each other ; nor did they know each other until they met at the slave factory of Pedro Blanco, the wholesale trafficker in men, at Lomboko, on the coast of Africa. They were stolen separately, many of them by black men, some of whom were accompanied by Spaniards, as they were going from one village to another, or were at a distance from their abodes. The whole came to Havana in the same ship, a Portuguese vessel named *Tecora*, except the four children, whom they saw for the first time on board the *Amistad*. It seems that they remained at Lomboko several weeks, until six or seven hundred were collected, when they were put in irons, and placed in the hold of a ship, which soon put to sea. Being chased by a British cruiser, she returned, landed the cargo of human beings, and the vessel was seized and taken to Sierra Leone for adjudication. After some time the Africans were put on board the *Tecora*. After suffering the horrors of the middle passage, they arrived at Havana. Here they were put into a barracoon for ten days—one of the oblong enclosures without a roof, where human beings are kept, as they keep sheep and oxen near the cattle-markets in the vicinity of our large cities, until purchasers are found—when they were sold to Jose Ruiz, and shipped on board the *Amistad*, together with the three girls, and a little boy who came on board with Pedro Montez. The *Amistad* was a coaster, bound to Principe in Cuba, distant some two or three hundred miles.

‘The Africans were kept in chains and fetters, and were supplied with but a small quantity of food or water. A single banana, they say, was served out as food for a day or two, and only a small cup

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of water for each daily. When any of them took a little water from the cask, they were severely flogged. The Spaniards took Antonio, the cabin-boy, and slave to Captain Ferrer, and stamped him on the shoulder with a hot iron, then put powder, palm-oil, &c. upon the wound, so that they "could know him for their slave." The cook, a coloured Spaniard, told them that, on their arrival at Principe, in three days they would have their throats cut, be chopped in pieces, and salted down for meat for the Spaniards. He pointed to some barrels of beef on the deck, then to an empty barrel, and by significant gestures—as the Mendians say, by "talking with his fingers"—he made them understand that they were to be slain, &c. At four o'clock that day, when they were called on deck to eat, Cinque found a nail, which he secreted under his arm. In the night they held a council as to what was best to be done. "We feel bad," said Kinna, "and we ask Cinque what we had best do. Cinque say: 'Me think, and by and by I tell you.' He then said: 'If we do nothing, we be killed. We may, as well die in trying to be free, as to be killed and eaten.'" Cinque afterwards told them what he would do. With the aid of the nail, and the assistance of another, he freed himself from the irons on his wrists and ankles, and from the chain on his neck. He then, with his own hands, wrested the irons from the limbs and necks of his countrymen.

It is not in my power to give an adequate description of Cinque when he shewed how he did this, and led his comrades to the conflict, and achieved their freedom. In my younger years I saw Kemble and Siddons, and the representation of *Othello*, at Covent Garden; but no acting that I ever witnessed came near that to which I allude. When delivered from their irons, the Mendians, with the exception of the children, who were asleep, about four or five o'clock in the morning, armed with cane-knives, some boxes of which they found in the hold, leaped upon the deck. Cinque killed the cook. The captain fought desperately. He inflicted wounds on two of the Africans, who soon after died, and cut severely one or two of those who now survive. Two sailors leaped over the side of the vessel. The Mendians say: "They could not catch land—they must have swum to the bottom of the sea;" but Ruiz and Montez supposed they reached the island in a boat. Cinque now took command of the vessel, placed Si-si at the rudder, and gave his people plenty to eat and drink. Ruiz and Montez had fled to the hold. They were dragged out, and Cinque ordered them to be put in irons. They cried, and begged not to be put in chains; but Cinque replied: "You say fetters good for negro; if good for negro, good for Spanish man too; you try them two days, and see how you feel." The Spaniards asked for water, and it was dealt out to them in the same little cup with which they had dealt it out to the Africans. They complained bitterly of being thirsty. Cinque said: "You say little water enough for nigger; if little water do for him, a little do



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for you too." Cinque said the Spaniards cried a great deal ; he felt very sorry ; only meant to let them see how good it was to be treated like the poor slaves. In two days the irons were removed, and then, said Cinque, we gave them plenty water and food, and treat them very well. Kinna stated, that as the water fell short, Cinque would not drink any, nor allow any of the rest to drink anything but salt water, but dealt out daily a little to each of the four children, and the same quantity to each of the two Spaniards ! In a day or two Ruiz and Montez wrote a letter, and told Cinque that, when they spoke a vessel, if he would give it to them, the people would take them to Sierra Leone. Cinque took the letter, and said : " Very well ;" but afterwards told his brethren : " We have no letter in Mendi. I don't know what is in the letter—there may be death in it. So we will take some iron and a string, bind them about the letter, and send it to the bottom of the sea."

'At the conclusion of the meeting, some linen and cotton tablecloths and napkins, manufactured by the Africans, were exhibited, and eagerly purchased of them by persons present, at liberal prices. They are in the habit of purchasing linen and cotton at the shops, unravelling the edges about six to ten inches, and making with their fingers net fringes, in imitation, they say, of ' Mendi fashion.' Large numbers of the audience advanced and took Cinque and the rest by the hand. The transactions of this meeting have thus been stated at length, and the account will serve to shew how the subsequent meetings were conducted, as the services in other places were similar.

'These Africans, while in prison (which was the greater part of the time they have been in this country), learned but little comparatively ; but since they have been liberated, they are anxious to learn, as they said " it would be good for us in our own country." Many of them write well, read, spell, and sing well, and have attended to arithmetic. The younger ones have made great progress in study. Most of them have much fondness for arithmetic. They have also cultivated, as a garden, fifteen acres of land, and have raised a large quantity of corn, potatoes, onions, beets, &c. which will be useful to them at sea. In some places we visited, the audience were astonished at the performance of Kali, who is only eleven years of age. He could not only spell any word in either of the Gospels, but spell sentences, without any mistake ; such sentences as, " Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," naming each letter and syllable, and recapitulating as he went along, until he pronounced the whole sentence. Two hundred and seven dollars were received at this meeting.'

Mr Tappan concludes as follows : 'On Wednesday, there is to be a large farewell meeting at Farmington ; and in a few days the Mendians will embark from New York. May the Lord preserve them, and carry them safely to their native land, to their kindred

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and homes! Su-ma, the eldest, has a wife and five children; Cinque has a wife and three children. They all have parents or wives, or brothers and sisters. What a meeting it will be with these relations and friends when they are descried on the hills of Mendi! We were invited to visit other places, but time did not allow of longer absence. I must not forget to mention, that the whole band of these Mendians are teetotalers. At a tavern where we stopped, Banna took me aside, and with a sorrowful countenance said: "This bad house—bar house—no good." But the steam-boat is at the wharf, and I must close. The collections in money, on this excursion of twelve days, are about a thousand dollars, after deducting travelling expenses. More money is needed to defray the expenses of the Mendians to their native land, and to sustain their religious teachers.'

Being unanimous in the desire to return to their native country, the Mertian negroes, thirty-five in number, embarked from New York for Sierra Leone, November 27, 1841, on board the barque *Gentleman*, Captain Morris, accompanied by five missionaries and teachers; their stay in the United States, as Mr Sturge observes, having been of immense service to the anti-slavery cause; and there was reason to hope that, under their auspices, Christianity and civilisation may be introduced into their native country.

## IGNATIUS SANCHO.

When the subject of slavery was much agitated towards the end of the last century, one of the most effective advocates for its abolition was a free black living in London in the capacity of valet or butler to a family of distinction. This individual had been born in a slave vessel bound for Carthage, in South America, his father and mother being destined for the slave-market there. Shortly after their arrival his mother died, and his father committed suicide in despair. The little slave child was carried to England by his master, and made a present of to a family of three maiden sisters residing at Greenwich. Being of a droll and humorous disposition, he earned for himself the nickname of Sancho, after Don Quixote's squire; and ever afterwards he called himself Ignatius Sancho. The Duke of Montague, who was a frequent visitor at the house of Sancho's mistresses, took an interest in him, lent him books, and advised his mistresses to have him educated. At length, on their death, he entered the service of the Duchess of Montague in the capacity of butler; and on the death of the duchess, he was left an annuity of thirty pounds. This, added to seventy pounds which he had saved during the period of his service, might have enabled him to establish himself respectably in life; but for a while Sancho preferred the dissipated life of a wit about town, indulging in pleasures

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beyond his means, and hanging on about the green-rooms of theatres. On one occasion he spent his last shilling at Drury Lane to see Garrick act; and it is said that Garrick was very fond of his negro admirer. Such was Sancho's theatrical enthusiasm, that he proposed at one time to act negro parts on the stage; but as his articulation was imperfect, this scheme had to be given up. After an interval of idleness and dissipation, Sancho's habits became more regular, and he married an interesting West India girl, by whom he had a large family. At this period of his life Sancho devoted himself earnestly to the cause of negro freedom. His reputation as a wit and humorist still continued; and his acquaintances were of no mean sort. After his death, two volumes of his letters were published, with a fine portrait of the author; and in these letters his style is said to resemble that of Sterne. As a specimen, we subjoin a letter of his to Sterne, with Sterne's reply.

“REVEREND SIR—It would be an insult on your humanity (or perhaps look like it) to apologise for the liberty I am taking. I am one of those people whom the vulgar and illiberal call negroes. The first part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the best and only security for obedience. A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application. The latter part of my life has been, through God's blessing, truly fortunate, having spent it in the service of one of the best and greatest families in the kingdom; my chief pleasure has been books: philanthropy I adore. How very much, good sir, am I (amongst millions) indebted to you for the character of your amiable Uncle Toby! I declare I would walk ten miles in the dog-days to shake hands with the honest corporal. Your sermons have touched me to the heart, and I hope have amended it, which brings me to the point. In your tenth discourse, page seventy-eight, in the second volume, is this very affecting passage. “Consider how great a part of our species in all ages down to this have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries nor pity their distresses. Consider slavery, what it is, how bitter a draught, and how many millions are made to drink of it.” Of all my favourite authors, not one has drawn a tear in favour of my miserable black brethren excepting yourself and the humane author of *Sir George Ellison*. I think you will forgive me; I am sure you will applaud me for beseeching you to give one half-hour's attention to slavery, as it is at this day practised in our West Indies. That subject, handled in your striking manner, would ease the yoke perhaps of many; but if only of one—gracious God! what a feast to a benevolent heart! and sure I am you are an epicurean in acts of charity. You who are universally read, and as universally admired—you could not fail. Dear sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of thousands of my brother Moors. Grief, you pathetically

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observe, is eloquent : figure to yourself their attitudes ; hear their supplicating addresses ! Alas ! you cannot refuse. Humanity must comply ; in which hope I beg permission to subscribe myself, reverend sir, &c. IGNATIUS SANCHO.

#### STERNE'S REPLY.

‘COXWOULD, July 27, 1767.

‘There is a strange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events (as well as in the great ones) of this world ; for I had been writing a tender tale of the sorrows of a friendless poor negro girl, and my eyes had scarce done smarting with it, when your letter of recommendation in behalf of so many of her brethren and sisters came to me. But why *her brethren*, or yours, Sancho, any more than mine ? It is by the finest tints and most insensible gradations that nature descends from the fairest face about St James’s to the sootiest complexion in Africa. At which tint of these is it, that the ties of blood are to cease ? and how many shades must we descend lower still in the scale, ere mercy is to vanish with them ? But ’tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to use the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make ’em so. For my own part, I never look westward (when I am in a pensive mood at least), but I think of the burthens which our brothers and sisters are there carrying, and could I ease their shoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would set out this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca for their sakes—which, by the by, Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles in about the same proportion that a visit of humanity should one of mere form. However, if you meant my Uncle Toby more, he is your debtor. If I can weave the tale I have wrote into the work I am about, ’tis at the service of the afflicted, and a much greater matter ; for in serious truth it casts a sad shade upon the world, that so great a part of it are, and have been, so long bound in chains of darkness and in chains of misery ; and I cannot but both respect and felicitate you, that by so much laudable diligence you have broke the one, and that, by falling into the hands of so good and merciful a family, Providence has rescued you from the other.

‘And so, good-hearted Sancho, adieu ! and believe me I will not forget your letter. Yours, L. STERNE.’

#### ZHINGA—A NEGRO QUEEN.

The history of Zhingá, the famous negro queen of Angola, on the western coast of Africa, exhibits the power of negro character, even when untutored and left half savage. She was born in 1582, a time when the Portuguese were planting trading settlements on the African coast, and making encroachments on the possessions of the native

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princes. When Zhingá was forty years of age, and while her brother reigned over Angola, she was sent as ambassadress to Loanda, to treat of peace with the Portuguese viceroy at that place. 'A palace was prepared for her reception, and she was received with the honours due to her rank. On entering the audience-chamber, she perceived that a magnificent chair of state was prepared for the Portuguese viceroy, while in front of it a rich carpet and velvet cushions, embroidered with gold, were arranged on the floor for her use. The haughty princess observed this in silent displeasure. She gave a signal with her eyes, and immediately one of her women knelt on the carpet, supporting her weight on her hands. Zhingá gravely seated herself on the woman's back, and awaited the entrance of the viceroy. The spirit and dignity with which she fulfilled her mission excited the admiration of the whole court. When an alliance was offered upon the condition of an annual tribute to the king of Portugal, she proudly refused it ; but finally concluded a treaty on the single condition of restoring all the Portuguese prisoners. When the audience was ended, the viceroy, as he conducted her from the room, remarked that the attendant on whose back she had been seated still remained in the same posture. Zhingá replied : "It is not fit that the ambassadress of a great king should be twice served with the same seat. I have no farther use for the woman !"'

During her stay at Loanda she embraced Christianity, or pretended to embrace it ; was baptised, and in other respects conformed to European customs. Shortly after her return to Angola, her brother died, and she ascended the throne, making sure of it by strangling her nephew. On her accession to the throne, she was involved in a war with the Portuguese ; and, assisted by the Dutch, and by some native chiefs, she carried on the contest with great vigour. At length, however, the Portuguese were completely victorious, and as she refused the offer which they made of re-establishing her on the throne, on condition that she should pay an annual tribute, another sovereign was appointed, and Zhingá was obliged to flee. Exasperated at this treatment, she renounced Christianity, as being the religion of the Portuguese ; and, placing herself at the head of a faithful band of negroes, she harassed the Portuguese for eighteen years, demanding the restoration of her kingdom, and listening to no other terms. At length, softened by the influence of advancing age, and by the death of a sister to whom she was much attached, she began to be haunted with feelings of remorse on account of her apostasy from the Christian faith. The captive Portuguese priests, whom she now treated with kindness and respect, prevailed on her to declare herself again a convert. She was then reinstated in her dominions, and distinguished herself by her zeal in propagating her new religion among her pagan subjects, not a few of whom were martyred for their obstinacy by her orders.

\* Mrs Child's *Appeal*.

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Among other laws, she passed one prohibiting polygamy, till then common in her kingdom; and as this gave great offence, she set an example to her subjects by marrying one of her courtiers, although she was then in her seventy-sixth year. She also abolished the custom of human sacrifices. She strictly observed her treaties with the Portuguese; and in 1657, one of her tributaries having violated the terms of peace, she marched against him, and having defeated him, cut off his head, and sent it to the Portuguese viceroy. Nothing, however, not even the influence of the priests, could prevail on her to become a vassal of the Portuguese king. One of her last acts was to send an embassy to the pope, 'requesting more missionaries among her people. The pontiff's answer was publicly read in church, where Zhingá appeared with a numerous and brilliant train. At a festival in honour of this occasion, she and the ladies of her court performed a mimic battle in the dress and armour of Amazons. Though more than eighty years old, this remarkable woman displayed as much strength, agility, and skill, as she could have done at twenty-five. She died in 1663, aged eighty-two. Arrayed in royal robes, ornamented with precious stones, with a bow and arrow in her hand, the body was shewn to her sorrowing subjects. It was then, according to her wish, clothed in the Capuchin habit, with crucifix and rosary.'

## PLACIDO, THE CUBAN POET.

In the month of July 1844, twenty persons were executed together at Havana, in Cuba, for having been concerned in a conspiracy for giving liberty to the black population—the slaves of the Spanish inhabitants. One of these, and the leader of the revolt, was Gabriel de la Concepcion Valdes, more commonly known by the name of Placido, the Cuban poet. Little is known of this negro beyond a few particulars contained in one or two brief newspaper notices, which appeared shortly after his execution, announcing the fact in this country. The *Heraldo*, a Madrid newspaper, in giving an account of the execution, speaks of him as 'the celebrated poet Placido;' and says, 'this man was born with great natural genius, and was beloved and appreciated by the most respectable young men of Havana, who united to purchase his release from slavery.' The *Poems by a Cuban Slave*, edited by Dr Madden some years ago, are believed to have been the compositions of this gifted negro. Placido appears to have burned with a desire to do something for his race; and hence he employed his talents not only in poetry, but also in schemes for altering the political condition of Cuba. The Spanish papers, as might be expected, accuse him of wild and ambitious projects, and of desiring to excite an insurrection in Cuba similar to the memorable negro insurrection in St Domingo fifty years ago. Be that as it may, Placido was at the head of a conspiracy formed in Cuba in the beginning of 1844. The conspiracy

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failed, and Placido, with a number of his companions, was seized by the Spanish authorities. The following is the account given of his execution in a letter from Havana, dated July 16, 1844, which appeared in the *Morning Herald* newspaper: 'What dreadful scenes have we not witnessed here these last few months! what arrests and frightful developments! what condemnations and horrid deaths! But the bloody drama seems approaching its close; the curtain has just fallen on the execution of the chief conspirator, Placido, who met his fate with a heroic calmness that produced a universal impression of regret. Nothing was positively known of the decision of the council respecting him, till it was rumoured a few days since that he would proceed, along with others, to the "chapel" for the condemned. On the appointed day a great crowd was assembled, and Placido was seen walking along with singular composure under circumstances so gloomy, smoking a cigar, and saluting with graceful ease his numerous acquaintances. Are you aware what the punishment of the "chapel" means? It is worse a thousand times than the death of which it is the precursor. The unfortunate criminals are conducted into a chapel hung with black, and dimly lighted. Priests are there to chant in a sepulchral voice the service of the dead; and the coffins of the trembling victims are arrayed in cruel relief before their eyes. Here they are kept for twenty-four hours, and are then led out to execution. Can anything be more awful? And what a disgusting aggravation of the horror of the coming death! Placido emerged from the chapel cool and undismayed, whilst the others were nearly or entirely overcome with the agonies they had already undergone. The chief conspirator held a crucifix in his hand, and recited in a loud voice a beautiful prayer in verse, which thrilled upon the hearts of the attentive masses which lined the road he passed. On arriving at the fatal spot, he sat down on a bench with his back turned, as ordered, to the military, and rapid preparations were made for his death. And now the dread hour had arrived. At the last he arose, and said: "Adios, mundo; no hay piedad para mi. Soldados, fuego!" ("Adieu, O world; here is no pity for me. Soldiers, fire!"). Five balls entered his body. Amid the murmurs of the horror-struck spectators, he got up and turned his head upon the shrinking soldiers, his face wearing an expression of superhuman courage. "Will no one have pity on me?" he said. "Here," pointing to his heart—"fire here." At that instant two balls pierced his breast, and he fell dead whilst his words still echoed in our ears. Thus has perished the great leader of the attempted revolt.'

The following is a translation, by Maria Weston Chapman, of the beautiful lines composed by Placido, as above narrated. 'They were written in prison the night before his execution, and were solemnly recited by him as he proceeded to the place of death, so that the concluding stanza was uttered a few moments before he

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expired.' The original is in Spanish ; but the following appears to be a pleasing version.

' Being of infinite goodness ! God Almighty !  
I hasten in mine agony to Thee !  
Rending the hateful veil of calumny,  
Stretch forth thine arm omnipotent in pity ;  
Efface this ignominy from my brow,  
Wherewith the world is fain to brand it now.

O King of kings ! Thou God of my forefathers !  
My God ! Thou only my defence shalt be,  
Who gav'st her riches to the shadowed sea ;  
From whom the North her frosty treasure gathers—  
Of heavenly light and solar flame the giver,  
Life to the leaves, and motion to the river.

Thou canst do all things. What thy will doth cherish,  
Revives to being at thy sacred voice.  
Without Thee all is naught, and at thy choice,  
In fathomless eternity must perish.  
Yet e'en that nothingness thy will obeyed,  
When of its void humanity was made.

Merciful God ! I can deceive Thee never ;  
Since, as through ether's bright transparency,  
Eternal wisdom still my soul can see  
Through every earthly lineament for ever.  
Forbid it, then, that Innocence should stand  
Humbled, while Slander claps her impious hand.

But if the lot thy sovereign power shall measure  
Must be to perish as a wretch accursed,  
And men shall trample over my cold dust—  
The corse outraging with malignant pleasure—  
Speak, and recall my being at thy nod !  
Accomplish in me all thy will, my God !'

## CONCLUSION.

While these notices may be of use in aiding the cause of the much oppressed negro, ~~they~~ are in no respect designed to establish the fact, that the white and dark races are upon the same native intellectual level, and that education and other circumstances effect all the difference which is observable between them. It would, we believe, be imprudent, however philanthropic, to attempt to establish this proposition, for it is inconsistent with truth, and can only tend to obstruct our arrival at a less ambitious, but still friendly and hopeful



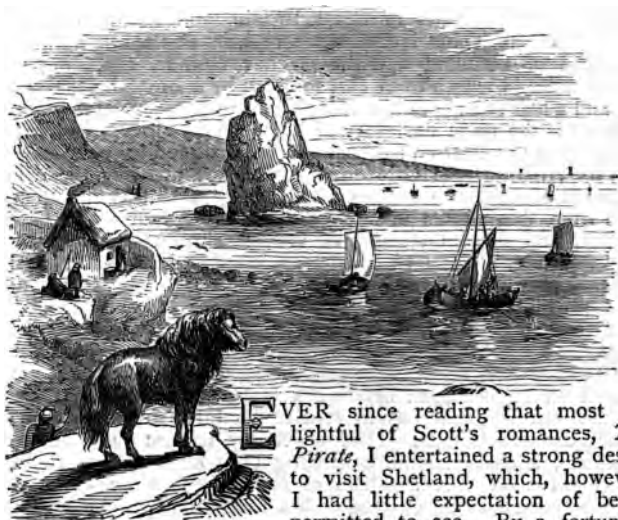
## INTELLIGENT NEGROES.

proposition respecting the negroes, which appears, both from their organisation and external manifestations of character, to be the only one that can be maintained—that is, that, in the mass, they are at present far behind the white races, but capable of being cultivated, in the course of successive generations, up to the same point ; a small advance in each generation being all that can be achieved in the way of civilisation even among the white races, and being apparently the law of social progress. The negro intellect is, we believe, chiefly deficient in the reasoning powers and higher sentiments : these, though doubtless present in some rudimental form, could no more be called instantaneously into the same vigorous exercise in which we find them in Europe, than could the wild-apple, by sudden transplantation to an orchard, be rendered into a pippin. They would require, in the first place, a species of tender nursing, to bring them into palpable existence. From infancy they would need to be fondled into childhood, from childhood trained into youth, and from youth cultivated into manhood. It is not a thin whitewash of European knowledge which will at once alter the features of the African mind. The work must be the work of ages, and those ages must be judiciously employed.

There is no fact more illustrative of this hypothesis than the occasional appearance of respectable intellect, and the frequency of good dispositions, amongst the negroes. Such men as Jenkins and Cary at once close the mouths of those who, from ignorance or something worse, allege an absolute difference in specific character between the two races, and justify the consignment of the black to a fate which only proves the lingering barbarism of the white.



## A VISIT TO SHETLAND.



EVER since reading that most delightful of Scott's romances, *The Pirate*, I entertained a strong desire to visit Shetland, which, however, I had little expectation of being permitted to see. By a fortunate circumstance I made the acquaintanceship of a young gentleman from that interesting country, during a winter which he spent in Edinburgh, and was kindly invited to accompany him home on the ensuing summer. Agreeing to his earnest entreaties to visit his native place, we set out on our expedition in the month of June 1844, taking a portion of the North Highlands in our route. The ordinary mode of visiting Shetland is by a steam-vessel from Leith, which touches at the principal ports in its voyage along the east coast of Scotland. The last of its halting-places is Wick, in Caithness, whence it crosses the Pentland Firth to Kirkwall, in Orkney, and there shoots off in a north-easterly direction for Shetland. It is only, however, during the summer months that a steamer plies to this distant land, which at other seasons can be reached only by sailing-vessels. Having calculated our time pretty accurately, my friend and I arrived in Wick a few hours before the appearance of the steamer, and had scarcely time to look about us ere it was necessary to go on board.

It was a charming morning towards the end of June, when our  
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vessel left the port and stood out to sea, bound for what was to me an unknown land. The sea was beautifully green, the air mild, and scarcely a breath of wind agitated the face of the deep. The coast of Caithness on our left was bare and uninviting, and mostly level, with high pastoral hills rising in the distance. In from two to three hours after leaving Wick, our vessel was off John o' Groats, the north-eastern extremity of Great Britain, and about to cross the Pentland Firth. This is the strait or arm of the sea betwixt the mainland of Scotland and the Orkney Islands, extending about twenty miles in length from east to west, by a breadth varying from five and a half to eight miles. It is the most dangerous of the Scottish seas, yet is the route necessary to be taken by all vessels of a large size passing to and from the east coast of Scotland in communication with the Atlantic—the Caledonian Canal now allowing the passage of vessels of moderate burden. The dangers of this dreaded gulf arise from the conflict of the tides of the Atlantic and German Oceans, and the impetuosity of various currents agitated by the winds. It also is beset by whirlpools, one of which, near the island of Stromma, is exceedingly dangerous. On the present occasion, the sea was so tranquil that the smallest boat might have sailed along the firth without any risk of injury; and as we steamed across, we perceived a number of small fishing-craft busily plying their labours. The Orkney Isles lay straight before us, like so many rugged masses crested on the horizon: bending a little to seaward, we soon had them on our left, and passed at a respectful distance several bold headlands and islands. That which lay nearest our course was Copinsha, a small island, consisting of a huge pile of rocks, on which sat such vast numbers of sea-birds, that the whole rocky surface seemed to be covered with a living mass. The captain of our vessel, to amuse his passengers, requested the mate to fire a musket, and the noise produced the most extraordinary spectacle I had ever beheld. Alarmed for their safety, the poor animals set up a universal scream, which was prolonged for some minutes, almost like the roar of thunder, while the whole atmosphere became filled with birds darting in different directions, upwards and downwards, and careering away in great clouds towards the northern boundary of the horizon.

Our steamer now made a curvature to the west, and in an hour or thereabouts entered Kirkwall Bay, and came to a pause in front of the town. The time allowed for the vessel to remain was only an hour and a half; yet in this brief period I was able to pick up a tolerable idea of the capital of the Orkneys. Kirkwall is a curious old-fashioned-looking town, reminding me of the ancient and picturesque towns of the Netherlands. It consists of little else than a single narrow and irregular thoroughfare, with the gables of the houses turned generally towards the street. Many of these houses bear strong marks of old age, as the doors and windows are very

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small, and the walls uncommonly thick. The apartments within must accordingly be anything but light or cheerful. The town takes its name from the great kirk or cathedral of St Magnus, a structure of great antiquity, and remarkable as the only building of the kind in Scotland, besides that of Glasgow, which survived the outbreak at the Reformation. We went to see this celebrated edifice, which, with the exception of the spire, partly destroyed, is in good condition, and contains a number of interesting old monuments. Near the cathedral stood the castle of Kirkwall, now a complete ruin, but a place of great strength in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when it was in the possession of the infamous Patrick Stewart, known in these parts as 'Earl Pate.' This man deserves a passing notice, if only for the purpose of shewing the state of affairs in Scotland two hundred years ago. He was the son of Robert Stewart, natural son of James V., who in 1581 was raised to be Earl of Orkney. Patrick, who succeeded his father as earl, was a man of a haughty turn of mind; and being of a cruel disposition, he committed not only many acts of rebellion, but of local oppression. Assuming the airs of a petty king in his earldom, he kept a retinue of desperadoes to do his bidding, and became the terror of the surrounding islands and seas. Unable any longer to endure the insolence of Earl Pate, James VI. despatched a strong force to dislodge and capture him; and after a desperate encounter, he was taken, brought to Edinburgh, tried, condemned, and executed, vastly to the relief of the long-abused Orcadians.

There are some other antiquities worth seeing in Kirkwall; but our allowance of time was elapsed, and we were compelled to hurry on board without paying them a visit. I was glad to observe that even this remote town has been latterly improved by the erection of new houses, and that it is an industrious and thriving little port. Its principal communication is with Leith and Edinburgh, from which it is distant 352 miles.\*

\* Stromness, the only other town and port of any consequence in Orkney, is situated on the west side of the mainland, and from it is supplied a considerable number of the sailors engaged in whaling expeditions. 'The English and Scotch whalers arrive about March at Stromness. Their tonnage amounts to from three to four hundred tons; and their complement of men is usually about fifty, of whom about twenty are regular sailors. The Orkneymen, who acquire from childhood great skill and intrepidity in the management of boats on their stormy and dangerous seas, are usually employed almost exclusively in the boat-service. But it is remarked of them, that, being habituated to the constant vicinity of coasts and harbours, they are apt to fail both in perseverance and courage when exposed to the perils of distant cruises in open boats; so seldom is the human mind prepared for circumstances to which it is unaccustomed, exhibiting either the rashness of inexperience, or the confusion of ungrounded apprehension. The Orkneymen being unpractised in the management of vessels, are very unskilful in that branch of nautical duty. The number of natives who went from Stromness on this service in the present year was seven hundred, a number far inferior to that formerly employed, amounting sometimes to one thousand. The English are said to have offered themselves lately more readily, and to have proportionally displaced the natives of the northern isles. The vessels return from the fisheries about harvest-time. They are now daily expected, and their arrival is dreaded at Stromness, the inhabitants being prevented walking in the streets by day, as well as by night, by the tumultuous revels in which the Orkneymen indulge for some time after their return. Their

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Our steamer, again on its way, soon cleared the islands in the Orkney group, and began to cross the sound which separates them from Shetland. This sound is fifty miles broad, and is clear of any islands except Foula and Fair Isle, which lie half-way between Orkney and Shetland.\* In an hour after passing Fair Isle, the bold promontory of the mainland of Shetland came into view. The extreme point of this elevated peninsula is one of the most terrific things in marine scenery. On the east is the precipitous front called Sumburgh Head, and on the west is the lofty crag named the Fitful Head, against which the rolling waves of the Atlantic, aggravated by the contrary pressure from the German Ocean, are continually lashing and raging in unmitigable fury. As we approached the beetling cliff of Sumburgh, which rises four hundred feet above the boiling ocean beneath, our view became unfortunately intercepted by the mists of evening, which crept over the scene, shrouding everything in their bosom. This was doubly unfortunate, for it caused our captain to slacken his speed, and detained us at sea till early next morning. We had, however, some agreeable companions on board; and as the accommodations were good, we passed the night without feeling that we had much to lament in our detention. Being now in the 60th degree of north latitude, daylight could scarcely be said to have left us during the night; and at two o'clock in the morning, albeit the mist still hung about us, we could see as clearly as we can do in London at about any hour in a November day. At six, the fog, to our delight, broke up, drawing itself away to seaward; and as it rose like a curtain from the land, we had before us, at the distance of two or three miles, the inlet called Bressay Sound, at the head of which was Lerwick, the place of our destination. In half an hour we were landed at a little quay in this the most remote town in the British Islands, and in a few minutes more lodged under the hospitable roof of Mr —,

conduct has, however, improved in all respects of late years, especially in their attendance at church, which was formerly entirely neglected by those people. The young minister of Stromness assured me that he had lately seen as many as a hundred of them present at divine service; and he confidently attributed the change to the practice, now observed at the Straits, of hoisting a flag on board some of the vessels on Sunday, for the purpose of assembling the crews for prayer, and the consequent influence of the uninterrupted attention to religious observances. The men gain usually from £20 to £40 on the voyage. If they do not return in time for the harvest, it is gathered in by their wives and sisters. Orkney does not furnish a single vessel for this trade.—*Sketches of the Coasts and Islands of Scotland, by Lord Teignmouth.*

\* It was on the shores of Fair Isle that the Duke of Medina Sidonia was driven during his flight northwards, by the tempest which so nearly completed the destruction of the Spanish Armada, in the memorable year 1588. In this small island the great Spanish noble (his huge unwieldy ship having gone to pieces), with two hundred men, was nearly starved for want of provisions. He afterwards made his way to the house of Malcolm Sinclair in Quendale Bay, in the mainland of Shetland, and eventually landed in safety at Dunkirk. One of the most curious results connected with the temporary residence in Fair Isle of the foreign sailors, is, that the natives acquired, and their descendants have ever since preserved, a knowledge of the peculiar patterns of gloves and caps worn by the Spaniards, and to this day work them in various-coloured worsteds exactly resembling the corresponding articles produced at Cadiz.—*Wilson's Voyage Round the Coasts of Scotland.*

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a relation of my fellow-traveller. Before saying a word about this strange-looking town, let me glance at the

### HISTORY OF SHETLAND.

The Orkney and Shetland Islands appear to have been visited by the Romans, by whom they were considered the *Ultima Thule*; in an after-period they were conquered and taken possession of by the Northmen or Norwegians—their numerous bays or *voes* affording the best refuge for their vessels. Indeed, from the latter circumstance, these Danish rovers acquired the name of *Vikingr*; that is, Voe or Bay Kings. From the voes of Shetland, as well as from Orkney and the north and north-west of Scotland, these northern pirates made descents on the rich coasts of Europe, and devastated them with fire and sword. By these rovers, Shetland is said to have been first named Hialtland or Hetland, either word signifying the high or lofty land; and from this term the modern name Shetland or Zetland is derived. The *vikingr*, after a pretty long possession of Shetland, and fortifying themselves in burghs or towers on the headlands, were at length, in the tenth century, subdued by Harold of Denmark, and the islands added to his continental dominions. Both from the *vikingr* and the more regular governors who succeeded them, the inhabitants of Shetland acquired the Norwegian character, laws, language, and manners. If the earliest inhabitants were of a Celtic race, like their neighbours on the mainland of Scotland, they lost every trace of this origin, and in the course of ages became in every respect a different people from the inhabitants of either the Highlands or the Lowlands.

Under the kings of Norway the Shetlanders enjoyed liberal treatment and government. The principal inhabitants were called *Udallers*, from the conditions on which they held their lands; the word *udal* being compounded from *æde* and *dale*, signifying a waste or uninhabited dale. A *udaller* was at first nothing more than the proprietor of land previously accounted waste, which he had enclosed for his own use. But as land became more valuable, the expression gradually lost its primary signification, and was applied to the holders of large tracts of land which were enclosed, and free from *scat* or taxation. Latterly, it came to signify any wealthy proprietor.

Shetland being separated from Orkney by a wide and stormy channel, had a distinct prefect or governor appointed over it, who acquired the name of *Foude*, an office which likewise included in it the guardianship of the revenues of the country. The country at the same time acquired the name and character of a *Foudrie*. The relics of antiquity connected with the Norwegian government of Shetland are various. Courts of judicature, or *tings*, were held in the open air, the erection being for the most part constructed of loose stones piled together in a circular form. Of these *tings*,

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the sites of many of which are still visible, there were three kinds. The lowest was a herad, or parish ting, over which the *foude* of the parish presided—an officer who, in the Scottish period of the history of these islands, afterwards assumed the name of bailie. The *foude* was assisted in his magistracy by a law-right man, whose particular duty it was to regulate the weights and measures, and by a number of men named rancelmen. The ting, to which these men gave their service, could only doom or give judgment in small matters, namely, in those which related to the preservation of good neighbourhood, as in questions of minor trespasses on land, &c. A higher court was a circuit ting, over which the Earl of Orkney presided, or, in his absence, the *great foude*, so named in contradistinction to the subordinate or parish *foudes*. In his judicial capacity, the great *foude* was the lawman of Shetland, and gave doom according to the Norwegian Book of the Law. The lawman made his circuit round the whole of the more comprehensive juridical districts of the country—*ting sokens*—each ting soken including several minor districts, which were severally under the subordinate jurisdiction of parish *foudes*. He here heard appeals against the decrees of parish tings, and tried weightier offences, such as were visited with heavy fines, or confiscations, or capital punishments. A third ting was named the *lawting*, because it was a legislative assembly. This was held once a year, and here also the lawman presided. All the *udallers* owed to it suit and service. The *lawting* was held within a small holm or islet, situated in a freshwater lake, the communication with the shore being by stepping-stones. The valley in which the *lawting* was situated bore the name of Thingvöllr, now corrupted into Tingwall. Here the *udallers* exercised the power of reversing the decrees of inferior courts, of trying important causes, and of legislating or making by-laws for the good of the whole community. The highest appeal was to the king at Bergen, in Norway.

Excepting for such appeals, and the imposition of a tax, Orkney and Shetland had little actual dependence on the crown of Norway. They were very much under the immediate sway of the Earls of Orkney, a Scandinavian race, who continued in power from 922 to 1325, when the direct line failed, and the earldom passed to a collateral branch in Malis, Earl of Stratherne, and afterwards into the family of St Clair about 1379. The renewal of the title in the Stewarts, at a considerably later period, has already been noticed.

The Orkney and Shetland Islands belonged to Norway till 1468, when they were implegded to James III. of Scotland, as a portion of the dowry given with his queen. The sum for which Orkney was pledged was 60,000 florins. The money not being forthcoming, the islands were declared to be forfeited, and, with all their inhabitants, were formally annexed to the crown of Scotland. On being finally emancipated from the earls and other court favourites, to whom the

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Scottish kings had inconsiderately assigned them, they fell under the ordinary rule of sheriffs and other magistrates; the old udal holdings were abolished; and the laws of Scotland were extended over them. The two groups of islands now form one county, with a representative in parliament.\*

It is much easier to alter laws and other civil institutions than to change the language and social habits of a people. This has required four centuries; and even yet, in the greatly modernised state of things in Shetland, there are many interesting traces of Scandinavian manners.

Accustomed to associate Orkney and Shetland as one remote chain of islands, it is somewhat difficult to comprehend that they have very little intercourse or connection with each other. The people of Orkney contemplate their remote neighbours, the Shetlanders, with nearly the same feeling of strangeness which we ourselves entertain. Though having a common origin, from the greater intercourse with the continent of Britain, the people of Orkney have less peculiarity of manners than those in Shetland. In both groups of islands the Scandinavian language has vanished, and been superseded by English, purer than the ordinary Lowland Scotch; but everywhere Norwegian terms are common, along with some peculiarities in the mode of utterance. For the universal spread of the English tongue, the islands are indebted to the introduction of schools and parochial ministrations; also the residence of the higher and mercantile classes, who are connected with the best society in Scotland.

## EXCURSIONS AMONG THE ISLANDS.

It was not without a feeling of interest and curiosity that I found myself settled in a town nine hundred miles north from London, and in the midst of a comparatively foreign, though British people. Every such feeling was soon enhanced by the hospitality of our reception, and the expectation of making several excursions to different parts of this insular country. There was little to detain us in Lerwick. Situated on a piece of irregular ground, it stretches

\* The Orkneys consist of sixty-seven islands, thirty-eight of which are uninhabited, the whole scattered over a space of forty-five miles in length by twenty-five in breadth. The largest, forming the mainland, is called Pomona, and on this Kirkwall is situated. The islands are generally bare and pastoral, but there have been considerable advances in agriculture of late years. The Shetland Islands lie at the distance of about fifteen leagues north-east of the Orkneys, and forty-four leagues west of Bergen, in Norway, which is the nearest point of continental Europe. With the exception of two, the Shetland Islands are contiguous to each other, and lie between 59° 48' 30" and 60° 52' north latitude. There are three principal islands in the group—Mainland; next, on the north, Yell; and still farther north-east, Unst. On the east of Yell lies Fetlar, which is the largest of the inferior islands. The next in point of size is Bressay, which lies opposite Lerwick. The smaller islands are Whalsay, Out Skerries, Samphray, Big Island, Mukle Roe, Papa-Stour, House, Baray, Trondray, besides a great number of islets, holms, and skerries or mere rocks. The population of the Shetland Islands is 32,000.



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in the form of a crescent upon the margin of the spacious harbour of Bressay Sound, and consists but of a single street, with a variety of buildings jutting out into the sea, and some creeping up an adjoining height on the west. At the north end of the town, on a small rocky edifice, stands Fort Charlotte, which commands the harbour, and could effectually protect it from any external attack. At present, it is used chiefly as a prison and court-house, and its guns are, I suppose, seldom fired, the whole garrison consisting of a single functionary. The houses, like those of Kirkwall, are generally built without order or regularity, and many of them have their ends to the street, if I may be allowed to apply that term to the leading thoroughfare in this curiously-constructed town. A lane, winding and zigzagging, would be the more appropriate phrase. This chief thoroughfare, however, and its tributary alleys, are pretty well paved with flag-stones, and not inconvenient to foot-passengers. No vehicle of any kind is to be seen, or indeed could proceed over the ups and downs, and through the intricacies of the Lerwegian streets. As at Venice, all traffic is carried on by sea, the boats and larger vessels bringing or taking away goods being able to sail in close to the warehouses on the margin of the harbour. I observed a number of shops or stores for the sale of miscellaneous articles, and I was shewn a small inn, which has recently been opened for the accommodation of travellers. The population had generally a seafaring look, and there were on all sides signs of industry and comfort. I was particularly struck with the busy movements of a number of the females. Almost every woman of humble rank whom I met, even while carrying a loaded basket on her back, was busily engaged in knitting wool into stockings, or some other article of attire.

The country around Lerwick possesses nothing to attract. There is some cultivation, but the country generally is pastoral, swelling into hills, and bleak and bare from the absence of trees or shrubs. On the day after our arrival, we paid a visit to a gentleman in Scalloway, a small town at the head of a bay some miles to the west of Lerwick. Here, in a garden, I remarked for the first time some trees and fruit-bearing bushes; the latter, however, were under the wall, with a southern exposure. I am told that the absence of trees in Shetland does not altogether arise from the coldness of the climate, for trunks are found in the peat-mosses; and in one or two places some tall trees of the sycamore kind still flourish.\* Whatever be the

\* In one or two gardens, sycamores and other trees, planted probably a hundred years ago, have attained the height of forty or fifty feet, the girth within three feet of the ground being above six feet. That trees have formerly grown in abundance in Shetland, can hardly, I think, be doubted, from the absence of any appreciable peculiarity in climate or soil fatal to their growth, and from the general diffusion of their remains in the peat-moors. Some of those peat-trees were of no inconsiderable dimensions; but for the most part they are of small size. From this, however, it cannot be fairly inferred that, generally, the native trees were diminutive. Timber must always have been valuable in

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reason for the decay of the original forest, the defect is likely to be soon in part supplied by planting. Various proprietors have begun to plant forest trees; and the more opulent among them have also now made laudable efforts to improve the poor horticulture of the islands. In the garden of a gentleman in the island of Bressay, a hothouse has been erected, and is said to yield a good crop of large grapes. At Scalloway, I visited the ruin of an old castle, which had been built by Patrick, Earl of Orkney, in 1600, doubtless for the purpose of aiding in his cruel oppression of the Shetlanders. In the scattered little town of Scalloway there are some good houses, the place having once been the capital of Shetland, and, until comparatively recent times, the residence of a number of opulent families.

In going and returning on this short excursion, we had occasion to pass one of those large peat-mosses, which I afterwards found were so common in these islands. Without native wood or coal, the common fuel of the Shetlanders is peat, dug from the black mosses interspersed over the country, and whose origin may perhaps be traced to the wreck of ancient forests, with the subsequent accumulation of vegetable matter. The peat is dug with a long-handled spade, the delver cutting out and laying aside a peat at every jerk with his instrument. After being dried, the peats are carried home, very commonly in baskets, on the backs of ponies.

My friend being anxious to reach his home in one of the northern isles, we agreed to quit Lerwick on the second day after our arrival, and bespoke a boat for the purpose. The Shetland boats are built on the model of the ancient Norwegian yawls, pointed fore and aft. They are exceedingly graceful in form, and are considered both swift and safe, though the single mast is usually too high, and the sail too large, so that at sea the boat looks like a butterfly—all wings. It was yet early when our handsome craft, manned by six good rowers, and propelled by a gentle wind, which bent the sail, sped swiftly out of Bressay Sound. The weather was clear and lovely, and nothing could be more exquisitely tranquil and joyous than our ten hours' voyage among the lonely isles which lay in our course. The glassy

this country, and the inhabitants would naturally consume all that was of any respectable size, especially as no spot of ground is six miles from the sea in every direction, and therefore the woods would be easy accessible. But it is the opinion of some, that trees in size and quantity cannot now be reared in Shetland. The experiment, however, has never been fairly made. Let an intelligent and experienced forester, residing long enough in these islands to modify his experience to suit their climate, superintend for a sufficiently long period, and on a scale of adequate magnitude, the culture of various kinds of hardy trees, and then, and not before, can the capabilities of Shetland, with regard to arboriculture, be ascertained. It is to be hoped that some spirited and far-sighted proprietor will ere long put the matter to the proof. On a question such as this, *a priori* opinions, thrown out at a venture, are entirely to be disregarded. It is a curious fact, for which there is high botanical authority, that cones of the silver fir (*Abies picea*) have been found in some moors in Orkney. This tree is not indigenous to Scotland, but is common in Norway. It may, however, have been planted, or its cones sown, by some of the energetic and sagacious Norwegian *Yarls* who so long ruled the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and who were as remarkable for their attention to husbandry and fishing as to politics and war.—*New Statistical Account of Scotland*, No. xxxiii.

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ocean reflected the rocky shores as we threaded our way among numerous green islets, peopled by the screaming sea-fowl, or glided close to the overhanging cliffs of the larger islands.

In this day's voyage we may be said to have skirted the whole eastern shores of the islands, passing Whalsay, the Out Skerries, and Yell, and finally arriving in Unst—the most northerly in the group; and not only so, but the most northern scrap of inhabited land in the United Kingdom. When we reached our destination, I soon became aware that the more completely I made myself at home, the more pleased our host and his family would be. The island, I found, was not without objects of interest, or space wherein to perambulate. In length it is twelve miles, by from three to four in breadth, with a generally level and fertile surface, diversified by several ridges of hills, some of considerable height. The shores are remarkably indented with small bays or voes, offering boundless scope for fishing; and the hills possess some mineralogical curiosities. In the evening of our arrival, we took a walk to see a neighbouring quarry of chromate of iron, which was discovered in several parts of the island above forty years ago. The quarry is of great depth, the ore lying embedded, apparently in abundance, in veins through the rock of which the hill is composed. The working of this mine gives employment to upwards of fifty men and boys each summer, and many hundreds of tons of the metal are annually exported. It is used chiefly as a pigment, producing a fine bright yellow paint; and as none is elsewhere found in Britain, it is the source of considerable revenue to the proprietors.

In the evening, it was arranged that next morning, after an early breakfast, we should proceed on an expedition by sea round the northern coast of the island. The weather was fortunately propitious. The sun rose to our wish in unclouded splendour, though not with that overpowering heat of July in more southern latitudes. Not a breeze rippled the surface of the water, and sails were accordingly useless. The boat in which we embarked was like that already described, but fitted up with much comfort as a pleasure-barge. Passing some rugged and precipitous cliffs, and one or two small bays, we reached the north-east point of the land, and here we met numerous boats returning from the deep-sea fishery. Nearly forty miles had these canoe-like skiffs been distant from the land, and two nights at sea; and we rejoiced to see them now filled with fine cargoes of ling and tusk—two kinds of white fish caught for the purpose of exporting in a dried and salted state. Passing this fleet of boats, manned by a hardy race of seamen, we at length reached the two precipitous headlands which form the northern point of British land. The western promontory consists of an uncultivated waste of coarse pasture; but near the sea the ground is thickly strewn with the nests of a variety of sea-fowl; and here is one of the rare breeding-places of the skua-gull. The other promontory is still

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higher ; and between the two is a narrow firth, which penetrates a certain distance into the island. We had determined to proceed as far westward as we could, before stopping at any point, keeping, however, close to the rocks, and exploring various caves and indentations—the latter called *gios*—in hopes of finding some of the seal-tribe. Once, by the aid of a pocket-glass, we saw several of these creatures reposing on the rocks, and apparently unaware of our approach. We immediately took measures to approach them stealthily ; but a few herring-gulls being on the outlook, dashed down among the seals, even to touching them, and roused them with a peculiar cry, so that, alarmed for their safety, they plunged into the sea and disappeared. This curious method of giving the alarm to slumbering seals is invariably practised by the herring-gull, which seems to constitute himself the sentinel to watch over this persecuted tribe of amphibii.

Crossing the mouth of the voe, we were rowed among some striking scenery—precipitous cliffs indented by narrow ravines, down which tumbled the mountain rill like a thread of silver ; detached rocks scattered along the shore ; and, most striking of all, the wide ocean stretching westward and northward, sublime in its extent, desolation, and repose. From a contemplation of inanimate nature, we were recalled by the screaming of the multitudes of birds which rose in clouds from the rocky cliffs. At this season the animals were tending their young, and more than usually alive to the presence of strangers. Each species of birds, I was informed, has its own domain on the rocks. Some of the cliffs were appropriated entirely to the kittiwake (*Larus rissa*), the smallest of the gull species ; and it is these gentle and beautiful creatures that the fowlers most unsparingly plunder of their eggs and young. A few of the proprietors of the ground are very anxious to prevent depredations among these and other feathered denizens of the shores ; for, besides the dangerous nature of fowling, it leads to idle desultory habits. Notwithstanding the general prohibition, we saw several persons on these dizzy heights, hanging by a slender hold on the face of the precipice. They seldom use ropes here, as at Farøe and St Kilda, but clamber, fearlessly and alone, down and up the craggy steeps, where one false movement would consign them to destruction ; yet are they enthusiastically fond of these feats of daring, and rarely any accidents occur.

Proceeding on our excursion, we now took a sweep farther from the land, to the Utsta, or Outstack, an insulated rock, of a form not unlike a lion rampant. We approached it cautiously from the lee-side, as here we hoped to find one or two seals. Landing in silence, we scrambled up the side, and one of the party best acquainted with this kind of sport peeped over the top ; and there, to be sure, was a pair of seals lying close to the water's edge, unconscious of approaching danger. Creeping round the edge of the rock, to gain a better position, he fired, which was the signal for us to rush

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forward. The shot had been successful. A male seal, an enormous animal, lay dead in his resting-place ; and it was not without a pang that I learned that it was the mate of a female which, with a wailing cry, had plunged into the water. The female was not again seen ; but she wandered near the spot, and was shot a few days afterwards. The seal which had been killed was truly a noble specimen of its species. He was almost black in colour, with a beard on his muzzle (*Phoca barbata*), was twenty feet in length, and yielded twenty gallons of oil. After heaving him, with some difficulty, into our boat, we paused to consider our adventurous position. The rock on which we stood is, for the most part, submerged in the waves of the North Sea, and there are very few days in a season when a landing on it can be effected. Being thus continually washed by the salt spray, there is no vestige of vegetation on its surface, except a few tufts of scurvy-grass. Bare and slippery as it was, we found on it a level spot, where, exhilarated by our success, and appetised by the pure air of the sea, we sat down to a sumptuous fête-champêtre, if that name can be applied to a picnic feast on a rock in the midst of the ocean. In this hearty meal our boatmen performed an active part, quenching their thirst with a liquid called *bland*, which I had never before seen or tasted. It is the whey of churned milk, separated from the milk by heating ; and, being slightly acidulous, is grateful and refreshing, and will keep, if bottled, for a considerable time. I believe this method of using butter-milk is common only in Shetland, where the whole milk of the cow, not the cream alone, is regularly churned. The practice is economical ; for the curd forms a solid food, and the preserved whey a wholesome and inexpensive drink—the invariable beverage of the Shetland peasant at home, and of the fisherman when at sea.

Having finished our meal, and packed everything up, we bade adieu to the Utsta, and turned our course homewards, landing by the way on several skerries or small islets, which afford pasture for two or three sheep during the summer months. In winter, they are shrouded for the most part in tempestuous spray. We took occasion to stop also at the foot of the tallest precipice on the mainland of Unst, in order to view a rocky arch by which it is perforated. The opening on the sea is fifty feet across, and a hundred feet high ; and when fired into by a gun, the echoes reverberated like the rattling peal of thunder. After passing through this magnificent archway, in length 300 feet, we proceeded with our boat to explore the interior of several other caverns. In these the boat was pushed forwards by the hands on the sides of the rock, and the swell of the sea caused it to rise and fall with a somewhat unpleasant motion. At the farther end, in solemn darkness, on a low pebbly beach, the great seals bring forth and nurse their young ; but the season was yet too early to find them there. These caves are called *hellyers* ; and in September, the seals are often captured by spreading a net across

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the mouth, and then alarming the inhabitants within, who, rushing out to escape, fall into the snare, get entangled in the net, and are either shot or drowned; for a seal will be drowned as effectually as a man, only it takes longer time to accomplish. They must respire atmospheric air every fifteen, or at most twenty minutes, or else their blood becomes black or venoid, causing apoplexy and death.

Still one novelty awaited us: by the kind attention of our host, a fishing-line had been set at the mouth of the firth, and it having remained the proper time, we had the pleasure of seeing it hauled by our boatmen. It was the same kind, though not so large, as that used at the deep-sea or haff fishing. A rope of about 400 fathoms long, with buoys and corks to float it, is stretched in a tide-way, if near shore, or on the well-known bank, when far at sea; to this is attached at regular distances short lines, with lead for sinking, and one or two powerful hooks baited with the young of the coal-fish. Beginning at one end, the lines are drawn in. We were extremely successful; almost every hook held a fish: small tusk, large beautiful cod, like that for which a Londoner would give half a guinea a piece; skate, conger-eels, saithe or full-grown coal-fish, but, above all, halibut of various sizes, some of them gigantic, above six feet long. When these large fish, or a powerful cod or skate, appeared on the surface approaching the boat, the poor animal's struggles became frantic; and a skilful hand, armed with a short staff, with a large and very strong hook attached, strikes his weapon into the gills, and thus assists in dragging it into the boat. Our excitement at this novel spectacle was quite intoxicating, and frequently we received showers of brine, which the floundering of the fish and the yielding of the boat washed in upon us. What signified that? We got a noble haul, and in the highest good-humour proceeded home, which we did not reach till nearly midnight, by the soft twilight and lovely moon, the most exquisitely beautiful of all hours in this latitude. Need it be said we slept soundly after the many hours' exposure to the pure and healthful sea-air, and the pleasurable excitement we had undergone?

It was now the 5th of July, and the weather still continuing favourable for boating, we went to a neighbouring island to see one of the principal stations where the boats rendezvous during the three summer months for the prosecution of the ling-fishery. Most of the men are several miles distant from their families, whom they only visit on the Saturday evenings till Monday morning; consequently, they erect slight lodges at these temporary stations, in which they cook and shelter when on shore. We landed on a beach of large rough stones, of some extent, partly natural, and partly set for the purpose; this was spread with ling, tusk, and cod, in the course of being dried, a score of boys being in constant attendance to turn them, and, in case of showers, gather them in heaps. The boats were just about putting off to sea as we arrived a little after mid-day.

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Each boat is manned by six men, or more usually five men and a boy, the latter being a kind of apprentice the first year, and receiving only a small share of the earnings. The dress of the men going to sea consists of a loose covering of barked sheep-skin, the form of an English labourer's smock, over trousers of oiled cotton or linen, and high boots of barked horse-hides, with generally a knitted woollen cap of divers colours. A small jar of bland, with a thick cake of oatmeal, is all the refreshment they carry with them on these excursions. When they have reached their fishing-ground, which from this point may be about twenty-five miles off the land, they set their lines towards evening, and some of the men may have a short nap by turns. Having hauled before midnight, if the weather be favourable, they bait and set again, and return in the morning. Should the weather look unsettled, they return without the second haul. Sometimes they remain out two nights, and fill their boats. When they have taken much fish, every interval is busily employed in gutting them; all the entrails being thrown overboard. The heads and livers are alone preserved, and are the perquisites of the men. The livers are cooked fresh, with oatmeal in bread, or a sort of fish haggis; and what is not so used, is allowed to become rancid, and boiled for oil. Skate and halibut, when caught, are also reserved by the men for the use of their families. All Shetlanders, both high and low, prefer fish for eating, of whatever sort (except herring and halibut), in a half-putrid state. It is simply washed in sea-water, and hung up in the air for ten days or a fortnight; or the ling and cod heads, and the small sillacks, are laid in heaps in a dark place, for four or five days, till they have acquired the favourite flavour.

When the fresh fish are landed, they are weighed and delivered to the curer, who keeps an account of the quantity brought by each boat. Ling and tusk are allowed the highest price per hundred-weight. The cod-fishing was hardly thought of in Shetland till a very few years ago, but now it is extensively carried on; and the cod in the cured state, which formerly fetched not above two-thirds, now brings as much as the others; which appears to me singular, as I should think there could be no comparison in the delicacy of the food they form. But the cod, I believe, are chiefly sent abroad, the Catholic countries of the continent taking many cargoes both from Shetland and Norway. I had often heard that the stock-fish of Norway were preferred to those of Shetland; and it became a great object to obtain for the latter a higher character, and constant good market.

We now witnessed a numerous fleet of boats put to sea, not, it will be believed, without breathing heartfelt wishes for their safety and success, as we reflected how many a stay of helpless families these little skiffs bore to a scene of peril. Afterwards, we turned to look into the fishermen's temporary dwellings, or lodges as they are called. The walls are so low that one can hardly stand upright

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within, and are built of loose stones and turf; about fifteen feet long, and half that width. At one end is a broad *dais* of turf, on which straw and blankets are spread: this is all the sleeping-place. A hole in the roof at the other end shews that beneath is the hearth for the peat-fire, with a raised seat of turf around it. Here each boat's crew sleep and eat when on shore, both operations being as uncertain as the wind and weather—snatches of repose, and hasty meals of porridge, or fish and potatoes, being all that these hardy men can command; yet do they never enjoy such excellent health as at these seasons. I find that the herring-fishery is not likely ever to compensate its prosecution in Shetland, though it has been attempted with very unequal success for more than forty years. The season for the herring does not commence here till after the summer ling-fishery is over—that is, the end of August—and then the weather becomes squally, and the men's attention is occupied with reaping the little harvest of their fields; for, be it always remembered, a Shetland peasant is not merely a fisherman. In his variable climate, he could not make a subsistence by fishing alone; he must have his little farm to help to furnish food for his household. And though the females do a great part of the farm-work, yet still, in many instances, especially when the families are young, the father's assistance on land in spring and autumn is absolutely necessary. Before leaving the interesting and busy scene we had been contemplating, we partook with the superintendent of delicious fresh tusk and potatoes, both boiled in sea-water, which is, I do not know why, a great improvement in their preparation.

Returning from this visit, we landed at the nearest point of Unst, and sent the boat round, intending to walk home across the island. In the course of our ramble, we visited a gentleman's house, when, after being kindly entertained with tea, we went to a hamlet in the neighbourhood, in which the inhabitants were keeping an annual festival, in honour of having finished their peat-harvest. Peats, as I formerly mentioned, are the only native fuel in Shetland, and are dug in May. At the middle or end of June, according as the weather has been favourable, they are ready for being brought home, sometimes a distance of several miles; and this is done on the backs of ponies, in open straw baskets hung on wooden pack-saddles.

The different gangs of ponies are driven by boys. A young female of the family remains for the purpose of lading and taking care of the ponies, till all the peats are carried away, which may occupy from one to four weeks. Though the labour is heavy and incessant, the young women rather enjoy it as a relaxation than endure it as a task, and always lay in a stock of robust health with their embrowned complexions. In each hill or peat-moor, therefore, is formed quite a village of lodges, like those of the fishermen, but much smaller, and built wholly of turf, the roof being removed each



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season when it ceases to be wanted. As we approached one of these groups of singular and most primitive habitations, we found bonfires blazing in different places in honour of the festival, round which the boys were congregated, supplying fuel, and amusing themselves, as other boys do around a bonfire. In the green huts, on a sofa of turf, round a table of the same, were gathered the girls and their guests, among whom were hardly any of the other sex ; and here, even amidst smoke and darkness, we might distinguish fair faces and modest looks, which might have graced more polished scenes—and, moreover, it is always refreshing to see young countenances beaming with mirth and happiness. The feast, which is the main thing, consisted of tea, smoked mutton, and pork ; eggs and oatmeal cake, or ship-biscuit, and, in some instances, pancakes or buttered cake of flour or barley-meal. Each maiden was dressed in a neat cotton gown, and ribbons in her cap. By and by were heard the sounds of a violin, though by no very practised hand, and the young people danced on the turf around their bonfire. The Shetlanders appear to be excessively fond of music, and its natural accompaniment, dancing ; and, as may be supposed, seize all proper opportunities for indulging in them.

*July 17.*—Yesterday we enjoyed the sport of a whale-hunt. Early in the morning, a messenger was sent to the proprietor of the land lying round the bay, to inform him that a shoal of whales, of the smaller species, were lying in the narrow sound leading into it. Not long did the laird indulge in sloth after this summons ; in a very few minutes he was up and dressed, issuing orders all the while he performed his toilet, and sending messengers to his tenants, desiring them to hasten to put themselves under his direction at the scene of action. In an incredibly short space of time, many boats were gathered, and filled with men and boys armed with weapons and instruments of noise as well as of slaughter. Happy was he who could boast the possession of some rusty ancestral sword or cutlass, or a harpoon acquired in some Greenland voyage ; and in absence of, or addition to, all these, the boats were loaded with stones of all sizes, hastily gathered from the beach at starting. The laird was provided with a heavy gun, loaded with two balls, a weapon which had been fatal to the lives of many seals and otters. The boats proceeded singly, and in silence, the men straining every nerve, in suppressed but bursting eagerness, in order to get between the whales and the expanse of the ocean. When all were collected in a close phalanx—to which boats from neighbouring shores, and lairds from adjacent islands, were each moment gathering—the chase commenced in earnest. Every voice was raised in shouts and wild cries ; showers of stones were flung by every hand not employed with the oars ; kettles and saucepans were rattled, and various violins tuned, not so much to harmony, as to discord : all combined making a chaos of sounds intended to confuse the timid group, which were seen

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floundering in alarm till the water was like a boiling caldron. The whales were thus slowly followed till they were driven fairly past the narrow sound or entrance, and into the bay; but here the prospect widening, it became rather a difficult matter to persuade the inhabitants of the deep that it would be best for them to run on shore. Boats continued to push from the land, terrifying still more, and scattering the herd; and strangers were not found willing to place themselves under due direction and generalship. The shoal separated in two divisions, and the hunters, in their eagerness, became less and less amenable to discipline, so that an unsuccessful termination of the adventure was greatly to be dreaded. The laird and his first-lieutenant and factotum became entirely hoarse with bawling, and the poor persecuted whales made several desperate and dangerous efforts to break the barrier of boats that opposed their return to the ocean.

Thus passed many hours, during which the hunters had enough to do to keep themselves in safety, and prevent their prize from escaping. The boats were tossed by the motion of the whales in the water, as if it were agitated by a storm; the day drew to its close; the evening twilight came; but, though the sun's beams had been hidden through the day, a slight breeze was now scattering the low clouds, to make way for the bright rising of the full moon: the wearied and anxious pursuers (many of whom had, in their eager haste, left their homes without breakfast) were now making up their minds to keep watch over their restless prey through the short night: so the laird having sent on shore for refreshments, rested from his exertions to snatch a hasty repast, and refresh his boatmen. While he was thus engaged, the herd of whales once again united, and, after a short interval of repose, suddenly made a simultaneous movement towards the shore. At this joyful sight, and the apparently near triumphant termination of their day's toil, hunger and fatigue were forgotten, and all were again engaged with oars and voices, stones and fiddles, in contributing to the wished-for result; when the leader of the herd, a large and powerful male, feeling the water shallowing, turned back, apparently resolved to make one desperate attempt for freedom and safety. His companions followed, taking their way with the swiftness of lightning along the shore, seeking an outlet, which undoubtedly they would soon have found, from the position of the boats and the breadth of the bay; but at this moment of breathless suspense, the laird, whose powerfully-manned boat lay nearest to the direction the whales were taking, sped like an arrow to meet the poor prisoners thus gallantly struggling for release. Vain struggle! When within a few yards, the laird raised his unerring gun, and fired at the leader of the herd. Stunned and blinded, the poor animal turned from the direction of safety, and despairingly, or unwittingly, ran directly on shore, just below the proprietor's dwelling. The whole herd of two hundred blindly

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followed, as is their invariable habit. The hunters of course rushed after them, and as the boats touched the ground, the men jumped to their waists in water, in the midst of their helpless prey, which were despatched with knives and harpoons without mercy, till all appeared wading in blood rather than water. The laird's factotum was a man of extraordinary strength and stature, and, armed with a powerful family sword of his master's, stabbed and cut by the moonlight till his athletic arm dropped from weariness, his whole person dripping with the blood of the slaughtered whales, and his brain fairly delirious with excitement and exertion. Ere midnight, the whole herd lay dead on the beach, those which had been killed in the water being dragged above the flood-mark.

This morning there were important doings. The laird and the assessors of the booty met in solemn conclave, while an eager and noisy, though respectful multitude, were gathered around the bodies of the slain. In such cases, the capture is divided into three parts. One part belongs to the admiral, as crown dues, another to the proprietor of the shore on which the whales are stranded, while the third is divided among those who have assisted in the chase. But the admiral now, I believe, waives his right in favour of the captors. On this occasion, the division was first effected justly, and to the satisfaction of all, and then commenced the operation of flenching, or cutting off the blubber, which is the only part of this species of whale here considered of any use.

Some of the participators chose to carry away their own shares, while others were happy if their landlord would take theirs, the value to be placed to their credit against rent-day. Amused and excited with all I had seen, I mentioned that I should like to taste the flesh of a young whale, which is considered a great dainty, as I was told, in the Farøe Islands. At dinner, my desire was gratified. A young whale was selected, and from it were cut some very nice-looking steaks, which were broiled over a glowing fire. The flesh looked and tasted exactly like beef; rather coarser than the delicate Shetland beef indeed, but with no peculiar flavour or odour to distinguish it from ox-flesh, or to betray its origin. It is something for me to say that I have made my dinner off a whale!

Notwithstanding the nutritious and palatable qualities of whale-flesh, the Shetlanders have a great prejudice against it, which is unfortunate. Could the repugnance be overcome, what a welcome supply of food would the carcasses prove, which now are left to rot on the beaches, or else to sink in the sea; while the natives of Farøe never suffer from famine, as the Shetlanders have done for a succession of years, from failure of their crops and fishing. A more extraordinary prejudice of the Shetlanders leads them obstinately to refuse as food all sorts of shell-fish, even in the extremity of distress from want. Lobsters and crabs, of large size and fine quality, as well as many of the smaller crustacea, no Shetland peasant or

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fisherman will ever taste; and when others do, they look on with loathing and abhorrence.

*July 23.*—To-day we visited the ruined castle of Muness, which occupies a commanding situation among some cottages, at the distance of a mile from the sea-shore. It is a large massive structure, of the date 1598, and appears, from a tablet on the wall, to have been built by Lawrence Bruce, a gentleman of Perthshire, who had fled to these distant islands in consequence of having slain a neighbour in an affray. The building is tolerably entire, but has been long dismantled and deserted.

*July 24.*—Weather rainy and misty, and the day has been spent reading, and otherwise amusing ourselves within doors. An old woman, full of old stories and legends of Hialtland, sung us some curious ballads, illustrative of the ancient state of society in the islands. In listening to them, I almost fancied that I was transported back to the rude times of the Vikingr and northern sagas.

*July 26.*—The weather is again clear and pleasant, and I begin to think of packing up and leaving my kind friends. To-day, intelligence has arrived of a revenue cutter being seen in the Sound of Yell; and if she visit Unst, perhaps I may obtain a passage on board to Lerwick or Kirkwall.

Having some days ago asked my accomplished hostess to furnish me with a few notes of Shetland life and manners before my departure, she has obligingly handed me the following

## TRAITS OF LIFE AND MANNERS IN SHETLAND.

The Shetlanders, high and low, are distinguished for the love of their native country. The gentry, unlike the same class of persons in the Highlands and in Ireland, have never been absentees. Sent to the metropolis or elsewhere for education, or travelling to see the world, they return to their island-homes with delight. Though their means might easily admit of their living in comfort in any more favoured latitude, they are nobly and wisely content to spend the long dull winter, as well as the short cold summer, among those whom Providence has appointed to be dependent on their indulgence and liberality for much of their comfort. Exclusiveness is no vice of Shetland society; there prevails among the higher classes a genial sociality of manners, accompanied with a rare spirit of hospitality, which never abates the respect justly their due. In these families, well-conducted housekeeping in Shetland must be somewhat as in Norway—a complicated and arduous concern, requiring no small forethought and management in the direction. A farm, of course, is attached to the mansion-house, and several additional servants, male and female, are kept on that account, and to attend to the live stock. Seed-time, harvest, and peat-work are performed

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chiefly by day-labourers, mostly females, whose wages are about sixpence a day. There being no markets and no shops, of course each family must lay in a stock of every article requisite in clothing and foreign produce, and, besides, have duplicates of many of the most indispensable articles of furniture, since weeks may elapse before accidents can be repaired. For the daily table consumption, they have, in spring, the superfluous calves; in summer, lambs and sheep; in winter, fowls: these are all drawn from the farm stock, or purchased from neighbours who may have them to spare. At Martinmas comes the grand slaughtering of the summer-fatted beef, together with the attendant pickling, smoking, pudding and sausage making, for the winter; immediately following is the candle-making from the tallow of the animals that have been killed; then succeed the drying, grinding, and sifting of the oats and bere for meal. This is besides the constant dairy-work, and is all included in the cares of the Shetland lady and her assistants; and yet, on the often unexpected arrival of guests and strangers, they will find all things as much *comme il faut* as if shops and markets were at hand. There are indeed no morning visitors to receive, and few dinner-parties to prepare for; but, instead, when the Shetland gentry visit each other, it is for days together. Ponies are the only means of travelling, when the distance is in the same island; and these familiar animals, with an attendant, are therefore included in the requisite hospitality. They are, though the smallest variety of the horse kind, very strong and spirited. In some islands, where the ground is firm and stony, they run along with head drooping, picking their own way, and requiring very little of the bridle management; in others, where quagmires, peat-moss, and brooks abound, the sagacious animals go invariably at a canter; and the rider requires to be on his guard constantly, lest a flying leap over what his well-instructed steed knows to be unsound footing, should startle him into a somersault.

In the more remote islands, families of a humble rank are perhaps the best off for society; those of a higher grade are, in some situations, nearly deprived of any congenial acquaintanceship, and, to fill up the void, are accustomed to occupy their leisure with attention to the animal creation, in all the varieties within their reach. Ponies, dogs, cats, gulls, geese, seals, and sea-otters are among the ordinary domestic pets; and it is astonishing how friendly all live with each other; an otter and dog being perhaps seen gamboling together round the kitchen-fire, or nestling on the same couch. Seals are not easily tamed. We have frequently attempted to rear the cubs of two species common in these islands; but unsuccessfully, except in one instance. She was captured in a dangerous and almost inaccessible cave, after a severe struggle, when a few weeks old. From her having acquired vigour by the ordinary nursing of the mother, she was easily fed on fish (of which she devoured an incredible quantity), and grew very rapidly; but,

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on the other hand, she never lost altogether her native ferocity, nor would suffer herself to be touched, or even too nearly approached, by any but the individual who had her peculiarly in charge; and, strange to say, with that person she was, from the first, confiding and gentle. After a time, however, she became much more domestic, traversing the house, apparently seeking society or caressing language, of which she seemed exceedingly sensible. The unreclaimable wildness of her nature was then only perceivable in the piercing glance and strikingly intelligent expression of her large and beautiful eyes. Her voice was singularly expressive, and of various modulation. Plaintively pleasing and prolonged were the notes when singing her own lullaby, or perhaps one might fancy (we often did) that she pensively mourned for her native haunts of rocks, billows, and freedom. When impatient for food, her cry was precisely like that of a child; when disturbed or irritated, it was the short howl of a dog. Her gait on land was awkward, and apparently uneasy, as she was always anxious to be carried the few hundred yards' distance to the water; and there, indeed, her motions were all grace and ease; diving for amusement, or after the pieces of fish which were thrown to her, or else presenting an air of the haughtiest and most dignified defiance to the Newfoundland dog, which, on his part, anxious as he ever was to encounter a wounded seal, dared not too familiarly or nearly approach the ferocious glance of that expressive countenance.

It appears that diving is necessary for the health of these animals. They usually remain from a few minutes to a quarter of an hour under water; their blood then becomes more venoid; and with this condition their brain appears formed most to agree. It is imagined to be this condition of the blood that gives rise to the powerful odour of coal-tar, or carburetted hydrogen gas, emitted from their bodies both dead and alive. I have observed it to be more powerful from this animal when angry, or just after returning from her daily visit to her native element. Our *sealchie* lived with us for six months, and grew to the size of above seven feet. She was then permitted to go at large on the sea; but on being called, though at a considerable distance, she would immediately answer in the plaintive sound expressive of pleasure and recognition; and on returning to the house, we would soon find her swim to land, and patiently wait on the beach for her carriage; or else, if called and encouraged, make her ungainly way over stones, grass, and gravel-walks to the lodge appointed for her. She was thus amusing herself on the sea one day, when a sudden storm of snow came on, and we observed one or two wild seals of the smaller species swimming about her: the clouds thickened, the snow drifted from the land, and we never saw our interesting protégée again, though a boat was instantly sent in search of her. We conjectured that she had been attracted round a point of the land by the wild ones during the thickness of the

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weather; for next day our favourite found her way into a neighbouring inlet, not to be welcomed and regaled with warm milk, as she had been accustomed to, but, when she confidently approached the dwelling of man, only to be knocked on the head and eagerly despatched (we hope thoughtlessly, though she was well known in the island) for the sake of her skin and blubber. Poor Finna! long wast thou regretted, and bitterly was thy cruel fate lamented.

Several pairs of the white-tailed or sea eagle breed in the cliffs and precipices of Shetland. Some years ago, an adventurous climber scaled one of these cliffs, and made prisoner an unfledged eaglet from the nest. It was carried to a young gentleman in a neighbouring island, and in time grew to be a very large and noble bird, but never became in the least degree tamed. A hut was built for his dwelling-place, and he was permitted to go at large, with his wing clipped, to prevent escape; but the only dispositions he ever displayed were fierceness and voracity. Many a poor straggling hen and duck became the victims of the savage guest; even the person who approached him with food was fiercely attacked; and the servants preferred many weighty complaints regarding torn garments and wounded hands. At length fears were entertained for the little children just beginning to run about the premises, as even the thatched roof of his hut was not sufficient to resist the force of his efforts to escape confinement, and after a sojourn of eighteen months he was reluctantly destroyed. Another eagle, of the same species, but a full-grown one, was captured in a very surprising manner by a daring fowler, whose favourite recreation it was to scale, fearless and alone, the dizzy precipice, every nook and cranny of which was familiar to his footsteps. This man had been aware for several years that a pair of eagles built on an almost inaccessible point of a cliff several hundred feet high. Long he had searched for their nest; but in vain. At length he stumbled upon it one day by accident, but imprudently, as it turned out, carried off the only egg it contained. Again he visited the spot; but no nest was there. The parent birds had been aware of the spoiler's visit, and removed their residence to a place still more concealed and inaccessible. Not discouraged, the enthusiastic cragsman renewed his search; and, after a patient cowering among the rocks in the face of the precipice, he saw the eagles at their nest, but in a situation so lofty, and encompassed by so many difficulties, that it appeared altogether beyond his reach. The daring cragsman, however, resolved to make the attempt; and after many perils, and much fatigue in climbing, he reached the wished-for spot. He saw three eggs in the nest; but, rendered wise by experience, he resolved to wait till they were hatched, and contented himself with carefully marking the situation, and the safest approach to it. It was not always that, daring as was our cragsman, the state of the rocks, of the weather, and of his own feelings, permitted him to make the dizzy attempt. At length,

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one season he accomplished it. On reaching the place, he perceived the white tail of the parent bird, as, brooding on the nest, it projected over the shelf of rock on which she had built. With dauntless bravery, perceiving that she was not aware of his approach, he flung himself on the back of the powerful and ferocious bird. She seemed to be at once cowed and overcome by the might and majesty of man, before whose glance, we have been often told, the fiercest beasts of the desert quail. In what a situation was our adventurer now! standing on a flat ledge of rock, a few feet square, a precipice overhanging a hundred feet above him, while underneath, at six times that distance, roared the abyss of ocean, and screaming overhead soared the male eagle, as if hesitating whether or not to attack the spoiler. We can hardly imagine a more dreadful, nay, sublime position: but the cool courage and self-possession of the cragsman carried him safely through the adventure. First he twisted the strong wings of the bird together; loosening one garter, with it he bound her bill, and with the other her legs. Thus fettered and gagged, she lay quietly at his mercy, and he paused a moment to draw breath, and ask himself if it were possible that he had accomplished a feat so extraordinary. Much he wished to preserve his captive uninjured, to make his triumph appear the more questionless and complete; but thus loaded, he could not have attempted the dangerous path by which he had to return; so, after a few anxious cogitations, he threw his prize over the precipice. Bound and helpless, she dashed from rock to rock as she fell, till she rested on a point which he knew was quite easily accessible to him, and then he took his eager and joyful, though, to any other than himself, hazardous path, to where she lay, struggling yet with the remains of life, so that it became a matter of humanity to finish her death at once. Her bereaved mate followed the successful spoiler on his homeward way that evening, soaring low, and screaming fearfully; but he has never been seen since. To his indulgent landlord the adventurer carried his extraordinary prize, and told his tale with modest enthusiasm, receiving a handsome present when he had finished, as well as unqualified praise for his brave and daring deed.

Ponies, I have said, are the only means of travelling in this generally roadless country. What the camel is to the Arabian, the pony is to the Shetlander. Without boats for external, and ponies for internal communication, the islands would indeed be very unendurable. Ponies form a remarkable feature in all the larger rural establishments. Left very much to themselves, and growing up without the refinements of grooming, troops of these hardy animals may be seen browsing on the hills and heaths, and flocking on occasions to the shelter which the walls of the outhouses afford. In summer, these diminutive specimens of the pachydermata—diminutive, probably, from climate and slender fare—thrive on the wide wastes; but in winter they are to be pitied for their privations.



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At this inclement season, when a storm is apprehended, the farmer and his family are careful in seeing that the flock of ponies comes home for food and protection. Arriving at a trot from the hills, all go out to welcome them. There they are, twelve, twenty, thirty, perhaps so many as forty of them, old and young. A scanty meal of hay or coarse dried grass is given them, while the young people endeavour to keep the elder animals from sponging on the younger; for when their own share is finished, the old horses are very apt to be domineering and vicious to their own kind, as well as voracious, and sometimes kick off the others, and injure them to the breaking of a limb. They therefore require to be watched when thus fed in numbers together. Next morning the ground is covered with snow; the ponies scrape the fleecy carpet with their feet, endeavouring to obtain a mouthful; and morning and evening they receive from their protectors a spare meal as before. A very stormy night is apprehended, and some young or weakly foal, peradventure the pet of one of the little girls, walks into the kitchen, and there very quietly and demurely takes up his quarters, to the great delight of the children, who run to feed him from time to time with oat-cake or potatoes, and a draught of sweet warm milk, all which attentions he receives with becoming gravity.

These hardy little horses are never stabled; the side of a house, or of a stone wall, is all the shelter they receive; and many of their companions are left to do as they best may on their native hills and shores, receiving, during a long snow, a handful of hay or straw once every two or three days, and sustaining their life chiefly by seeking the beach, and eating the drift sea-weed, of which cows are also fond, and eat freely. It is observed amongst us that the horse is not nearly so sagacious or affectionate as the cow, and is much more selfish and obstinate. However much he may be indulged or taken notice of, he very rarely displays definite attachment or discriminating sagacity: he will, indeed, carry his rider safely home through a thick mist or drifting snow, if the reins are resigned to him, thus in all probability avoiding a plunge in a snow-wreath or a flounder in a quagmire; but so will any animal seek and find its native place, or the shed where it is accustomed to receive food.

The Shetland pony, however, is docile, rarely vicious, and admirably adapted for the half-savage life he is doomed to lead in these islands, where even the steeds kept for the family's use in riding receive little better usage than the rest, and never know the luxuries of currying, stabling, or supping on oats. Some of these ponies are very diminutive; the largest are about eleven hands; while some do not exceed thirty-three or even thirty inches. One of the latter, a dun-coloured mare of exquisite symmetry, could stand under a dining-table, and a lady who is rather *petite* could seat herself on its back without lifting her feet from the ground. This gentle and beautiful creature was lost by falling over a precipice, but the foal

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she had with her was found, and carefully nourished, and is still alive; the same in colour, but rather larger than its dam. The breed of ponies is degenerating within these few years; for the handsomest and best are usually exported. Only one circumstance—and it is rather a melancholy one—is in favour of the breed, namely, that the late severe seasons have carried off the weakly ones in hundreds. The trying and variable Shetland winter may thus prove a necessary and beneficial, though it may be a rough regenerator.

Of the cow I have little to say; she is staid and matronly, and well treated, as she always deserves to be; her milk, though small in quantity, is peculiarly rich. Oxen are almost always employed in the plough, or the light cart used on the proprietors' farms. The ox is very sagacious, docile, patient, and enduring. Only one we ever saw was inveterately obstinate, and averse to labour. He was a young and beautiful animal, milk-white, without a spot. He used invariably to fall down when about to be yoked, as if deprived of the use of his joints; and no coaxing or beating could induce him to rise, so that it required five or six men to set him on his legs. He appeared in good plight, but almost everybody supposed he was really weak, so well did he feign; till one day his owner came with a powerful horse-whip, and gave him a severe chastisement, to the no small surprise and scandal of the bystanders at the imagined cruelty of this procedure; however, ere long, the ox started up with the greatest agility, and that day worked steadily and vigorously, as he had done indeed for a few weeks before this fancy struck him. Next morning, however, again he lay as if dead or dying; but the instant the author of his castigation appeared at some distance coming towards him, he jumped up as before. This was often repeated; but as his master could not be always at hand, and he was found utterly incorrigible, and not amenable to any other discipline whatever, he was reluctantly devoted to the knife.

Last season, after much procrastination, and with many regrets, we were compelled to sign the death-warrant of a very old and faithful servant, a work-ox, who had reached his twenty-first year, and was still, to all appearance, in possession of as much activity and vigour as ever. No animal could by possibility be more docile, sagacious, and affectionate; he distinctly knew and acknowledged, under any circumstances, the persons belonging to his owner's family, or who were accustomed to drive him; and he was so perfectly aware of what was required of him, that one would have imagined he understood human language. Though it is a defect in the character of the lower class of Shetlanders, that they only value their animals for the use they can make of them, and indulge in no sentiment towards even the most attached of their dumb dependents, yet of this animal, all who knew him said he was so intelligent as to be able to do everything but speak; nor could any but strangers be got to butcher him at last, so well was he known.

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and so highly appreciated. I may just add, that his flesh was finely flavoured and tender, as well as fat, and that it is quite usual in Shetland to keep both cows and oxen to the age of sixteen or eighteen years before slaughtering them.

Sheep are a leading source of revenue to the Shetland farmers and proprietors, the short scanty herbage being suitable for these animals. On every islet having food for no more than one or two sheep, there are they found, being taken and brought away in boats by the shepherds at the proper seasons. The mutton of the Shetland sheep is highly flavoured and dark coloured, like the Welsh; but the animal is as much prized for its wool as its flesh. The wool is exceedingly soft and fine, and this quality appears to arise from peculiarities in the climate and herbage; for when the animals are removed to more southerly latitudes, or to better pastures, their wool degenerates. Nature is always bountiful in providing a covering suitable to the necessities of animal existence. Less as an article of export than of home manufacture is the wool of Shetland prized by the natives. The manufacture is domestic, and affords universal employment. While the hardy adventurous fisherman seeks his livelihood on the dangerous ocean, the females of his family add materially to their too often scanty resources, and at least always provide their own clothing by the produce of their knitting, which is, indeed, the only remunerating branch of industry within their reach. The wool is so fine that it may be spun into a thread as small as one of cambric, and this on a common lint-wheel. Some idea of this may be formed from the fact that one thousand yards are frequently spun from one ounce of wool, each thread being threefold, or three thousand yards in all! Stockings knitted from thread of this quality are so light and fine as to be capable of being drawn through a finger-ring, and for such, so high a price as two guineas, and even more, has been paid. These used to be the most *recherché* articles of Shetland manufacture; but within these few years the cottage girls knit a variety of elegant shawls and scarfs in numerous ingenious patterns, mostly their own invention, which are as beautiful as lace, and not above three or four ounces in weight. These shawls and scarfs, generally pure white, or of a dark gray, are now largely exported to Edinburgh, where they are purchased by ladies as an elegant article of dress. Some have likewise found their way to London, where they are sold at an enormously high price, considering the original cost, and where also they are, like everything rare and valuable, the subject of commonplace imitation. Political economists may perhaps allege that, by employing machinery, the Shetlanders would make more of their wool; but this I take leave to doubt. The time occupied by the females in knitting costs nothing, and is generally worth nothing; while the employment is not only profitable, but amusing.

Unless when afflicted with the calamity of a bad harvest, or a

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failure of the white-fishing, the small farmer of Shetland enjoys a reasonable degree of comfort and satisfaction in his existence. Meal, potatoes, and milk his farm affords; and fuel in abundance is included in his holding. Fish, and oil for the lamp, the bountiful ocean at his cottage-door supplies. On the common or hill, he has the right to keep as many ponies, sheep, and geese as he can attend to, without boundary or restriction, merely putting his own proper mark on them, to distinguish his property; pigs and poultry, of course, also, he need never want. His cottage is, for the most part, about thirty feet long, and from ten to fifteen wide; the walls low, and built of stone and clay, but sometimes with lime, and often plastered inside and outside with mortar; the roof covered with turf, and then scantily thatched. It consists of two divisions: the larger and outer one is the common family apartment, with an earthen floor; it has no chimney, but only a hole in the roof above a raised hearth at the one end; the beds, enclosed like a cupboard, and one over the other as on shipboard, serve as a partition from the smaller or *ben end*; this latter is wooden-roofed and floored, is the sleeping-place of the heads of the family, a parlour in which to receive guests, provided with a glazed window and a chimney, but no grate; the peats, indeed, burn much better and more cheerily on the ample well-swept hearth. Sometimes the space above this latter room is boarded in, and forms a sleeping-place for the young men of the family. Very few households do not consist of double families; a son or daughter, and often both, or two, when married, remain with the parents, share the labour and the rent-paying, and thus form quite a patriarchal household, with a community of comforts which separate establishments could not so easily afford. Sociality is greatly desired by the Shetlanders, and no pride in having a house of her own can compensate to a youthful wife for the gossip of her sisters, or the indulgence of her parents' society.

There is one consequence of the association of these family groups which is sometimes lamentable. The father, sons, and sons-in-law frequently purchase a boat for themselves (it is, indeed, their grand object of ambition to do so), or they insist on being placed together for the fishing by their landlord. Should that boat be lost at sea, what desolation falls on one unfortunate family! It has happened very lately that one female has in this way lost husband, sons, and brother at a stroke.

For such a cottage as I have described, with its appurtenances, and as much land fit for tillage as may measure six to eight acres, the rent is from £4 to £7. The tenants hold their farms from year to year, and they invariably prefer this to leases, though often the same family keeps the same farm from generation to generation. The mode of agriculture would be called slovenly elsewhere, but the soil being poor and shallow, it is perhaps best adapted to the circumstances. Ploughs are little used by the peasantry: the spade

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alone is employed, and it is a primitive and unique implement. The blade is only  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, and the same broad : the handle is 45 inches long. Three or four persons stand in a row together, press their spades into the ground with the right foot on the small cross-bar, and then simultaneously turn over the turf thus loosened, and step onwards to the right, till the breadth of the furrow is reached. Children, or the weakest hands, are placed in the middle positions, where the strength required is least ; and thus it is amazing how much ground will be turned over in a spring day. The very light harrow is more frequently drawn by a man or woman than by the ponies, which, after the hard winter, are in the labouring season so weak as to be unfit for work. No seed is ever sown in autumn ; but it is a pity that, during the winter, the peasant fisherman thinks too little of his *land* employ : he will hang on in desultory idleness, looking out for a favourable moment to go a-fishing, when he could turn his industry to far better account by keeping his turf fences in proper repair, and especially by collecting manure and making composts, the materials for which are in general suffered to go to entire loss. Sea-weed, for instance, so valuable for the ground, is often allowed to be swept away by the next tide, when, collected, it would fertilise many a field. Kelp is hardly ever made in Shetland now, but the sea-weed called *tangle* is eaten freely by ponies, cattle, and sheep during each ebb of the tide in winter.

Fish of course form at least two of the meals in a Shetland cottage daily. The young of the coal-fish (*Gadus carbonarius*) swarm in every bay and creek of these, in some respects, therefore favoured islands. In their first year's growth, they are about six inches long, and called *sillacks*. About the month of March ensuing, they have grown to the length of about fifteen inches, when they receive the name of *piltacks*. After this period they thrive very fast, attaining the ordinary size of the cod-fish, when they are called *saithes*. So abundant and constant is the supply of the young of this fish, that whenever weather will allow a small boat to swim, they are caught with a rod and shell-fish bait, or with an artificial fly, every evening, even in the winter months. Women and boys also fish them from the rocks in the same manner ; and they often set into the creeks in shoals, when a small net stretched on a hoop, being dipped into the sea, is lifted out full. Their livers yield a large supply of oil, and the fish are prepared for food in every variety of way ; but, as I mentioned before, are preferred when they have been hung up to *sour* for a few days. The liquor in which fish have been boiled is given to calves and pigs ; but very rarely is the fish given to animals, though it is done, I believe, in Norway, and on the coasts of the Red Sea.

On the whole, the mode of living of the Shetland peasantry gives one a favourable impression of their character and situation. They are far superior to the generality of Irish or Highland homes,

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and, besides, they are for the most part kept very orderly. The pigsty is always outside ; the little barn is constructed on one end, entering from the house, or occasionally it is placed across the entrance-door, and thus serves as a porch-shelter to the dwelling ; and the cow-house is beyond that again. Inside, with the family, a fostered lamb in winter, or a young calf, may be seen in a corner, sharing the children's meals, and thriving like them ; the fowls, too, are generally picking up the crumbs, so that from warmth and good feeding, they often lay eggs all winter. Occasionally the dwellings are smoky, and personally the people are not very cleanly in their habits ; but they have plenty of fresh air, and abundant springs of the purest water ; and swarms of healthy children, and many very aged persons, attest the favourable circumstances of their lot. Very few young children die : epidemics and convulsions are the rarest things possible. Rheumatism, from the moistness of the climate, is common among all classes ; and pulmonary diseases are also unfortunately too general.\*

In Shetland the adult female population greatly preponderates. When the young men grow up, they go off as sailors, few of them ever to return ; and accidents at sea sweep off the prime of manhood : thus the population is in some measure checked, though it has, as elsewhere, greatly increased during the last seventy years. As to clothing, one sees nothing like the squalid rags common in many other parts. Coarse household-made woollens, and bare head and feet, are indeed the home costume of some of the old and of the very young ; but most of the females take pride in being neatly clad ; and this they are able to effect by the returns for their knitting. On Sunday at the churches, therefore, may be seen men and women most respectably, the young girls even tastefully dressed. As respects personal appearance, the stranger will not fail to notice the fair hair, blue eyes, and spare figure which betoken a Scandinavian ancestry.

As in Scotland, there are always schools in each parish—one supported by the heritors, and others by the General Assembly, or the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge. These are so generally taken advantage of, even at great distances, that there are

\* Superstitions of various kinds are still common among the less educated inhabitants of Shetland, and one in relation to the cure of scrofula is thus alluded to by the Rev. J. Robertson, in his description of Mid and South Yell, in the *New Statistical Account of Scotland* : ' For the cure of this fatal disorder, nothing, even at the present day, is deemed so effectual as the royal touch ! And as a substitute for the actual living finger of royalty, a few crowns and half-crowns of the coinage of the first Charles, carefully handed down from father to son, have been effectual, both here and in every other parish in Shetland, towards removing this disease, and that to an extent which may appear somewhat incredible to many whose minds, in reference to the healing virtue still inherent in royalty, may be in a more sophisticated state than those of her Majesty's subjects in this latitude. Be this as it may, there are few localities in Shetland in which a living evidence is not to be found of one said to have been " cured by the coin," and who would instantly be pointed at as a sufficient evidence to warrant confidence in its efficacy, should it happen that a doubt at any time rested thereon.'

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none of the present generation, it is believed, who cannot read well and many can write. The Shetlanders are not, however, fond of reading and improving their minds like so many of the Scottish peasantry. Perhaps want of books may repress the development of any literary taste; and if so, it is to be regretted; for if they liked books more, and had the means, through popular libraries, of gratifying this inclination, they would undoubtedly be more intelligent and prosperous.

Besides retaining the old style in the computation of time, the Shetlanders retain another ancient usage, nowhere else, I suppose, to be found in Britain—namely, that of each generation adopting a new surname, drawn from the Christian name of the father. Thus, the son of James Robertson would not be called Robertson; he would receive the name of Jameson; and so on with all other names. This causes a great confusion of names to a stranger, besides being otherwise inconvenient, and the practice ought by all means to be abandoned. The women, after marriage, always retain their maiden names; but this is also a custom among the Lowland Scotch.

From these sketches it may be gathered that, inclement as is the situation and climate of Shetland, its people are far from being objects of commiseration; nor are they, in point of conduct and habits, to be classed with the unruly population of many lands more favoured by nature. Great crimes are rare amongst them, and nowhere is there any fear of petty depredations. The inhabitant of a great city, who at night bolts his doors and windows, to guard against the midnight thief, and is ever in dread of spoliation, might envy the freedom from care of the Shetland householder, who fears no thieves, and scarcely knows the use of chains or locks. Formerly, the meanest point in the character of the Shetlanders was their acquisitiveness in the case of wrecks on their coast; but this vice, through the rigours of recent acts of parliament, is greatly modified, if not extirpated. Although intemperance in the use of intoxicating liquors could be cited as an unfortunate feature in some departments of the population, Shetland is still more remarkable for the ineconomic use of a beverage which is ordinarily considered the antagonist of intemperance—I allude to tea. No kind of beverage is so much relished by the female peasantry of Shetland as tea.\* To get tea they will venture as great and as unprincipled lengths as any dram-drinker

\*About £25,000 worth of bohea is annually entered at the custom-house in Lerwick, besides which, a great quantity is smuggled by Dutch fishing-boats. One poor man, in the parish of Bressay, who had the expensive infiction of a tea-drinking wife, was cheated by her secretly selling his goods to obtain tea. He was observed once to purchase the same peck of meal three times over in one week, being always assured that his children had eaten it. A Highland laird once remarked, that the Scotch peasantry were ruined by forsaking 'the good old porridge of their ancestors.'—*Shetland and the Shetlanders*, by Catherine Sinclair.

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will go for his favourite liquor. The wool that ought to clothe the family, the oil and butter that should pay the rent, nay, the meal and potatoes that, carefully husbanded, are to feed the children, are all unscrupulously sold or bartered for tea. The females are the chief tea-drinkers, and often without the knowledge of their husbands, whose humble means are pilfered in order to gratify this ruling propensity. Tea is a universal means of payment for any little services in Shetland. An errand will be run for a small quantity of tea; some spinning will be done for tea; and tea will form a most acceptable present on leaving a dwelling where you have received any attentions. The quantity of tobacco and spirits consumed is also considerable; and it is from an excessive indulgence in these foreign luxuries, that the Shetland peasant is kept lower in the scale of poverty than he has any just reason to be. Latterly, the introduction of a poor-law has led to dismal consequences. The pressure of the rates acts severely on property, and it would almost appear as if the abject poor were in a fair way of absorbing the rental of the islands.

With all the interesting associations of this group of islands, things are not what we could wish. Remote, and with a generally inclement climate, Shetland is unhappily situated. Great efforts have lately been made to introduce improvements of various kinds. The latest and not the least important measure of the kind has been the connecting Lerwick with Orkney and the mainland by a telegraphic wire, by which, in a way, the principal islands are brought within an intimate relationship with the great centres of intelligence. There is likewise a growing interest in the public mind regarding Shetland. Trips to it by steamer from Granton (a port in the Firth of Forth, near Edinburgh) are more common than formerly. The islands are also visited nearly every year by the *Pharos*, a large and commodious steamer belonging to the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses, for the purpose of inspecting the lighthouses on the coast; one of these being situated on a rocky islet at the extremity of Unst, the most northern habitable spot in the British Islands. By this vessel, the Commissioners, in 1867, visited the solitary island of Foula, which lies between Shetland and Orkney, and is out of the way of ordinary navigators. Here, the inhabitants live in so remarkably primitive and simple a manner, that crime and the more odious vices of civilised society are unknown. On the next page is subjoined a small wood-cut of Foula, which, at its western extremity, presents a lofty precipice of red sandstone to the everlasting buffetings of the Atlantic.

## RETURN TO SCOTLAND.

For several days no cutter appeared, and I began to fancy that the rumour of her visit to the Sound of Yell must have been a



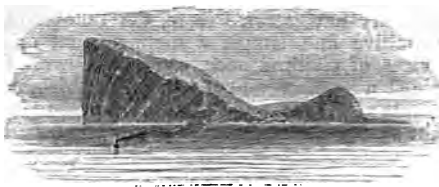
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mistake; at length she was seen entering Balta Sound, and in due time came to anchor not far from our residence. By the politeness of my Shetland friends, I was introduced to the commander, a gentleman well known on these shores, and was kindly offered by him a passage to Kirkwall; the offer was to me the more acceptable, for he proposed to sail down the western coast of the islands.

It was a sad parting with the good folks of Unst, who would not let me go till I had promised, if at all possible, once more to spend a month with them in some succeeding summer. A fine breeze having sprung up, the sails of the cutter were shaken out, and we soon sped rapidly on our course. In the evening, we were off the coast of Northmaven, a peninsula of the mainland of Shetland, which, as it died away on the horizon, reminded me of the carol of the poetic Claud Halcro:

'Farewell to Northmaven;  
Gray Hillswicke, farewell!  
To the calms of thy haven,  
The storms on thy fell—  
To each breeze that can vary  
The mood of thy main,  
And to thee, bonny Mary!  
We meet not again.'

How, during a run of three days in one of the handsomest of her Majesty's cruisers, I was kindly entertained by my new naval friends in a way I can never forget—how I reached Kirkwall in Orkney, and bade them adieu, must all be left to the vivid imagination of the reader. Again catching the steamer, I was in due course borne, with twenty other passengers, to Wick, and thence to Aberdeen and Leith, without a single adventure to form the subject of an anecdote. And so ends my account of a month's visit to Shetland.





## STORY OF LAVALETTE.

### EARLY LIFE.

**M**ARIE CHAMANS, COUNT DE LAVALETTE, was born at Paris in 1769, his father, it is said, having been an obscure but honest shopkeeper. Being seen to be of a quick apprehension, an effort was made to give him a good education, in order to fit him for one of the learned professions. The church appears to have been what his father ultimately destined him for, as he wore for some time the dress of an abbé ; but feeling a disinclination to the clerical profession, he afterwards studied the law, and was preparing to become a barrister, when an entire change was given to his feelings by the outburst of the Revolution. Ardent in the cause of social regeneration, he espoused the revolutionary doctrines, and became an officer in the National Guard ; but soon he was shocked at the sanguinary excesses which were committed in the sacred name of liberty, and shrunk from the cause. With a heroic disregard of his own safety, he now attached himself to the falling fortunes of Louis XVI., and narrowly escaped with his life when, defending the royal family alongside the Swiss Guard, at the storming of the Tuileries, on the memorable 10th of August 1792.

The horrors to which this formed a prelude, drove the indignant young national guardsman to join, at the suggestion of his friend

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and comrade Bertrand, a few young men in seeking service in the French armies abroad. What the party underwent and witnessed in traversing France, at the time in a state of wild commotion, made Lavalette doubly rejoice on joining his regiment; and though the change was at first very great from the ease and comfort of his father's house, to the hardships of a common soldier's life, yet his good-conduct and attention to his duties soon insured his promotion, while his superior education and love of reading led him to devote the scanty leisure of a camp, and all the energies of a strong mind, to acquiring a scientific knowledge of his future profession. While yet only a sergeant, his colonel discovered his merits, and gave him lessons in strategy and fortification, and the construction of military maps.

From the rank of sergeant, young Lavalette rose, by good-conduct and abilities, to that of lieutenant, in which with his brother-officers, all equally poor, he endured many privations when on active service. Of naturally good feelings, and repugnant to everything like the butchery of warfare, he was at first shocked with the horrors of an engagement, and quailed before the storm of bullets to which he was exposed. Viewing this as a weakness of character, he mentions in his memoirs that he resolved to conquer it, and achieve greater strength of mind. Speaking of the part he acted in the army of the Rhine, he observes: 'When I joined, I was full of enthusiasm and desire to do right, but I had only confused ideas of war, and was wholly without experience. I had never yet seen an enemy, and was much taken up as to how I should behave in my first action. It was my good-fortune to be attached to the division under General Dessaix, whose air of calm cheerfulness under the most murderous fire, first taught me that there is no true valour without those fundamental requisites. I took myself severely to task; I found I had not steadiness to keep my horse in the line of the bullets; nay, that I even sometimes caught myself taking a circuit when I might have pushed straightforwards. I felt ashamed of such paltry manœuvres, and got the better of myself so completely, that at last even grape-shot ceased to give me any annoyance. This was by no means the work of a day. How often had I to turn back and take my place in the thick of the fire, and in the midst of the sharpshooters! But when I had stayed there a good while, I was pleased with myself, and that is so satisfactory! It was this moral courage perhaps which made me worthy of being aide-de-camp to the conqueror of Italy, and contributed to gain me his esteem. To it also I am indebted for having borne prosperity with moderation; and when evil days came, what did I not owe to its invaluable aid!'

At Milan, after the battle of Arcola, he was attached as an aide-de-camp to Bonaparte, who, more than any other man, had the talent of selecting able individuals to assist him in his enterprises. Chosen from among a host of eager competitors to execute some dashing

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manœuvres, Lavalette acquitted himself satisfactorily in them all. On one occasion, when wounded in a perilous expedition into the Tyrol, he was complimented by Bonaparte, who said to him, in presence of the army: 'Lavalette, you have behaved like a brave fellow; when I write the history of this campaign, you shall not be forgotten'—a promise he lived to fulfil.

But it was to other than military qualities that the young officer owed his general's special favour. It was his solid information, his acute spirit of observation, his marvellous sagacity, and, above all, the propriety of his manners, which Bonaparte (a great admirer of good-breeding) so highly appreciated; and at a subsequent period shewed that he did so, by employing him first in the most delicate and difficult political missions, and afterwards in an important post in the state.

Desirous at once of rewarding and attaching to himself his confidential agent with the Directory, at a time when he had as yet little in his power in the way of recompense, Napoleon sought to promote his protégé's interests by uniting him in marriage with the amiable heroine of our story, Mademoiselle Emilie de Beauharnais.

This lady was the daughter of François, Marquis de Beauharnais, the elder brother of Alexander, Viscount de Beauharnais, first husband to Josephine, and father of Eugène: Emilie and Eugène thus were cousins. At the period to which we refer, Emilie was receiving her education in the well-known seminary of Madame Campan, where she had been placed with the concurrence of her aunt Josephine, now the wife of General Bonaparte. The manner in which Josephine, widowed by the execution of her husband, Viscount de Beauharnais, became known to Bonaparte is worth mentioning.

After putting down, by the most unscrupulous exercise of the military means in his power, the insurrections by which Paris was still harassed, Bonaparte issued peremptory orders for disarming the citizens, and weapons of every description were obliged to be given up. Among these, Madame Beauharnais was about to deliver up her late husband's sword, when her son Eugène, a boy of thirteen, threw himself on it, and declared that nothing in the world should induce him to part with it. The functionary employed refused to leave it without the express authority of General Bonaparte, but offered to take the boy to him. The beauty of the child, his deep emotion, the warmth and *naïveté* of his entreaties, and his father's well-known name and fame, all combined to touch the general. He gave him leave to retain his beloved sword, and begged to be introduced to his mother. She was young, amiable, and possessed a grace beyond beauty's self. The conqueror saw, loved, and married her; and their union, long even more happy than it was brilliant, owed its origin to a trait of filial piety to the memory of a beloved parent.

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Now united to Josephine, Bonaparte considered himself entitled to negotiate the marriage of Emilie, and in looking about for a match, none appeared to him so eligible as that of his favourite aide-de-camp, Lavalette. Sudden and energetic in all his movements, Bonaparte adopted the idea of the marriage when on the eve of his expedition to Egypt, in which, as a matter of course, his aide-de-camp was to accompany him. In vain did Lavalette remonstrate against so hasty and ill-timed a union, urging the probable disinclination of the young lady, and the chance of her being left a widow.

'In that case, and supposing the worst,' said her imperious uncle, 'she will be the widow of one of my aides-de-camp, and enjoy a pension and a place in society. As she is, the daughter of an emigré, no one will look at her, even under my wife's wing; and 'tis a pity, for she is a nice, pretty, accomplished, well brought-up girl. Come! marry her you must, and within eight days. I'll give you a fortnight's leave afterwards.'

'At first I only laughed,' says Lavalette, 'during this harangue; then I began to get serious, and said: "But the young lady!—I would not for the world force her inclination."'

'Oh, she is a child. She must by this time be dead tired of school, and never would be happy at her mother's. While you are away, she can go and live with her grandfather at Fontainebleau. You will not be killed, and in two years you will be back to her. Come! 'tis a settled thing. I'll talk of it to my wife.'

On the evening of the day in which this proposal was broached, Lavalette visited Josephine, who expressed her satisfaction with the match, and promised to take him next day to St Germain's, to introduce him to her niece.

'Next morn, accordingly,' says Lavalette, 'we—that is, Bonaparte, Josephine, her son Eugène, and I—got into a carriage, and drove to Madame Campan's. It was a great event; and as a holiday had been given, all the girls were either at the windows or in the drawing-room. We adjourned to the garden, and amid this flock of forty young ladies I looked out with no small anxiety for my intended. Her cousin Hortense soon brought her forward to salute her aunt and the general; and I was not sorry to recognise in her really the prettiest person present; a fine tall figure, full of grace and elegance, a beautiful complexion, heightened by natural confusion, but, withal, a timidity and embarrassment which set the emperor a-laughing. It was settled that we should breakfast in the garden on the grass. For my own part, I confess I was very thoughtful. Would this sweet creature be mine, or at least would she obey without reluctance? And if she did, this abrupt marriage and sudden departure were sufficiently annoying.'

'When the party broke up, I requested Eugène to lead his cousin into a solitary walk, where I joined them, and he left us together. I then opened the conversation, and concealed from her neither my

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birth nor my lack of fortune. "I have only," said I, "my sword and the good-will of the general; and in a fortnight I must bid you adieu. Open your heart as freely as I do mine. I feel that I could love you with all my soul; but this on one side only will not suffice. If this union is not to your taste, confide in me frankly, and I engage to find a pretext for breaking it off without your secret transpiring, or your being tormented on the subject."

'Without raising her eyes, which had been bent on the ground during the whole of my address, she answered it by a timid smile, and by putting into my hand the bouquet which she carried in hers. I embraced her, and we returned slowly to the party. Eight days after, we were married, not only civilly at the municipality, but in the chapel of a convent by a little, nonjuring, concealed priest, a thing at that time all but absolutely prohibited, but on which Emilie insisted, for her piety was as sincere as it was fervent. When a very few days after, I quitted her for Toulon, it was without a formal farewell, which would have been too painful for both. Eighteen months later, I returned to falsify my own evil auguries. Of eight aides-de-camp, four had perished—Julien and Sulkowski murdered by the Arabs, Croisier killed at St Jean d'Acre, and Guibert at the battle of Aboukir. Duroc and Eugène Beauharnais were severely wounded; Mulin and I alone escaped unscathed.'

We are left to gather from other sources what Lavalette's modesty forbade him to mention, that this impunity was the more wonderful, from his being foremost in all the most perilous encounters of the romantic Egyptian campaigns, during which he rarely left Bonaparte, at whose side he fought at the battles of the Pyramids and Mount Tabor, as well as at the murderous siege of St Jean d'Acre. The prominent part borne in these conflicts by our gallant countrymen has made them matter of British history, and would render repetition of their details useless. A few anecdotes only of a more personal nature, from the graphic pages of Lavalette's memoirs, who to the close of life loved to dwell on scenes which his education and temperament rendered doubly interesting, may be preserved from oblivion.

On one occasion he was ordered on a mission of no small difficulty and danger to Ali Pasha, whose character of Djezzar, or 'the butcher,' and his notorious want of faith and humanity, rendered the fate of any envoy to his barbaric court extremely doubtful. Fortunately, the pasha was absent; but Lavalette, though much relieved, had only escaped one danger to encounter another. Being ordered to sea, for the purpose of bringing tidings of the French fleet expected on the coast, he was chased and nearly captured by an English frigate, ere he could get on board *L'Orient* to communicate with the commander-in-chief, Admiral Brueys. He was not even here in security, or in a creditable situation, and he was anxious to leave the vessel, which had already landed a large part of the forces it had brought from France. After a long conversation with

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the admiral, 'I walked,' says he, 'alone during the night up and down this immense vessel of 130 guns, without meeting a single soul. I could have fancied myself in the cathedral of Notre Dame; and what added to the singularity of this solitude was, that, before being reduced by the disembarkation, its complement, now reduced to 600 persons, had been 2145! The more I contemplated this vast half-manned citadel, the less desire I felt to take part in the conflict. In fact, not being a marine officer, my evident duty was to rejoin the general. In the event of a victory, there would be found plenty of willing messengers, while I was sure of much blame and little pity if, in case of disaster, I should be made prisoner or killed. I therefore went to the admiral and said: "Upon mature reflection, I have made up my mind to proceed and give an account of my mission, and of the position in which I have found you."'

Having no reason to oppose this resolution, the admiral gave him a skiff to take him to Rosetta; but during the voyage, he had ample leisure to repent his decision. 'The swell,' he says, 'created by the strife of the sea and the Nile was tremendous,' and a violent storm came on to add to the danger. One vessel, laden with provisions, was lost before their eyes; another, rather stouter built, still struggled on, and, by charitably casting them a tow-rope, saved their little craft from being swamped in the waves or hurled upon the breakers. 'Seventeen hours,' says Lavalette, 'were thus passed, when the sea having calmed a little, I insisted on pushing forward for the mouth of the Nile. The sailors were very unwilling; but I was seconded by the officer commanding the boat, a young man full of energy and intrepidity. The first wave that came after us covered and well-nigh sunk us. One pull more was necessary; and though the men were as pale as death with fear, it was made, and we reached Rosetta.'

The good-fortune of our hero was not yet exhausted. While he achieved in safety the passage up the Nile, his less fortunate brother aide-de-camp, Julien, was massacred during the night by the Arabs, with all his escort. By the victory achieved by Nelson off Aboukir between the 1st and 3d of August 1798, the French fleet was annihilated, and the land forces of Bonaparte were necessarily deprived of any immediate succours from France. The manner in which the tidings of the defeat were received and communicated by Napoleon, is thus related by its eye-witness:

'It was in returning from beating the Mamelukes at Salahich that the commander-in-chief learned the disaster of our fleet at Aboukir. The news had been brought by an aide-de-camp of General Kleber's, whose horse being knocked up, he had written a few details in an open letter which I took from the hands of a peasant. I read it, and begged the general to come aside a little from the midst of his staff. I then gave him the note, and when he had read it: 'You know the contents,' said he; 'of course you will

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keep them secret.' We then returned to Balbeys, where breakfast was already on the table, and every one in the highest spirits, the troops having retaken from the Mamelukes the rich merchandise of which they had recently plundered the caravan. The soldiers would have sold them on the spot for half nothing, but Bonaparte strictly forbade any officer to become a purchaser, till there should be an opportunity of disposing of them for a fair price by the captors on their arrival at Cairo. In the middle of breakfast, the commander-in-chief said to his guests : 'Well, gentlemen, you say you like this country ; it is very fortunate, as we have no longer any fleet to take us back to Europe !' The news was received with the same *sang-froid* with which it was told ; every one's mind was made up, and there was no more about it.'

Of a piece with his former escapes was the charmed life which Lavalette seemed to bear in the midst of a six weeks' sojourn in Alexandria, when the plague raged with such virulence, that two days after an inspector-general and ten assistants had arrived there, one alone survived ; and a secretary, who had merely, in signing some billets for the troops, come in contact for a moment with an infected paper, was a dead man in fifteen hours ; while surgeons, physicians, and hospital attendants were successively swept away. The escape of one alone of these last, who habitually washed himself with oil, confirmed the well-known fact of the impunity enjoyed by the oil-porters of Constantinople.

A melancholy example of the summary punishments inflicted by oriental functionaries came under the notice of Lavalette, while deputed by his general, then absent, to accompany the aga of police in a tour of inspection through the streets of Cairo. The aga, a Greek, was as usual accompanied by the executioner and his myrmidons, the sight of whom sufficed to clear the streets of all their petty traffickers, and of all such persons as had any peccadilloes on their conscience. While stopping a moment in front of a café, a man was dragged violently to the feet of the *cadi's* horse, who, after a very brief interrogatory, replied to by the trembling criminal, gave a slight horizontal wave with his hand, on which the cavalcade moved on. 'Something in the *cadi's* gesture had struck me,' says Lavalette, 'and turning my head after we had got on a few paces, I saw a group assembled before the coffee-house, and galloped back to the spot. Imagine my horror when I saw a decapitated body, and the executioner very quietly putting the head into his bag ! "What does this mean?" said I to the aga. "Oh," replied he coolly, "the fellow was a ringleader in the late revolt, and had hitherto contrived to escape me !" I made a point of his reporting the case to the general, and very likely the man was guilty ; but I could not help suspecting that my presence, and the desire to give me a specimen of Ottoman inflexibility, cost the poor wretch his life. It must be confessed, however, that such examples are not



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unfrequent, and that the *cadi* never moves unaccompanied by the executioner.'

At the memorable siege of St Jean d'Acre, fresh instances were afforded of the good-fortune of Bonaparte and his companion Lavalette, in escaping dangers which carried off thousands around them. While one of the shells, thrown with unerring precision from the fortress, buried itself harmlessly in the earth at the very feet of Bonaparte, and in the midst of his staff, another exploded not far off, among eleven soldiers lying on the ground at their breakfast, not one of whom survived the explosion a single instant.

## MIDDLE LIFE AND DANGERS.

After Bonaparte's return to Europe, he deputed Lavalette to act as plenipotentiary to Saxony. On this expedition he was accompanied by his young wife, Emilie, who, while in Germany, had the pleasing satisfaction of vindicating the ladies of France from the then too well-founded imputation of shamelessness in dress and behaviour, by the retiring delicacy of her manners and rigid propriety of her costume. Lavalette afterwards visited Berlin, where the queen and court loaded his wife with flattering distinctions. Returning to France, Emilie was appointed mistress of the robes to her aunt Josephine, and this office she held until the divorce of her respected relative. She now retired into private life. Lavalette, however, continued in the service and confidence of Napoleon, by whom he was appointed to the onerous office of director-general of the posts, to which were successively added the dignities of councillor of state, and grand cross of the Legion of Honour, and finally the title of count. Lavalette discharged the offices so imposed on him for a period of twelve years, and all parties agree in bearing testimony to the honourableness of his conduct in the trying situation in which he was placed. While at the head of the post-office, he abolished the base practice of opening letters for purposes of state or private curiosity, and for this reform he drew on himself the hatred of many in power, and especially the relentless and treacherous Fouché.

It had not been without misgivings and remonstrances that Count Lavalette beheld the latter steps of Napoleon's ambitious and ill-advised career; and however these might interrupt the cordiality of their intercourse, the emperor never failed in any emergency to resort for truth, or in any disaster for consolation, to his disinterested counsellor. The confidence reposed in his integrity by that undoubted judge of character, Bonaparte, may be gathered from his having insisted on depositing with Lavalette, on the eve of his departure on the unfortunate Russian expedition, bills on the treasury for a million and a half of francs, with directions to convert

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them into gold, and keep them until further orders. At a loss, he says, how to secrete such a mass of bullion, Lavalette had made, through an artillery officer of his acquaintance, boxes exactly resembling gigantic volumes, and lettered *Ancient and Modern History*, each capable of containing 30,000 francs, and put them into his bookcase. When the emperor came back, he seemed to have forgotten all about this money, and returned to Germany without giving any precise orders as to its disposal, only saying, when pressed on the subject: 'We'll see when I come back.' 'At length,' says Lavalette, 'when, some months after, he was leaving Paris for his final campaign in France, I insisted on his ridding me of a deposit I could no longer be responsible for, amid the events with which Paris was threatened. "Well," said he to me, "can't you hide it in your house in the country?" It was in vain I represented to him that this château, situated on the high-road from Versailles, was liable to be pillaged and occupied by adverse parties, and that the slightest imprudence might betray the treasure. He would not listen to me, and there was nothing for it but to obey. I had a faithful steward, whom I employed for several nights in digging a hole under the flooring of a closet, which, after depositing beneath it the fifty-four volumes of a work, sure, if discovered, to be highly relished, we carefully replaced the floor. Shortly after, the chateau was occupied by 300 Prussians, fifteen of whom slept in the room, a plank of whose floor they had only to raise with their sabres to come upon these heaps of gold. My life during the two months they stayed was one perpetual agony, lest they should find out all, and I only breathed when they were gone.' What ultimately became of the money we have not heard.

Pressed upon on all sides, and with a tottering power, Napoleon found it advisable to abdicate the throne of France in April 1814, and to retire to the island of Elba, where it was arranged he should continue to enjoy the title of sovereign and an income of two millions of francs. On this dissolution of the imperial power, and the restoration of Louis XVIII., Lavalette, with the greater number of functionaries, civil and military, gave in their adhesion to the new dynasty; and to that dynasty they might have continued faithful, had it been faithful to itself, or cultivated the confidence and affections of the nation. The Bourbons, however, as was observed, had learned nothing and forgotten nothing. They were neither respected nor loved by the French people, while the discord of the European powers at the congress of Vienna disposed many to anticipate a new revolution in France. Taking advantage of the general dissensions, Napoleon once more appeared on the scene. Quitting his mock empire of Elba, he landed in France on the 1st of March 1815, and with what adherents could be collected, marched on to Paris, which he reached on the 13th; Louis XVIII. having previously fled—an event which, morally speaking, may be said to

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have dissolved the allegiance of his servants, and left them free to follow a new master. Influenced by old attachment, gratitude for past favours, as well as admiration of his genius, many of Napoleon's former generals and ministers either flocked to him before he entered Paris, or afterwards took office under him. Among these were Labédoyère, Ney, and Lavalette. With respect to the latter, it appears that, no sooner had the royal family quitted Paris, or the approach of the emperor become matter of certainty, than, urged on by a professional impulse which it is difficult to reconcile with our previous knowledge of his calm and considerate character, Lavalette proceeded, as early as seven in the morning, to take possession of his former office, vacated in his favour by its timid elderly occupant, the Comte de Ferrand. Some difficulty made in furnishing to the latter the order for horses to expedite his leaving Paris, and the refusal to permit him to follow the royal family to Ghent, were circumstances afterwards brought up against Lavalette, who, however, always declared that the whole arose from a misunderstanding.

More serious imputations, however, were ere long incurred, by the new director taking upon him not only to suppress and keep back the mails which were to circulate in the departments the royal proclamation enjoining tranquillity and obedience, but to despatch in their stead a circular addressed to the different postmasters, in which the capital was stated to be enthusiastically in favour of the emperor, and deprecating all idea of resistance to his authority. To these steps, by which Lavalette unquestionably committed himself, he added the still more decisive one of sending a courier to meet his old master with a note, the satisfied smile of Napoleon on the perusal of which, and his verbal message in return : ' So I am expected in Paris ! Tell Lavalette to meet me to-night at the Tuileries ! ' sufficiently indicated its flattering, and, as it afterwards appeared, too sanguine tenor. That the sentiments it contained were sincere, and that the writer really rejoiced at the moment in the return of his benefactor, it is only natural to imagine, strenuously as he denies all conspiracy to bring it about, and early and painfully as he learnt to appreciate the hollow and delusive nature of the power thus marvellously resumed.

His account of the first interview with the emperor is striking, and a satire on the evanescence of all earthly greatness. On receiving, about eleven in the evening, the order to attend at the palace, he found Napoleon surrounded by his former ministers, talking as quietly over the details of the administration as if they had all been shoved ten years back. The subject and tone of the conversation, the presence of so many persons habitually employed under the emperor, would have completely effaced from the memory of Lavalette the existence of the Bourbons, and their reign of scarcely a year, had not some busts of the family been left in the confusion on a side-table, which next morning quickly disappeared.

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'The emperor, on seeing me,' says the count, 'advanced a few steps towards me, and pushing me gently before him into the next room, and pulling me by the ear: "Ah! so you are there, Mr Conspirator!"

"No, indeed, sire; you must be aware, if you have been told the truth, that I would have nothing to do"—

"Well, well!" said he, interrupting me, and resuming his endless interrogatories. The conversation ended by his offering me the ministry of the interior, which I declined, pointing out the necessity of naming one already well known in the Revolution. The choice, an excellent one, fell on Carnot. My audience and others lasted great part of the night. At length, about three o'clock, the emperor returned to the *salon*. "You will make out commissions," said he to the proper functionary, "for all these gentlemen. As for Lavalette, he has no need of one—he has taken the post by storm." A slight shade of bitterness in the tone with which this was uttered, shewed he had been piqued by my conduct.'

Scarcely eight days had elapsed ere the sagacity of Lavalette enabled him to fathom the abyss about to open under their feet. Not only had the famous proclamation of the congress of allies convinced the emperor that the storm would ere long burst over France, but the revolutionary spirit which pervaded the country itself alarmed and perplexed him, and he sought in vain the profound respect and submission, nay, the etiquette, of the imperial court.

'He would send for me,' says Lavalette, 'two or three times a day, to talk for hours together; but sometimes the conversation languished; and one day, after pacing several times in silence up and down the room, tired of this sort of work, and pressed by my own urgent duties, I bowed and took my leave. "What!" exclaimed the emperor, astonished, but with a good-humoured smile, "is this the way I am left?" I certainly should not have dreamt of doing it a year before; but somehow I had lost my courtier's routine, and could not again acquire it. One thing I have no doubt of. Had the emperor beaten the allies, and enjoined a peace, his power would have encountered the most imminent danger from intestine commotions. In appearance at least, however, no man could conform more admirably to his position. At no period of his life did I see him more imperturbably calm; not a word of anger or impatience, but listening patiently to everything—confessing his errors with affecting ingenuousness, and discussing his situation with a penetration his very enemies failed to equal.' The result is matter of history. The battle of Waterloo caused Napoleon to abdicate the throne, and to flee from the country. It would appear, from the parting interview at Malmaison between the abdicated sovereign and his minister, that mutual presentiments as to the fate of each weighed on the other's mind. These were shared, on Lavalette's account, by nearly all his friends, who no sooner became aware

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that an extensive proscription was meditated, than they urged him, as its certain victim, to immediate flight.

From this step his wife's delicate health and advanced pregnancy might have probably sufficed to deter him; but so little apprehensive was one of the three state criminals to be excepted by the Bourbon family from their general amnesty, of the blow about to fall upon him, that while vainly bending all his energies to urge the escape from Paris of the young General Labédoyère, a similar infatuation prevailed, over all the hints and remonstrances of his friends, to detain Lavalette himself on the fatal spot.

Strong in the impression, if not of his entire innocence, yet that he had not committed any serious error in having resumed office during the Hundred Days under his old master Napoleon, he persisted in remaining in Paris after the restoration of the Bourbons by the allies. He was at length arrested, and henceforward the account of what befell him must be given in his own words.

### CAPTIVITY.

'On the 18th of July,' says Lavalette, 'I was at dinner with my wife and a friend, when an officer came to request me to speak to Monsieur de Cayes, the prefect of police. I was set down by a hackney coach, with two or three officers of police mounted behind it for footmen, in the outer office of the prison of the prefecture, where for some time (the turnkey being busy assigning lodgings to various new-comers) nobody took any notice of me; and seeing among them a Monsieur —, long secretary to the Duke de Rovigo, whom I knew well, looking very sad and sorrowful at seeing me there, I naturally experienced a reciprocal feeling, and was condoling with him on his misfortune, when, suddenly averting his head as he pointed to me, and rushing out of the place, he said to the turnkey: "Take that gentleman to No. 17." "Yonder goes a man who has turned his coat quickly!" thought I, as, a little ashamed of my blunder, I followed my conductor.

'It was to a filthy garret, whose only window was in the roof, at a height of twelve feet, my only means of opening which was by an iron bar, so heavy that I was never able to move it a single notch. I suppose every one's first impulse on being put in prison, after the surprise is over, is to be very angry; and I launched out in pretty strong invectives against the head of the establishment, for not having condescended to see one whom he had sent for to speak with him. I was not yet *au fait* as to the code of politeness of prefects of police.

'There being no bell, I had to wait for three hours till the arrival of the jailer, who brought my sorry prison dinner, and I could not help asking him who were my next neighbours; as I had seen, through the key-hole, men carrying bottles, and all the apparatus

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of a feast. "They are two aides-de-camp of General Labédoyère," said he. "What!" exclaimed I, "is he then arrested?" "I believe so." Little did I then know that these two wretches—who had denounced their late commander, when that ill-advised young man insisted on revisiting Paris and his family before proceeding to take refuge in America—were thus carousing with the rewards of their treachery!

'Towards ten at night I was sent for to go down to the chief of division, whose business it was to interrogate me; and as an examination was a relief from my own thoughts, I readily obeyed. The functionary, after a few pages of questions and answers, amused himself by telling me anecdotes, almost too atrocious for belief, of his skill in making prisoners criminate themselves; which he wound up by saying: "As for you, your affair will not go far—it is not of consequence enough for me."

'I remained a week longer in this preliminary incarceration, during which the bad air and prison hardships brought on an inflammatory illness, to which I owed my removal, and the hastening on of my trial, lest I should escape, by a natural death, the one intended for me.

'On the 24th of July I was abruptly put in a coach, and transferred to the too famous Conciergerie, of the very existence of whose dungeons, beneath the noble halls of the Palais de Justice, many even in Paris have not an idea. A tall and insolent turnkey, after reading aloud my description, marshalled me along a dark passage to my new abode. It was a long narrow slip of a place, having at one end a window so overhung by *jalousies* as to afford one a glimpse of about a foot square of sky, and its bare walls blackened with prisoners' names and effusions of despair. A wretched pallet, an old table, and two buckets were its sole furniture, in the description of which I should not have been so particular, had it not formed for the previous three weeks the abode of Marshal Ney.

'I shewed myself to be weaker than he, for he never complained, while I did; for when I found it would be impossible for me to read more than half an hour in the day, I wrote to the prefect of police to tell him I should soon be a dead man if they did not change my lodgings. That evening the turnkey came to take me out to walk in the courtyard called the Préau, and at nine, instead of taking me up again to my hole, he led me to a ground-floor room, which boasted of a fireplace, and a window looking into a smaller court, separated from that of the women by a pretty high wall. "I could not put you here this morning," said he, "because General Labédoyère was confined next door; but he is removed to the Abbaye. Next day I got him to shew me the chamber, which was still more inconvenient than that I had left, and where the poor fellow had remained in total solitude for eight days, without books or any other recreation, seeing even a jailer only twice in the

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twenty-four hours, and deprived, by the narrowness of his cabin, from even such exercise as pacing its length would have afforded.

'I, too, was to spend six long weeks in secret, receiving no letters that were not first opened, nor seeing any friend except in presence of the prison clerk. I had but sorry news of my wife, whose assurances of perfect health were sadly belied by her trembling handwriting, and the sufferings I knew to be inseparable from her situation of advanced pregnancy, to which she carefully abstained from alluding. My slumbers, which these tidings were not likely to render sounder, were broken at all hours by the vicinity to my cell of a huge iron door, the incessant opening and shutting of which, when the sentries were relieving, shook me in my bed, and often made me start up in alarm; while the cold and damp obliged me, even at midsummer, to keep up a fire night and day.'

During this period of suspense, Lavalette seems to have been chiefly supported under his misfortunes by reflections on the yet greater reverses of the emperor. It was not without a degree of melancholy satisfaction that he was permitted occasional short interviews at his window with Marshal Ney, who was confined in the same prison, and on a similar charge of breaking his faith with the Bourbons, and going over to Napoleon. Ney was cheerful under his reverses, consoling himself, like Lavalette, with the reflection that he had only done as his sense of duty and gratitude had dictated. Not a little of his time he spent in playing the flute, and when his companions in misfortune could not see him, they knew from the notes of his flute that he was still a living man. Of the three victims confined on a similar charge, Labédoyère was first tried and executed. 'Labédoyère is gone,' said Ney to Lavalette at their last interview; 'it will be your turn next, dear Lavalette, and then mine.' This anticipation proved correct. Lavalette was brought to trial in the course of November; but before proceeding with his story, we may present a few details respecting the unfortunate Ney.

## MARSHAL NEY.

Michel Ney was the son of a poor tradesman of Saarlouis, on the borders of Germany, and, like Lavalette, rose to a high post in the army entirely by the force of his character. At first he was intrusted with only the command of a body of irregular troops, called partisans, who, knowing very little of discipline, yet exceeded all other men in the impetuosity of their attacks, and were ready for any enterprise, however daring or desperate. To execute missions of extraordinary peril, to traverse the enemy's lines, to reconnoitre his positions and strength, to cut off his convoys, and to destroy or make prisoners such separate detachments as they might encounter—such were their usual tasks; and it was in this adventurous service that Ney acquired the surname of the *Indefatigable*.

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A daring act of intrepidity which he performed at the siege of Mannheim in 1799, raised him to the head of a division in the regular army. This act was his assumption of the character and costume of a peasant, and entering the town to spy the nature of its defences. German being his native language, and being well acquainted with the manners of the peasantry, he escaped suspicion, and returned in safety to the French camp. With the knowledge he had so gained, he proceeded, during the darkness of night, with a chosen band, and by the fury of his attack captured the place.

Now installed in the favour of Napoleon, Ney rose to distinction, and was created Duke of Elchingen, in reward for the victory he achieved at the battle of that name. In the French campaigns in the Peninsula, he was in active service, and conducted the retreat from Torres-Vedras with an ability which greatly increased his fame. Colonel Napier, in his *History of the Peninsular War*, has an anecdote about his brother, honourable alike to Marshal Ney and the French commander-in-chief, Soult. Major Napier, at the battle of Corunna, having been wounded and made prisoner, 'he was returned among the killed. The morning after the battle, the Duke of Dalmatia, being apprised of Major Napier's situation, had him conveyed to good quarters, and, with a kindness and consideration very uncommon, wrote to Napoleon, desiring that his prisoner might not be sent to France, which (from the system of refusing exchanges) would have been destruction to his professional prospects. The marshal also obtained for the drummer (who had saved him from being murdered by a French soldier) the decoration of the Legion of Honour. The events of the war obliged Soult to depart in a few days from Corunna, but he recommended Major Napier to the attention of Marshal Ney; and that marshal also treated his prisoner with the kindness of a friend rather than the rigour of an enemy, for he quartered him with the French consul, supplied him with money, gave him a general invitation to his house on all public occasions, and refrained from sending him to France. Nor did Marshal Ney's kindness stop there; for when the flag of truce arrived, and he became acquainted with the situation of Major Napier's family, he suddenly waived all forms, and instead of answering the inquiry by a cold intimation of the captive's existence, sent him, and with him the few English prisoners taken in the battle, at once to England, merely demanding that none should serve until regularly exchanged. I should not have dwelt thus long upon the private adventures of an officer, but that gratitude demands a public acknowledgment of such generosity, and the demand is rendered imperative by the after-misfortunes of Marshal Ney.'

Ney served in the Russian campaign, and for his gallantry during this disastrous expedition he was created Prince of Moskwa. In 1813, when the power of Napoleon was crumbling to ruin, Ney still adhered faithfully to him. Like others, however, as has been



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already said, he went over to the Bourbons, and, more fortunate than many of his brethren in arms, was intrusted by them with a high military command, and created a knight of St Louis, and a peer of France. But France was now at peace with all the world ; and no one of these great military chiefs could be more unprepared for the change than the Prince of Moskwa. He was too old to acquire new habits. For domestic comforts he was little adapted. During the many years of his marriage, he had been unable to pass more than a very few months with his family. Too illiterate to find any resource in books, too rude to be a favourite in society, and too proud to desire that sort of distinction, he was condemned to a solitary and an inactive life. The habit of braving death, and of commanding vast bodies of men, had impressed his character with a species of moral grandeur, which raised him far above the puerile observances of the fashionable world. Plain in his manners, and still plainer in his words, he neither knew nor wished to know the art of pleasing courtiers. Of good-nature he had indeed a considerable fund, but he shewed it not so much by the endless little attentions of a gentleman, as by scattered acts of princely beneficence. For dissipation he had no taste ; his professional cares and duties, which during twenty-five years had left him no respite, had engrossed his attention too much to allow room for the passions, vices, or follies of society to obtain any empire over him. The sobriety of his manners was extreme, even to austerity. Contrary to his wife's inclinations, Ney seldom appeared at court, and it was while at his country seat, in March 1815, that he was surprised by a summons to join the division of the army of which he was commander. He undertook the commission, but the universal defection of the army caused him to abandon the attempt, and he hastened to meet Napoleon, by whom he was received with open arms, and hailed by his undisputed title of Bravest of the Brave.\*

In the brief campaign of 1815, Ney had an important command, and at Waterloo, where the whole energies of Bonaparte were concentrated for a final effort, he led the attack on the enemy's centre ; and after five horses had been killed under him, he remained the last French general on the bloody field. His clothes were full of bullet-holes, and he fought on foot till night, in the midst of the plain. All being lost, and aware of the dangers to which he was exposed, he fled to Auvergne, a remote part of France, and found shelter and concealment in the castle of a friend at Aurillac. During an entertainment given by his friend, one of the guests observed a splendid sabre. The account of it reached the ears of the sub-prefect, and it was immediately recognised as the sabre of Ney. The castle was searched, the marshal taken, and imprisoned on the 5th of August. Ney might have escaped with ease, but he

\* Court and Camp of Napoleon.

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was confident of acquittal. He was brought before a court-martial, which on the 10th of November declared itself incompetent to take cognizance of his case. His trial was therefore referred to the Chamber of Peers, where the minister, the Duke de Richelieu, was eager for his punishment. His advocate was Dupin. The twelfth article of the capitulation of Paris, signed July 3, 1815, promising a general amnesty, was quoted in his favour; but Wellington affirmed that this was not the true construction of the article. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of Marshal Davoust, who had made the treaty, and who explained it in favour of Ney, he was sentenced to death by 169 votes against 17. With the calmness which had distinguished him through the whole trial he listened to the sentence; but when the person who read it came to his titles, he interrupted him: 'What need of titles now? I am Michel Ney, and soon shall be a handful of dust.' When the assistance of a priest was offered him, he replied: 'I need no priest to teach me how to die; I have learned it in the school of battle.' He permitted, however, the curate of St Sulpice to accompany him to the scaffold, and compelled him to enter the carriage first, saying: 'You mount before me now, sir, but I shall soonest reach a higher region.' On the 7th of December 1815, at nine o'clock A.M., he was shot in the garden of the Luxembourg. When an attempt was made to blindfold him, he tore away the bandage, and indignantly exclaimed: 'Have you forgotten that for twenty-six years I have lived among bullets?' Then turning to the soldiers, he solemnly declared that he had never been a traitor to his country, and, laying his hand upon his heart, called out, with a steady voice: 'Aim true. France for ever! Fire!' He fell, pierced with bullets; and his melancholy fate will long be remembered as one of the most vengeful and imprudent acts of the elder Bourbons.

## STORY OF LAVALETTE'S CAPTIVITY CONTINUED.

We now turn to Ney's companion in captivity, the Count Lavalette, the period of whose confinement previous to his trial in November 1815 was extremely irksome. 'Time in prison passes but slowly,' says he in his memoirs, 'and to the evils of my own situation were now added deep anxieties about my wife, whom I had won upon to promise not to come and see me till after her confinement, well knowing the interview would be enough to kill her. On her account, and that of my family, I succeeded in persuading myself that I should get off with a few years' imprisonment, during which I could watch over and occasionally see them; and though the idea of the scaffold would intrude, it was as yet but as a vague threat, scarce likely, I flattered myself, to be realised. When such thoughts became too oppressive, I escaped from them by mentally following the bark which bore Napoleon over the wide waters to St Helena.'

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'One of the worst features of my domicile was the vicinity to it, right opposite, though separated by a wall, of the women's court, whence, from eight in the morning till seven at night, issued a perfect torrent of stunning vociferation, couched in the lowest and coarsest and most depraved terms to be found in our own or any language, and sounds of riot, which the jailers were often obliged to rush in to quell. On this same court, be it remembered, had looked out the two windows of the prison of the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette! This chamber, which I had daily to pass through during my sojourn, was a large waste place, divided by a sort of pillar forming two arches, with a brick floor whose obsolete designs indicated extreme antiquity. How often did I walk up and down this prison when about to become a prey to despondency! How often did I blush there for complaining of a lot which, be it what it might, could not transcend in horror that endured by a queen of France!

I had denied myself, since my imprisonment, the visits of my daughter, now nearly fourteen, from the dread of deepening her sorrows by the sad realities of a dungeon. But my wife having sent her to receive my blessing on the eve of her first communion, it was in vain that I strove to keep within bounds my long-repressed affections. On seeing before me my only child, adorned with all the charms of youth, first drowned in tears in my arms, and then stretched in a deep swoon at my feet, my heart was torn with inexpressible parental anguish, and for the first time awakened to the full extent of my misfortunes. I was wholly unable to control my grief; my silent tears mingled with the sobs of my child; and when I laid my hands on her head, the words of blessing died away on my lips.

'This scene, as I have said, first roused me to a true sense of my situation, and my kind and zealous legal defenders drew aside, in their consultations, a part at least of the veil which had hitherto blinded me to it. My chief adviser, Monsieur Tripier, a clear, logical-headed man, prepared for my defence by first attacking me on every vulnerable point of my case. "What business had I at the post-office? Why had I gone thither so early? Why did I despatch a courier to meet the emperor? Why take upon me to stop the royal proclamation, while accelerating by the same posts the bulletin of Napoleon?" My answers appeared to him candid and straightforward, but insufficient to secure my acquittal. Yet up to the eve of my sentence, his opinion was, that I should be condemned to five years' imprisonment for my unauthorised resumption of office. What, however, engrossed far more of my thoughts than even my trial, was the situation of my wife, whose new-born infant—the long-wished-for son on whom I reckoned to console her in the event of my loss, and her cares for whom might reconcile her to survive me—had been taken from her suddenly, after an illness

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of a few short hours. My anxieties on her account, in the event of my condemnation, grew quite dreadful—the calamities attendant on revolutions having deprived her of nearly all her near relatives. Her father, indeed, survived, and had returned to France, but bringing with him a second wife and family; and residing, as he did, at a distance from Paris, could offer little in the way of present protection.

‘It was amid these dismal reflections that my trial began, the first day of which was marked by animosity, and was stormy and unfavourable; though towards its close, prejudices seemed giving way, and on the second, matters appeared taking a more favourable turn. Just as the jury, about six in the evening, were going to retire to consider their verdict, a question arose, on which its fate turned, between my counsel and that for the crown, as to the order of putting the questions: ‘Was I guilty of conspiracy, or only of a usurpation of power?’ If put in this order, and separately, no act of conspiracy having been proved, the capital offence and consequent penalty fell to the ground, and the misdemeanour, carrying imprisonment, alone remained. But this was not the aim of my prosecutors, and they prevailed to have the questions joined in one; and thus working partly on the timidity and partly on the humanity of the jury, by assuring them that an example of clemency was alone now wanted by the government, and an opportunity of pardoning in my person (Ney being already executed) the third great state offender.

‘During the deliberation I was taken back to prison, and a kind young friend volunteered to keep me company. After a very melancholy dinner, wishing to keep up his hopes, though my own were at an end, I proposed to him our usual game at chess, and won it, contrary to my custom, as he was more than my match. But indeed, poor fellow! as the night wore on, his firmness gave way with it, and when, at ten o’clock, obliged to take leave, he fairly melted into tears. I remained alone two endless hours longer, and at midnight was summoned back to hear my sentence. The verdict had been read in my absence, and it was easy for me to gather its tenor from the ominous silence which reigned in the vast hall, whose benches were still occupied, and even by women, among whom I in vain sought for a single compassionate glance. One jurymen alone had his face buried in his handkerchief. It was Monsieur Jurien, a returned emigrant, whose nomination I had looked upon as peculiarly disastrous, yet who, I afterwards learned, had for six hours advocated my cause in a jury where eight out of twelve had voted against me.

‘The judges returned, for form’s sake, for a few moments; but I had read my doom in many a countenance ere the president pronounced aloud the article of the code which involved capital punishment! I was pronounced guilty, and doomed to death under the guillotine. As I went back to my cell, the turnkey met and

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questioned me. "All is up with me!" said I; and the man recoiled as if he had received a shot. Hitherto, and in public, I had kept up; but night and solitude gave full effect to the terrible words: 'Guilty of death!' My first impulse was again an indignant one. I strode rapidly through my cell, appealing to France and the whole world against an iniquitous sentence; but by degrees I grew calm, and exhausted nature found oblivion in sleep.

'My earliest care next day was how to break the sad tidings to Madame Lavalette. I wrote to the Princess de Vaudemont and another old female friend, who hastened to her, and whose deep mourning garb made her at once aware of their mission. But the princess, a woman of firm, decided character insisted on dictating a letter to the Duke de Duras, first gentleman of the bedchamber, soliciting an interview with the king. It was granted, contrary to all expectation, Mesdames Ney and Labédoyère having been refused; but the hopes it gave rise to proved cruelly delusive.

'Led by the hand by Monsieur de Duras through all the assembled courtiers to the king's closet, my wife fell at the feet of Louis XVIII., who said to her: "Madam, I have at once received you, to give you a mark of my deep interest." He added no more; but the words had been overheard, and were whispered abroad in the ante-room as Madame Lavalette passed. Her grief, her beauty, the grace and nobleness of her demeanour, notwithstanding her deep dejection, affected all who beheld her. It was remembered that she was the daughter of an emigrant, and no one doubted that a pardon would follow, since the king had granted the audience. It was not, however, thus to be.

'The next day, for the first time during four months, we met, and her paleness, her thinness, her deep depression, shocked me dreadfully. She fell speechless into my arms, unable during the first hour to articulate a single word. At length she slowly came to herself, and I drew from her the particulars of her interview with the king. For her sake and that of my child I assented to appeal, as I had the right of doing, against my sentence to the Court of Cassation; though my first impulse had been to shrink from the torturing suspense of the month, perhaps, which might intervene before its decision. During this period I strove to familiarise myself, by means of closely interrogating the jailers, with all the horrible minutiae of the scaffold and its preliminaries; and though at first the very marrow in my bones seemed frozen at their cold circumstantial recitals, by degrees I got wonderfully hardened, and could listen without blenching. The mode of execution alone revolted and disgusted me; and while the jailer, who informed me of poor Ney's fate, and told me he had been shot, thought me mad because I said he was "a happy fellow!" I left no stone unturned to procure for myself a similar soldier's death.

'I failed; and not death itself could be more bitter than the

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terms in which this was conveyed by some on whose gratitude I had strong claims ; while from others, especially the Duke of Ragusa (from whom circumstances had estranged me), I received the most unexpected testimonies of devoted interest. He proved it when, on the confirmation of my sentence, and the extinction of all hope, save from the royal clemency, he risked, and actually lost his favour at court, by introducing my poor wife once more to the presence of the monarch. It was in vain. Repulsed in all directions, she remained sitting for above an hour on the stone steps of the court, without one of the numerous comers and goers venturing to bestow on her the smallest token of recognition or compassion ; and at length, worn out in body and mind, and deprived of all hope from man, she returned, broken-hearted, to my dungeon.

‘My hours, I felt, were now literally numbered, only forty-eight remaining of the three days allowed for the condemned to apply for a pardon. All my friends were in consternation ; the jailers themselves avoided my presence ; even Eberle, the one employed about my prison, had no longer the heart to address me, but moved silently about the room, scarcely seeming to know what he was doing.

‘On the Tuesday night I said to him : “It is usually on Friday, is it not, that executions take place ?” “Sometimes on Thursdays,” said he, smothering a sigh. “At four o’clock in the afternoon generally ?” asked I. “Sometimes in the morning,” he replied, hastily running out, without ever remembering to shut the door behind him. A female turnkey from the women’s ward happening to pass by, and observing this, slipped into my room, and passionately kissing my cross of the Legion of Honour, rushed out again, drowned in tears ; and thus it was to a woman I had scarcely seen, and never spoken to, I owed the certain knowledge of my impending fate.

‘My wife came as usual at six o’clock to dine with me, accompanied by a female relation. When we were alone, she said : “There no longer remains a hope for us but in one plan, which I am going to propose. You must leave this at eight o’clock in my clothes, along with my cousin, and go in my sedan-chair to such a street ; Monsieur Baudus will have a cabriolet in waiting, to conduct you to a retreat he has secured for you, where you will remain in safety till you can quit the country.” I listened and looked at her in silence. Her voice was so firm, and her aspect so calm, she seemed so persuaded of success, that I hesitated to reply ; and yet her project appeared to me sheer madness, and I was obliged at last to tell her so. At the first word she interrupted me. “No objections,” said she ; “your death will be mine ; so do not reject my proposal. My conviction of its success is deep, for God, I feel, sustains me.”

‘In vain did I urge the innumerable jailers who surrounded her

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every night when she left, the turnkey who always handed her to her chair, the impossibility of so disguising myself as to deceive them; and, above all, my invincible reluctance to leave her in the hands of miscreants who, in their first rage at my escape, might actually maltreat her. I was forced to leave off, her increasing paleness and agitation precluding all remonstrance. I could only pacify her by a seeming consent, remarking, however, that if success could be looked for in such a wild scheme, it could only be by stationing the cabriolet much nearer to the prison, as, in the course of nearly an hour's journey, a sedan-chair could not fail to be overtaken, nor could I perform the distance on foot in women's garb without similar danger.

These considerations induced her to agree to defer till next day (the last I had to call my own) the execution of her plan; and exacting my solemn promise then to make the attempt, she left me, in some degree quieted and comforted.'

## ESCAPE FROM PRISON.

The plan of escape proposed by Madam Lavalette was not new in the annals of female devotedness. The same means had been successfully employed by the Countess of Nithsdale to aid the escape of her husband from the Tower of London, on the night preceding that designed for his execution (February 23, 1716).<sup>\*</sup> Whether Madame Lavalette was acquainted with the particulars of this heroic incident, is unknown: they were not at least likely to be remembered on the present occasion by the functionaries of the conciergerie, and hence the plan of escape had all the benefit of being new and unexpected.

Lavalette himself, however, had serious misgivings as to the propriety of so hazardous a project. 'The more,' says he, 'I reflected on the scheme suggested for my escape by my wife, the more hopeless did it appear. Not only was she taller than myself, but her figure was slight and agile; while I, greatly as confinement had reduced me, was still too much the reverse for the jailers, who saw both daily, to be taken in. And then I was so thoroughly prepared to die! I had so often, and at length so firmly rehearsed the cruel drama, even to the dreary journey in the cart, and the last offices of the executioner; and now I was to mingle a possible burlesque with all this tragedy, most likely to be retaken in my woman's disguise, nay, perhaps exposed in it to the derision of the public! But, on the other hand, my poor wife, so happy, so secure in the success of her project, to refuse my concurrence in it would be to kill her.

'While lost in these tormenting conflicts, she arrived, and after communicating to me the distressing results of some other unavail-

<sup>\*</sup> See Tract, 'Last Earl of Derwentwater.'

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ing efforts she had been making on royal clemency and ministerial sympathy, she said : " I am coming as usual to dine with you. Keep up your courage, for we shall require it all ! As for myself," added she, with a deep sigh of exhaustion, " I feel I have just strength left for four-and-twenty hours, and not one moment longer, I am so thoroughly worn out ! " Poor thing ! her hours of energy and consciousness were indeed numbered !

" I had gone through a sad scene in taking leave, as I thought, of my daughter (who had been brought to me the day before by the portress of her convent), when, to my surprise, she reappeared, along with her mother. " I have bethought me," said she, " that you had better have our child to accompany you. She will do more punctually as I desire."

" My wife had put on over her dress a merino pelisse, richly lined with fur, which she used to wear in coming home from balls, and had brought in her bag a black silk petticoat. Having sent the child out of hearing, she said to me rapidly in a whisper : " These will suffice to disguise you perfectly. I could have wished to add a veil, but having, unfortunately, not been in the habit of wearing one, it is out of the question now. Be sure, before going into the outer room, to draw on these gloves, and put my handkerchief to your face. Walk very slowly, leaning on Josephine, and take care to stoop as you go out at these low doors, for if they should catch the feathers of your bonnet, all would be lost. The jailers will be as usual in the ante-room, and remember the turnkey always hands me out. The chair to-day will be drawn up close to the staircase. Monsieur Baudus will meet you very soon, and point out your hiding-place. God guide and protect you, my dearest husband ! But oh, be sure and mind my directions, and keep calm ! Give me your hand ; I wish to feel your pulse. Now, feel mine, and see how quietly it beats ; there is not the slightest quickness." Poor thing ! I ascertained she was in a strong fever ! " Nor, above all," added she, " no giving way to our feelings ; we should be ruined." I could not, however, forbear giving her my wedding ring, on the pretext that if stopped, it might help to betray me.

" She now called back her daughter. " Listen well, my child," said she, " to what I am going to say, as I shall ask you to repeat it. I shall leave this evening at seven instead of eight o'clock. Keep behind me in going out, as you know the doors are narrow ; but when we come into the outer hall, take care to be on my left, the side the turnkey comes on to hand me out, which I hate. When we are beyond the grating, and going up the outer stair, then come to my right, that the odious gendarmes at the guardhouse may not come and stare under my bonnet, as they always try to do. Do you understand me ? " The dear girl rehearsed her lesson very faithfully.

" One or two friends who had dropped in with the kindest



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intentions, but whose emotions would have been fatal to the firmness of the parties, had to be got rid of ere dinner was served; and, more perplexing still, a poor old nurse of Madame Lavalette's, who had been left waiting outside, but whom grief and the heat of the stove had upset, was to be allowed to sit in the room, and yet be kept in ignorance of the scheme, which the slightest alarm or indiscretion on her part might have betrayed.

'This dinner, which might prove my last upon earth, was very frightful. The morsels stuck in our throats, and not a word was exchanged; and thus nearly an hour had to be spent. Three-quarters past six at length struck, and my wife rung for the faithful valet, whose services I had dispensed with, that he might attend her. She spoke a few words to him in a whisper, and then added aloud: "Take care that the chairmen are at hand; I am just coming." And when he was gone, turning to me: "Now you must be dressed."

'For want of a dressing-room, I had luckily made them place a large screen in my apartment, behind which we now retired, and while my dear wife made my toilet with equal quickness and dexterity, she kept saying: "Mind you stoop your head at the doors; be sure and walk slowly through the hall, like a person worn out with suffering." In three minutes my disguise was complete, and we were back into the room; and Emilie said to her daughter: "What do you think of your papa?" An incredulous smile was the poor child's only answer. "But seriously, my dear, will he do?" "Not very badly," said she, on seeing me walk a few steps before her; but her head sunk on her breast, and her dejected tone betrayed her apprehensions. Not a word more was spoken till I was close to the door. I then said to Emilie: "The turnkey looks in every evening as soon as he has seen you off. Take care and remain until then behind the screen, and make a noise by moving about some of the things: he will conclude all right, and give me the few minutes indispensable for my getting clear away." She understood me, and as I put forth my hand to ring the bell, I gently pressed her arm: we exchanged looks: "Adieu!" said she, lifting up her eyes to heaven. Had we ventured on an embrace, all would have been lost.

'The jailer's step was now heard. Emilie sprang behind the screen—the door opened: I passed out first, next my daughter, then the old nurse. On coming to the door leading from the passage to the outer room, I had at the same time to lift my foot and stoop my head, to prevent the catching of my feathers—no easy matter: but I succeeded; and had now to face in this large room a file of five seated jailers ranged along the wall. I held my handkerchief to my eyes of course, and expected my daughter to come, as directed, on my left; but in her flurry the poor child took the right, thus leaving the jailer at liberty to hand me out as usual. He laid his hand on

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my arm, evidently much moved (for he concluded we had taken an eternal leave of each other), and said : "You leave early to-night, madam?" It has been said that my child and I gave way to screams and sobs. So far from that, we durst not so much as indulge in a sigh. At length I got to the further end, where, night and day, sat a jailer in a huge arm-chair, in a space sufficiently contracted to allow him to place his two hands on the keys of two doors ; one an iron grating, the other (the outer one), called the first wicket. This man looked at me, but did not open. I had to put my hand through the bars to hurry him. At length he turned his two keys, and we were out ! And now, recollecting herself, my daughter took my right arm. We had twelve steps of a stair to go up to get at the court where the chair waited ; and at the foot of them was the guardhouse, where twenty soldiers, with an officer at their head, stood within three steps of me, to see Madame Lavalette pass ! My foot was at length on the last step, and I got into the sedan, which was close by. But not a chairman was there—not a servant ! only my daughter and the old woman standing beside it, and a sentry not six feet off, immovable on his post, staring at me. My first surprise was giving way to violent agitation : I felt my eyes fixed like a basilisk's on that sentry's musket, which, at the smallest noise or difficulty, I should certainly have sprung on, and used it against any one who offered to take me. This dreadful suspense may have lasted some two minutes, which to me appeared the length of a night. At length I heard the voice of Bonneville, my valet, whispering to me : "One of the bearers has failed me, but I have found another !"

"I then felt myself caught up, the chair crossed the court, and we went down a street or two. When it was set down, the door opened, and my friend Baudus offering me his arm, said aloud : "Madam, you know you have a visit to make to the president." I got out, and he pointed to a cabriolet which stood a short way off down a little dark street. I sprang into it, and the driver said to me : "Hand me my whip." I sought it in vain ; it had fallen. "Never mind," said my companion, giving the reins a shake, which set off the horses at a round trot. As I passed, I caught sight of my daughter Josephine standing on the quay, with her hands joined, praying for me with all her soul before getting into the chair ; which, as I had predicted, was quickly overtaken, and finding her only in it, was allowed to proceed.

"Beginning to breathe at length, when we had driven a long way, I had time to look at my coachman, and what was my astonishment to recognise the Count de Chassenon, whom I little thought of seeing in that capacity. "Is that you?" asked I in unfeigned surprise. "Yes ; and you have at your back four well-loaded pistols, which I hope you will use in case of need." "Not I, indeed ; I have no mind to involve you in ruin !" "Well, then, I suppose I must shoot

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you the example, and woe to whoever attempts to stop us!" We drove on to the Boulevard Neuf, where we stopped, and I displayed my handkerchief, as agreed, on the apron of the cab; having, by the way, got rid of all my female paraphernalia, and slipped on a groom's frock, with a round laced livery hat. Monsieur Baudus soon joined us: I took leave of the good count, and modestly followed in the wake of my new master. It was now past eight; the rain fell in torrents; the night was dark; and nothing could be more lonely than this part of the town. It was with the greatest difficulty I could keep pace with Monsieur Baudus before I lost one of my shoes, which did not mend matters. We met several gendarmes at full gallop, little aware that he whom they were probably in quest of was so near them! At length, after an hour's march, worn out with fatigue, and with one foot bare, we came to a large mansion. "I am going in here," said Monsieur Baudus; "and while I engage the porter in conversation, slip into the courtyard; you will find a staircase on the left; go up it to the highest story. At the end of a dark passage to the right is a pile of firewood; stand behind it, and wait." I grew dizzy, and almost sunk on seeing Monsieur Baudus knock at the very door of the minister for foreign affairs—the Duke de Richelieu! But while the porter let him in, I passed on quickly. "Where is that man going?" cried the porter. "Oh, 'tis only my servant." I found the staircase and everything else as directed, and was no sooner on the appointed spot, than I heard the rustling of a gown; my arm was gently taken; I was pushed into a room, and the door closed upon me.

Lavalette was now concealed in what was in all probability the least suspected place in Paris—the house of the minister of foreign affairs. For an asylum under this roof he was indebted to the gratitude of Madame de Brisson, the wife of the cashier. M. de Brisson, it appears, had been proscribed at the first revolution for voting against the king's death, and was two years in hiding, along with his wife, among the Vosges, a cluster of mountains on the east of France. Here they received so much kindness from the inhabitants, that Madame de Brisson made a vow to save, if ever in her power, a person similarly circumstanced. She now had it in her power to afford a shelter to Lavalette, and nobly did she redeem her vow. Every comfort, down to the minutest luxuries of the toilet (so acceptable to a prisoner long deprived of them), had been provided by this lady's thoughtful kindness; even the felt slippers in which alone he was to dare to move about, and the profusion of books and wax-lights, which were to compensate to a studious man for the necessity of keeping his windows carefully closed all day. When the shades of night permitted him to open them, it was often to hear street-criers bawling forth proclamations, of which he could sometimes catch little more than his own name, threatening with the utmost penalties of the law all landlords or lodgers who might be

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giving him a harbour; and truly, considering not only the dangers to which their generous conduct in his behalf was exposing his benefactors, but the fearful risk to all involved, in a nephew (who slept next room to him) and a couple of faithful servants being necessarily in the secret, it may be imagined that Lavalette's was not a bed of roses. His meals had to be literally purloined from their own table by Madame de Brisson, who, on some refreshment not habitually consumed by the family being requested by her prisoner, was obliged to remind him of the recapture and death on the scaffold of Monsieur de Montmorine, from the trifling circumstance of some chicken bones being found near the door of his landlady—a woman too poor to indulge in such dainties. She was, however, able to afford him the more substantial alleviation of hearing that, spite of proclamations, at which every one laughed, his escape was the subject of rejoicing all over Paris; that Madame Lavalette was extolled to the skies, and every possible allusion to her conduct at the theatre received with rapturous applause.

It is now time to return to that interesting woman, whose agitating suspense after her husband's departure may be easily conceived. No sooner was Lavalette beyond the gates, than the jailer peeped as usual into the room, and hearing some one behind the screen, went out. He returned, however, in five minutes, and still seeing no one, bethought him of pushing aside a leaf of the screen, and at sight of Madame Lavalette, gave a loud cry, and ran towards the door. She flew to prevent him, and, in her despair, kept such fast hold of his coat that he left part of it in her hands. 'You have ruined me, madam!' he exclaimed in a rage, and extricating himself by a desperate effort, and calling out as he went along: 'The prisoner has escaped!' he ran, tearing his hair like a madman, to the prefect of police.

The intelligence of Lavalette's escape, hastily communicated to the prefect, spread universal surprise. Indignant at the trick which had been played, the prefect, who was officially responsible for the safety of the prisoner, instantly ordered the widest and most minute search to be made to recover the lost captive. Gendarmes galloped about in all directions, and every suspicious-looking individual was seized. Cafés, hotels, and all places of public resort were visited. Every supposed lurking-place was searched. The pursuit continued all night, and domiciliary visits of the strictest kind were made, not only at the house of every acquaintance of the count, but of all who had ever held official connection with him. The effort was vain. Clever as the police of Paris unquestionably are, they were completely baffled on this memorable occasion. To intercept a possible flight to the country, the barriers were closed, and no one was permitted to pass without undergoing a personal scrutiny. All, however, would not do. Lavalette, safe in the house of the minister of foreign affairs, who little knew what guest he entertained, continued undiscovered; and all Paris chuckled to see the police fairly at fault.

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Defeated in their attempts to recover the fugitive, the police and other authorities meanly revenged themselves on Madame Lavalette, who for some time remained in an agony of suspense with respect to the fate of her husband. From the brutal insults of the enraged jailers, she was rescued by the arrival of the attorney-general, but only to be exposed to a set of formal interrogatories and reproaches from that functionary. In the eye of the law, she had been guilty at most of a misdemeanour, for which a severe punishment could not properly be inflicted. By the orders of the attorney-general, however, she was treated with unbecoming disrespect and severity; and being at the time in a poor state of health, this treatment was not only a sore aggravation of her immediate distresses, bodily and mental, but laid the foundation of complaints which afterwards unsettled her reason.

Instead of throwing open to this magnanimous woman the doors of the prison she had hallowed, her confinement was, for six weeks, as close and rigorous as that of the worst criminals. She was subjected to the nuisance of being within hearing of the reprobate of her own sex, while no female attendant was allowed her save a jailer; not a line was she permitted either to despatch or receive, and therefore a continual prey to anxieties on her husband's account, which, at every change of sentries, made her start up, concluding they were bringing him back, and for twenty-five nights wholly deprived her of sleep. Fortunately for her husband, he was kept in ignorance of these distressing details, and taught to believe that, though subject to restraint, she was enjoying every comfort under the roof of the wife of the prefect of police.

To him we must now return. In consequence of the unabated vigilance of the authorities, the friends of Lavalette were anxious to get him conveyed, if possible, beyond the barriers, and thence out of France. Several plans of escape from the country were suggested, without success. One, to escape in the suite of a Russian general, failed, from the dread inspired, by hearing the name of Lavalette, of himself being sent to Siberia. Another, more promising, to join a Bavarian battalion quitting Paris, whose commandant, a friend of Prince Eugène, would have earned praise instead of blame by conniving at it, was frustrated by the surveillance naturally enough exercised by the police over both men and officers of this suspected corps. At length, on the eighteenth day of his seclusion, Monsieur Baudus, in a transport of joy, announced to Lavalette his probable escape through the co-operation of Englishmen.

The political sentiments of some then in Paris had been too openly declared, against the execution of Marshal Ney especially, to make sounding them a matter of difficulty; and the office being undertaken by some French ladies of rank and the most amiable character, had all the success anticipated with Mr Michael Bruce in the first instance, and through him, with yet more efficient

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coadjutors, General Sir Robert Wilson, and Captain Hutchinson of the Guards. It was humanely resolved by these gentlemen that Lavalette should, if possible, escape from France by wearing the uniform of a British officer. This plan, which was accordingly put in execution, is described as follows by Sir Robert in a letter to Earl Grey, which was intercepted on its way to England, and led to the subsequent trial and imprisonment of the parties engaged.

‘It was agreed,’ says Sir Robert, ‘that the fugitive, wearing, as well as myself, the British uniform, should accompany me beyond the barriers in an English cab; that I should have a fresh horse stationed at La Chapelle, and from thence get on to Compiègne, where I was to be joined by my own carriage, in which Lavalette and I would proceed by Mons to Cambrai. At my request, and on my responsibility, I easily procured passports from Lord Stewart for General Wallis and Colonel Losack; names which we made choice of, because their initials corresponded with the real ones. On their being taken to be signed at the Foreign Office, one of the secretaries took it in his head to ask who Colonel Losack was, when Hutchinson coolly answered: “Oh, the son of the admiral.” Bruce now found out that the brigade of his cousin, General Brisbane, was at Compiègne, and that his aide-de-camp was to leave Paris next day with his horses and baggage. With this young man, reluctantly as we involved him in the affair, it was agreed that he should provide for us a place where an individual, desirous of avoiding publicity, might remain *perdu* a few hours at Compiègne—a precaution which proved of the greatest use.

‘Bruce next procured Lavalette’s measure, and a uniform was ordered as if for a quarter-master of the Guards; but the regimental tailor happening to observe that it was for a very stout gentleman, and, moreover, that it had not been taken by a professional *snip*, the parties got alarmed, and fell on the plan of borrowing for the expedition the coat of a strapping brother-guardsman—a very young man, whom they persuaded it was wanted to assist in an elopement.’

It is not the least curious of the many odd features of this remarkable escape, that on Lavalette proceeding under cloud of night the previous evening to Captain Hutchinson’s lodgings in the Rue de Hilder, he only exchanged one lion’s den for another, having for a neighbour under the same roof the very judge who had presided at his trial! He was there met by Mr Bruce (whom he had once or twice seen at the queen of Holland’s) and Sir Robert Wilson, who, after partaking of a bowl of punch (the ostensible pretext for the meeting), left him to take on a sofa such slumbers as, on the eve of such an expedition, he could hope to enjoy. These were rudely broken in upon about one in the morning by a prodigious noise and loud colloquy at the outer door, the object of which was plainly to effect a forcible entry. Lavalette, never doubting he was discovered, and firmly grasping his pistols, woke his companion, who, he tells

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us, went out very quietly, and after five minutes (which to Lavalette seemed ages) came back and said: 'It is only a dispute between the portress and a French officer who lodges on the third floor about letting him in at so late an hour; so we may go to sleep again.'

There was no more sleep, however, for his guest, who got up at six and dressed himself, and at half-past seven was called for by Sir Robert in a general's full uniform, in Bruce's cabriolet, while Captain Hutchinson rode alongside, both to give it the air of a pleasure party, and that Lavalette, if hard pressed, might exchange the carriage for a swifter conveyance. 'The weather,' says our hero in his memoirs, 'was splendid, all the shops open, everybody in the streets; and, by a singular coincidence, as we passed the Grève (the place of execution in Paris), they were setting up the gallows customarily used for the execution in effigy of outlawed criminals.'

Numerous were the occasions on which the party were threatened with discovery; indeed, that one with such marked features as Lavalette—personally known, from his office, to half the postmasters in France, and, moreover, minutely described in placards in almost everybody's hands—should have escaped detection, seems little short of a miracle. Before they were out of Paris, they met an English officer, all surprise at seeing a British general with whose person he was unacquainted. The gendarmes at the gate took a hearty stare at him; but the ceremony of presenting arms screened at once his profile and his life. When they met people or carriages, Sir Robert took care to talk very loud in English, and Colonel Losack to sit well back in the carriage, the white feather in his regimental hat serving to divert attention from the wearer. Another object of the same colour had, however, nearly served to betray him; namely, a few white hairs straggling from beneath his wig, which Sir Robert observed ere entering Compiègne, and being fortunately provided with scissors, was enabled to act the barber's part.

Their chief peril was at the previous village of La Chapelle, where their relay horse had been stationed at a bustling inn, about the door of which four gendarmes were lounging, and were only got rid of by the presence of mind of Captain Hutchinson, who, by pretending to be on the look-out for cantonments for a corps of English troops, diverted their attention, and kept them drinking till the others had got clear off. Their stay of some hours at Compiègne, to await the arrival from Paris of Sir Robert's carriage, passed off equally well, and under cloud of night it arrived safe. With post-horses the rest of the journey could now be more expeditiously, and, thanks to the words 'English carriage and English general,' passed on from postilion to postilion, was at length safely performed.

At Cambrai three hours were lost at the gates by the supineness of the English guard, who, having no orders to call up the porter, refused to do so, and might have ruined all. At Valenciennes, the party were three times examined, nay, their passports carried to the

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commandant. A long time elapsed, and Lavalette felt as if on the brink of shipwreck when almost in port. Luckily, it was very cold weather (early in January), and day had scarcely dawned; and the officer, instead of coming to inspect the travellers, signed their passports in bed. 'On the *glacis* of the same town,' says Lavalette, 'an officious douanier chose to examine if all was right. His curiosity, however, was satisfied, and we were ere long bowling joyously along the firm road to Mons. Now I would peep out of the little back-window to see if we were pursued; and then I would fix my longing eyes on a large building pointed out to me as the first Belgian custom-house, which, drive as we would, never seemed to me to get any nearer. At length we gained it: I was out of the French territory, and saved! Seizing hold of the general's hands, I poured forth, deeply moved, the whole extent of my gratitude, while he only answered me by a quiet smile.' 'Having made at Mons every arrangement for facilitating Monsieur Lavalette's ulterior proceedings, I returned,' says his generous deliverer, 'to Paris, from whence I had been absent only about sixty hours.'

## EXILE AND DEATH.

Lavalette was now safely sheltered in a foreign country. From the Netherlands he proceeded to Germany, and there found a refuge in the dominions of the king of Bavaria, though scarcely with the willing consent of that monarch. In a remote country retreat Lavalette lived for years, almost forgotten by the world. The only matter for serious regret was the absence of his affectionate wife, the state of whose mind rendered seclusion from the world indispensably necessary. The manner in which the count spent the greater part of his time may be gathered from a touching letter which he wrote to the Duchess of Ragusa, the wife of General Marmont.

'You ask me where I live,' and how. I dwell on the banks of a lake not unworthy of Switzerland, for it is five leagues long by one broad. I have a room and a closet at the lodge of the keeper of a forsaken chateau. My view consists of a fine sheet of water, pretty low hills, and high mountains beyond, covered with snow. For walks, I have wild woodlands, abounding with game, which remain unmolested for me. My hosts are honest peasants, whose Spartan broth and black bread I partake of with tolerable relish. I dare not have in a servant a possible spy, so my sole companion is a poor artist unknown to fame, who smokes all day long, and does not know one word of my language; but I am learning his, and we get on very well. He wakes me every morning at six, and we labour together till nine. After the most frugal of breakfasts, we set to work again till noon, and after dinner from two till five. I then read a couple of hours; and at seven we go to walk till supper.



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I have taught him chess, and we play till ten, when I go to my room, but seldom to bed till one o'clock. These hours of night are for the heart's anguish, and a host of bitter reminiscences. I pray and weep over all those I love, and in thinking of my poor, humbled, subjugated country.

'But I do not at all times give way to such sad thoughts. I should be unworthy of my glorious misfortune did I not draw from it the sweetest consolations. I often feel less thankful at having escaped the scaffold, than for being saved from it by such generous hearts. Wife, child, friends, domestics, nay, those noble strangers, all combined to suffer, to sacrifice themselves; but, thank Heaven, ultimately to triumph in my cause. I of all mankind have no right to complain of my fellows. Never was unfortunate being honoured by so much devotedness and courage!

'I am so happy that you are within reach of my poor wife. You love and appreciate her. She is not understood in a world of base wretches, who little thought that that weak, dejected, unhappy woman would prove too strong and bold for them all! Oh, take care of her, I beseech you; watch over her, and shield her from every sorrow! And my poor little Josephine; good God! what will become of her? How fondly had I looked forward to perfecting her education! When I think of all this, I could beat my head against the very walls, and dread what I may be tempted to do! Above all, my wife!—see her often, console, and protect her if necessary.'

It is consolatory to know that Lavalette outlived the vengeance of his enemies. After an exile of six years, the crime of which he stood guilty was remitted, and he was allowed to return to France a free man. He now had the additional happiness of being permitted to see his wife, and to repay by the most devoted attentions her exertions in his behalf. The acute mental malady brought on by anxiety and terror, under which she had for some years laboured, seems to have gradually yielded to a deep melancholy and frequent abstraction; 'but she remained,' says Lavalette, 'as she had ever been, good, gentle, and amiable, and able to find enjoyment in the country,' where for her sake he chiefly resided, pretty much forgotten by the world, until his death in 1830. Whether Madame Lavalette ultimately recovered from her alienated mental condition, we have not heard: it is, however, gratifying to learn that her daughter Josephine, who was married to a man of worth and talent, lived to contribute to her comfort and happiness, in that scene of rural quiet to which she had been removed by an affectionate and grateful husband.



## RELIGIOUS IMPOSTORS.

**A**LL excesses are dangerous, and none perhaps more so than an excess in devotional feeling. Of religious excesses, originating either in imposture or the delusions of an overheated temperament, the world has had many lamentable examples. During the last thousand years, there have appeared as many as twenty false Messiahs, besides an incalculable number of persons who have presumed, with equal impiety, to declare themselves to be prophets specially sent by God. History abounds in accounts of these deluded beings, and of their temporary success in working on the credulity of followers. For the sake of general information, and, if possible, to guard simple-minded people from being deceived by the claims of all such pretenders, we

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present the following account of a few of the principal religious impostors, or at least self-deceived fanatics, of modern times, commencing with

### MUNZER AND BOCKHOLT.

In the year 1525, amid the turmoil of the Reformation, there arose a remarkable sect in Germany, headed by a fanatic named Thomas Munzer, who declared himself to be an inspired prophet. The members of the sect pretended to be the peculiar favourites of Heaven, the chosen instruments of God to effect the millennium reign of Christ on earth. They believed that they had familiar personal intercourse with the Deity, that they were on an equal footing with the prophets and apostles of old, and were armed against all opposition by the power of working miracles. Their pretended visions, miracles, and prophecies soon kindled the flame of fanaticism in the minds of the peasants. Their prophet and leader at length took the field, attended by his deluded followers, with the intention of overturning all governments and laws, giving as a reason that the world was now to be governed by the founder of Christianity in person. The Elector of Saxony and other princes raised an army to withstand the dangerous pretensions of the sect. About five thousand were slain in battle, the leader of the mob was executed, and the fanaticism apparently quelled.

A few years later a similar delusion was propagated in Westphalia, a district in Lower Germany, by John Bockholt, a tailor by profession, and a native of Leyden, in Holland—hence his popular name of John of Leyden. This man, with the aid of a few equally infatuated zealots, began to spread his doctrines in Munster, the capital of Westphalia, in the year 1533, and, as in all similar cases, soon gained listeners, some of whom became believers in his pretensions. John of Leyden, like a number of his predecessors, assumed the character of a temporal prince. He persuaded his credulous followers that a new spiritual kingdom was to be established, and that Munster was to be its capital, whence laws should be sent forth to govern all the kings of the earth. This presumptuous idea was flattering to the mob, and the Leyden tailor gained continual accessions of adherents. As he went on, even the learned, including some monks, joined his sect, until at length he found himself powerful enough to venture on his great project. His followers rose suddenly in arms, attacked and deposed the magistrates, and became masters of the city. Immediately afterwards John of Leyden was proclaimed king of the New Jerusalem.

We have said nothing of the doctrines or personal doings of the man who thus got the sway of a great city containing many thousands of people. His extravagances are almost incredible. He married eleven wives, to shew his approbation of the polygamy

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which prevailed in the times of *other* kings of Jerusalem; and to assimilate himself to a particular king of the Hebrews, he ran or madly danced, without apparel, through the streets of Munster. Other most offensive and pernicious acts were daily committed by this mock-monarch, whom it is charity to set down as insane. He of course saw visions and dreamt dreams in abundance. In one dream it was communicated to him, he said, that the cities of Amsterdam, Deventer, and Wesel were given to him as his own. He accordingly sent disciples or bishops thither, to spread his new kingdom. In the state of the public mind at the period, these religious embassies were not, as they appear now, ridiculous. The Amsterdam envoy gathered so many proselytes, that he attempted to seize on the city. He marched his followers to the town-house on a given day, with drums beating and colours flying. Having seized on the house, he fixed his head-quarters there; but the burghers rose, and with some regular troops surrounded the fanatics; the whole of them were put to death in a severe manner, in order to intimidate others of the class.

It may well be imagined that the city of Munster was in a dreadful condition under John of Leyden, it being a doctrine of the sect that all things should be in common among the faithful; and they also taught that civil magistrates were utterly useless. Hence enormous crimes, as well as ridiculous follies, were practised continually—real enthusiasm of belief adding to the evil rather than diminishing it. The following incident is the only one descriptive of the insane and scandalous practices of the sect which we shall venture to record—a specimen is enough. Twelve of them met, five being women, in a private house. One of the men, a tailor by trade, having prayed for four hours in a sort of trance, then took off his garments, and throwing them into the flames, commanded the rest to do the same. All did so; and the whole subsequently went out to the streets, which they paraded, crying, 'Woe! woe! woe to Babylon!' and the like. Being seized and taken before a magistrate, they refused to dress themselves, saying, 'We are the naked truth!' Were it not for the sequel, we might simply feel disgust at this, as the doing, possibly, of shameless profligates. But when these very persons, instead of being placed in lunatic asylums, were taken to the scaffold, they sung and danced for joy, and died with all the marks of sincere religious enthusiasm.

John of Leyden did not long enjoy the throne of Munster. Its rightful sovereign and bishop, Count Waldeck, aided by other petty princes of Germany, assembled an army and marched against the city. The fanatics shut its gates and resisted; nor was it until after an obstinate siege that the occupants were overcome. The mock-monarch was taken, and suffered a cruel death, with great numbers of his wrong-headed associates.

The popular hallucination, however, did not end here. The severe

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laws which were enacted after the deaths of Munzer and Bockholt, in order to check the spread of their principles, were of no preventive value; perhaps the reverse. We are told by Mosheim, that immediately after the taking of Munster, 'the innocent and the guilty were often involved in the same terrible fate, and prodigious numbers were devoted to death in the most dreadful forms.' There is proof, too, as in the single case detailed, that even where great profligacy characterised their peculiar course of conduct, there was often mixed up with it such an amount of sincerity as ought to make us think of them with pity as beings labouring under a strange delusion, rather than blame them as persons erring under the common impulses leading to vice. 'In almost all the countries of Europe, an unspeakable number of these wretches preferred death in its worst forms to a retractation of their errors. Neither the view of the flames kindled to consume them, nor the ignominy of the gibbet, nor the terrors of the sword, could shake their invincible but ill-placed constancy, or induce them to abandon tenets that appeared dearer to them than life and all its enjoyments.' The more enlightened policy of modern times would either leave alone such unhappy beings, or consign them to the humane treatment of a lunatic asylum.

## RICHARD BROTHERS.

Richard Brothers was born in Newfoundland in 1760, and for several years served as a midshipman and lieutenant in the British royal navy. In the year 1784 a reduction of the navy took place, and he was paid off, to live for the future upon an allowance of three shillings a day. No particular eccentricities of conduct characterised Brothers up to the year 1790, when his understanding, according to his own shewing, began first to be really 'enlightened; although,' says he, 'I had always a presentiment of being some time or other very great.' The enlightenment took the shape of an objection to the oath which he was obliged by form to take in receiving his half-yearly pay, and which bears to be a 'voluntary' attestation that the annuitant has received the benefit of no public employment during the term for which he draws his salary. Mr Brothers found here a difficulty which seems really somewhat puzzling. 'I do not wish,' he reasoned, 'to take any oath if I can possibly avoid it, and yet part of my attestation is, that I swear voluntarily. This makes me utter and sign a falsehood, as the oath is compulsory, my pay not being procurable without it.' The head of the Admiralty (the Earl of Chatham) would not depart from the ordinary form in such cases, and Mr Brothers was left half starving, for the space of a year or so, on the horns of this dilemma. Anxiety of mind appears to have given the decisive bent, at this period, to his awakening fanatical tendencies.

The next tidings which we have of Mr Brothers result from the

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application, in 1791, of Mrs Green, a lodging-house keeper in Westminster, to one of the workhouses in that district, respecting a lodger of hers who owed her thirty-three pounds, and whom she was unable to keep any longer, as his conscience would not allow him to draw the pay due to him from the Admiralty. The workhouse board pitied the poor woman, who spoke highly of the honesty, good temper, and moral conduct of her lodger. They sent for Mr Brothers. 'His appearance,' says a writer who was present, 'prepossessed me greatly in his favour. He seemed about thirty years of age, tall, and well formed, and shewed in his address and manner much mildness and gentility.' He answered questions calmly, though his replies were all tinged with fanaticism. The issue was, that the board took him off Mrs Green's hands for a time, and stated the case fully to the Admiralty; which body, on the score of the eccentricities deposed to by the widow, granted the pension to Mr Brothers for the future without the oath.

Richard Brothers, comparatively easy in worldly circumstances, now came before the world as a prophet. He did not publish his 'great' works till 1794; but long before that time his prophetic announcements had been spread abroad, and he had made a mighty stir in the world. His house was constantly filled by persons of quality and fortune, of both sexes, and the street crowded with their carriages. There was at least one member of parliament, Nathaniel Brassey Halhed, a gentleman known as a profound oriental scholar, and author of some highly valued compositions, who openly espoused the views and cause of Brothers, sounding his praises in the British senate, and supporting him by learned dissertations from the press. Oxford divines did not disdain to enter the field as opponents of the new prophet; scores of pious enthusiasts 'testified' in his favour; thousands trembled at his denunciations of woe; and, in short, Richard Brothers became, what he 'had always a presentiment of being some time or other—a very great man.'

To glance at the mass of absurdities—blasphemous in the extreme, if viewed as the outpourings of mental sanity—which men thus allowed to arrest their attention, excites a sense alike of the painful and ludicrous. That the man was neither more nor less than a confirmed lunatic, appears on the face of every chapter. If there was any admixture of imposture in the case, certainly self-delusion was the prevailing feature. The following selections, which, so far from being the most gross specimens of his ravings, are only such as may without impropriety be set down here, will satisfy every reader of the diseased organisation of the prophet's head. He calls his work, which appeared in two books, *A Revealed Knowledge of the Prophecies and Times*, with a further heading which could scarcely be repeated. He had found out in his visions that his ancestors had been Jews, though 'separated from that race for fifteen hundred years, such a length of time as to make them forget they

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ever belonged to the name.' The discovery of his Hebrew descent was an essential point, as the prophet was to be the 'prince and restorer of the Jews by the year 1798.' Absurd enough as this assumed genealogy was, what term should be applied to the further assumption, defended by Mr Halhed in parliament, of such a descent as to render him 'nephew' to the Divine Being!

One of Brothers's more important prophecies was, that London would be destroyed in 1791; and will it be credited that such a piece of nonsense should at the time have created great uneasiness in the minds of many persons in the metropolis? To finish the farce, London was *not* destroyed at the time predicted; but that only gave the prophet grounds for self-laudation: it was saved by *his* interposition! He describes minutely what the state of things would otherwise have been, in order, no doubt, to make the sense of the escape stronger. 'London would have formed a great bay or inlet of the channel; all the land between Windsor and the Downs would have been sunk, including a distance of eighteen miles on each side, to the depth of seventy fathoms, that no traces of the city might be ever found.'

Mr Brothers had many visions of solid temporal power and honours. In a vision he was shewn 'the queen of England coming towards me, slow, trembling, and afraid. This was communicated to William Pitt in the month called June 1792.' In another vision he saw the English monarch rise from the throne, and humbly send him 'a most magnificent star.' What this meant the prophet could not at first tell, but it was 'revealed' to signify that entire power was given to him over the majesty of England. A letter describing the vision, 'with others to the king, queen, and chancellor of the exchequer were put into the penny post-office, to be sent by that conveyance, according to the directions I received on that head by revelation.' But Brothers was still more direct in his announcements to the king of his coming fall. In his book he plainly says: 'I tell you, George the Third, king of England, that immediately on my being revealed in London to the Hebrews as their prince, and to all nations as their governor, your crown must be delivered up to me, that all your power and authority may instantly cease.' The 'revelation' spoken of was to be effected openly and visibly. 'I am to take a rod and throw it on the ground, when it will be changed into a serpent; to take it in my hand again, when it will be re-changed into a rod.'

Can it be possible that ravings such as these, which are among the least objectionable in the book, brought carriages full of admiring people of quality to the door of Richard Brothers, and were defended by a learned senator of Britain less than eighty years ago? That they did so is undeniable; and here lies the apology for yet holding the case up to ridicule. But space and time enough have now been occupied with the task, and we must speedily draw to an end with

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Richard Brothers. He shewed most fully the extent of his self-delusion, perhaps, on the occasion of his visit to the House of Commons. After formally announcing that he was about to do so, he went to that place for the purpose of prophesying to the members of wars and rumours of wars, and of directing them, as their true 'king and minister of state,' how to avoid the coming perils. Strange to say, the reckless speaker sent back the letter of the prophet with a messenger, who set him off with what he felt to be, 'in such a public place particularly, unfeeling contempt and incivility.' But the House of Commons had not yet seen the last of Richard Brothers. On the 4th of March 1795 the poor prophet was taken into custody, ostensibly to answer a charge of high treason, founded on the printed passages relating to the king, but in reality to try the sanity of the man in a regular way. He was tried, and was declared by a jury to be *insane*. The imputation both of insanity and high treason was combated, in two long speeches in the House of Commons, by Mr Halhed, and these speeches shew both learning and ingenuity in no slight degree. But the case was too strong for Mr Halhed, and his motions fell to the ground unseconded.

Richard Brothers now fell under the care of the lord-chancellor as a lunatic, and passed the whole of his remaining days, we believe, in private confinement. Doubtless he would there be much more happy than in the midst of a world for which his unfortunate situation unfitted him. The victims of such illusions create a world of their own around them, and in imaginary intercourse with the beings that people it, find more pleasure than in any commerce with the material creation. Richard Brothers, as far as he lived at all for the ordinary world, lived only to give another proof of the strength of the superstitious feeling and love of the marvellous in man, as well as of the difficulty which even education has in repressing their undue exercise.

## FEMALE FANATICS.

During the past century the religious world has been scandalised by the wild fancies and pretensions of several female fanatics, equally mad or self-deceiving with the most visionary impostors of the male sex. We shall first speak of

*Ann Lee*, the founder of the religious sect commonly called Shakers. She was the daughter of a blacksmith, who lived in Toad Lane in Manchester; a very poor man, who gave her no education, and sent her while a mere child to work in a cotton-mill. She seems to have been a violent, hysterical girl, ambitious of notice, and fond of power, and to have always possessed, in virtue of her strong will and vehement temper, a great deal of influence over the people around her. Marrying, while very young, a blacksmith named



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Stanley, she had four children, all of whom died in infancy, and to this, perhaps, may be ascribed the preference of the celibate to the married life, which she ultimately raised into a part of her religious system. She became one of the earliest believers in a prophetess, who appeared about a hundred years ago, in the town of Bolton-on-the-Moors, in Lancashire—a poor woman, named Jane Wardlaw, the wife of a tailor, who believed she had ‘received a call’ to go forth and testify for the truth. The burden of Jane Wardlaw’s message was, that the end of all things was at hand, that Christ was coming to reign upon the earth, and that his second appearance would be in the form of a woman, as prefigured in the Psalms. In subordination to this, she took up several of the tenets of the Society of Friends, to which she and her husband originally belonged; especially, she raised her voice against war and against profane swearing. Her followers believed that she was filled with the Holy Spirit; they received her utterances as the voice of God; and she acted as if all the powers of earth and heaven had been given into her hands. Ann Lee, on her conversion (about 1758), began to preach the same message in Toad Lane and the adjacent streets of Manchester; but she soon went beyond her teacher, and gained the leadership of her co-believers for herself. It happened that she was brought before a magistrate, charged with an obstruction of the streets, caused by the crowd collected to hear her preach, and she was sent to the Old Bailey Prison in Manchester. When she came out of prison, she gave forth, that one night a light had shone upon her in her cell; that the Lord Jesus stood before her; and that He became one with her in form and spirit (1770). Her pretension was, that Christ was come to reign in her person. It was favourably entertained by the followers of Jane Wardlaw; and they acknowledged her as their Head, or Mother, in place of Jane, whose pretensions had never gone so far. She found, however, that among her neighbours and fellow-workers, her claim to be the Bride of the Lamb seen in the Revelation by St John, excited only jeering and ridicule; and she received a revelation that she should seek in America a home for herself and her few disciples—that it was in America that the foundations of Christ’s kingdom were to be laid. So she went to New York in 1774, accompanied by seven disciples—five males and two females. Her husband also went with her; but he seems to have had no faith in her, and he left her soon after their arrival, in consequence of one of the features then introduced into her system. This was the practice of celibacy, which she had not previously enforced upon her followers, though she had commended it. Her teaching was, that men called into grace must live as the angels do, among whom there is no marrying or giving in marriage; that no form of earthly love could be allowed in the Redeemer’s kingdom. Finding a populous city unfavourable to her designs, she removed, with her followers, first to Albany, then far into the wilderness to Niskenna,

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and there founded the settlement which still exists, of Water Vliet. It was in the spring of 1780—when she had been three years and a half at Niskenna, looking for new believers to come in, but making no attempt to win them—that the first American converts joined her Society. A revival had taken place at Albany, and had spread through the surrounding districts; and from Hancock and New Lebanon a deputation was sent to Niskenna, to see what light its inhabitants enjoyed as to the way of salvation. The deputation consisted of Joseph Meacham and Lucy Wright—subsequently the heads of the Shaker Society. These persons became believers in Ann Lee; and through their agency, other converts were won, and a Shaker Society established at New Lebanon. Towards the close of 1780, the revolutionary war being then in progress, notoriety was given to Ann Lee's pretensions, through an incident seemingly unfavourable. Owing to her British origin, her denunciations against war, and her refusal to take the colonial oaths, Ann was imprisoned for some time at Poughkeepsie, on suspicion of being a British spy. Before she was let out of prison, in December 1780, all the colonies had heard of 'the female Christ.' In the following year, she started upon a missionary tour through New England and adjacent colonies; she found the people everywhere curious to see her, and she made not a few converts. She did not return to Water Vliet till September 1783, and about a year after, she died. Her death was a surprise to many of her followers, who believed that she was to live among them for ever; but her successors—the Joseph Meacham and Lucy Wright already mentioned—to whom, on her death-bed, she had made over the headship of the Society, were ready with a theory accounting for it. 'Mother Ann,' they said, could not die, and was not dead, and had not ceased to live among her people. She had only withdrawn from the common sight; she was still visible to eyes exalted by the gift of grace; she had cast the dress of flesh, and was now clothed with a glory which concealed her from the world. So it would be with every one of the saints in turn; but the spirits of those who 'passed out of sight' would remain near and be in union with the visible body of believers. This explanation was generally accepted, and has become a vital part of the Shaker creed, which thus falls in, in so far, with the more recent doctrine of 'Spiritism,' as it is called.

By Joseph Meacham and Lucy Wright, the successors of 'Mother Ann,' the Shakers were gathered into settlements, ten in number; and a covenant was drawn up embracing the chief points of their creed, and of the social system since associated with it. Their head was, of course, 'Mother Ann'—the second incarnation of Christ—of whom Joseph and Lucy were temporarily the representatives: elders and deacons, male and female, were appointed; the institution of celibacy was confirmed; and a community of goods was introduced. On the death of Joseph Meacham in 1795, 'Mother

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Lucy' became the sole head of the Society, and she governed it with ample powers for twenty-five years. She named a female successor with the title of Elderess; and the name of 'Mother' has not, since that time, been applied to the female head of the community. The Shakers were, at the census of 1860, more than six thousand in number, included in eighteen societies; of which three are in the state of New York, four in Massachusetts, two in New Hampshire, two in Maine, one in Connecticut, four in Ohio, and two in Kentucky. Their numbers have increased considerably since 1860; the influence of their opinions has greatly increased; and the eighteen separate settlements continue to form a united and peaceful Society.

Their doctrine has been to some extent developed as well as systematised since the death of 'Mother Ann.' They believe that the kingdom of heaven has come; that Christ has appeared on earth a second time, in the form of 'Mother Ann,' and that the personal rule of God has been restored. Then they hold that the old law has been abolished, and a new dispensation begun; that Adam's sin has been atoned; that man has been made free of all errors except his own; that the curse has been taken away from labour; that the earth and all that is on it will be redeemed. Believers, on going 'into union,' die to the world, and enter upon a new life, which is not a mere change of life, but a new order of being. For them, there is neither death nor marriage; what seems death is only a change of form, a transfiguration which does not hide them from the purified eyes of the saints; and in union, as in heaven, there is no marrying or giving in marriage—the believer owes love to all the saints, but his love must be celibate in spirit and in fact. The believer, living in union, *is* in heaven. The Shakers believe that the earth, now freed from the curse of Adam, is heaven; they look for no resurrection besides that involved in living with them in 'resurrection order.' The believer, upon entering into union, leaves behind all his earthly relationships and interests, just as if he had been severed from them by death. Those who have 'passed out of sight' are still in union; and the Shakers live in daily communion with the spirits of the departed believers.

It being the work of the saints to redeem the earth from the effects of the curse, labour is a sacred and priestly function, especially when bestowed in making the earth yield her increase, and in developing her beauty. It should be done in a spirit of love; the earth, they say, yields most to those who love it; and love and labour will in time restore it to its primitive state. According to Mr W. Hepworth Dixon, from whose *New America* (London, 1867) the materials of this sketch have been chiefly derived, they bestow upon their gardens and fields the affections which other men bestow upon family or worldly goods. Their country they regard only as it is a part of the earth, which they love, and as the favoured land

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in which God's kingdom is first to be established. In its politics and its fortunes, they take no interest; and, indeed, their whole system is a protest against the existing constitution of society, as well as against the ordinary lives of men. Consistently with their belief in the second appearance of Christ in the form of a woman, the Shakers seem to hold that there is a female as well as a male essence in the Godhead—to believe in the motherhood as well as the fatherhood of God.

Their mode of worship is thus described: 'The two sexes are frequently arranged in ranks opposite to and facing each other, the front ranks about six feet apart. There is usually an address by one of the elders upon some doctrinal subject, or some practical virtue, after which they sing a hymn; then they form in circles around a band of male and female singers, to the music of whom they "go forth in the dances of them that make merry," in which they manifest their religious zeal; and at times the excitement and fervency of spirit become very great, and their bodily evolutions, while maintaining the order and regularity of the dance and the music, are almost inconceivably rapid.' It was in ridicule of the bodily movements accompanying their worship that the name of Shakers was given to them; the name by which they designate themselves is, the United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing. In their church-service, music bears a prominent part; the hymns and chants which are used being all of Shaker origin, communicated to believers in dreams and reveries by the spirits with whom they have communion. The spirits, it is said, shew no great regard for rhyme or grammar.

They do not consider a life of celibacy as a duty for all, otherwise the race would soon come to an end. There are two orders in the world—the Order of Resurrection, and the Order of Generation. Those who have entered the Society are of the Resurrection order, for whom there is no marriage; they claim, says Mr Dixon, to be a sort of priesthood of saints, appointed to serve God, and to redeem the world from sin. The outside world is of the Generation order, and for them marriage is still, for a time, allowed.

A Shaker settlement is, for convenience, divided into families, consisting of the brothers and sisters, who live in the same houses, each governed by an elder and an elderess. There are two orders of members—Probationers and Covenanters—that is, novices and full members. It is on becoming a covenanter that the Shaker puts his property into the common stock. On entering upon residence, he becomes subject to all the rules of the society; but he is free—whether a covenanter or a probationer—to leave the body whenever he pleases. Both men and women wear a dress of prescribed cut. Some latitude is allowed as to the materials of the dress. Men and women, it is said, have the look of persons at peace with earth and Heaven. All labour with their hands, both men and women; but

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the latter do only indoor work. Every man, whatever his rank in the church, follows some manual occupation, and most of them have more than one. Working not for gain, but with loving care, and with the sense that they are exercising a priestly function, the Shakers are unrivalled among their neighbours in the arts to which they apply themselves, especially the culture of their land, and the production of fruits and flowers. They pay great attention to ventilation and to all sanitary conditions; they live almost entirely upon the produce of the soil, and drink only water; they employ no doctors, and take no drugs, and are, nevertheless, among the healthiest of communities. Their Society is recruited mostly by young men and girls; but occasionally, married persons with their children come 'into union.' Husbands and wives, when they have come 'into union,' become as brothers and sisters. The education of the children attached to the Society is the work of the sisters, and they do it exceedingly well. The brothers and sisters take their meals in a common room, eating at six in the morning, at noon, and at six in the afternoon. Their meals are taken in silence, any direction that has to be given being given by a gesture or in a whisper.

Such is this singular body, which is described as exerting a powerful influence on the course of American thought and sentiment. And yet, strange to say, all this originated, only a hundred years ago, in the morbid visions of an illiterate, hysterical factory-girl.

*Jemima Wilkinson* was another American fanatic who flourished at the same time as Mrs Lee. She was the daughter of a member of the Society of Friends of Cumberland, Rhode Island. Mentally deranged, her first visions occurred in 1775, when she pretended that she had been ill, and had actually died. Her soul having gone to heaven, as she alleged, she there heard the inquiry: 'Who will go and preach to a dying world?' Whereupon she answered: 'Here am I, send me.' Her body, as she said, was then reanimated by the spirit of Christ, upon which she set up as a public teacher, to give the last call of mercy to the human race. She declared that she had arrived at a state of perfection, and knew all things by immediate revelation, that she could foretell future events, heal all diseases, and discern the secrets of the heart. If any person was not healed by her, she conveniently attributed it to the want of faith.

Mrs Wilkinson made many other extravagant pretensions. She assumed the title of universal friend; declared that she had left the realms of glory for the good of mankind, and that all who would not believe in her should perish. She pretended that she should live a thousand years, and then be translated without death. She preached in defence of a community of goods, and took herself whatever 'the Lord had need of.' Multitudes of the poor, and many of the rich, in New England believed in the truth of these frantic assumptions, and made large contributions to her. Some gave hundreds, and one even

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a thousand dollars for her use. In a few instances wealthy families were ruined by her. No detection of her fallacies undeceived her willing dupes. She pretended that she could walk on water, in which she signally failed. She pretended that she could raise the dead to life, but a corpse placed in a coffin remained dead in spite of all her efforts. Her own death occurred in 1819, and thus her claims to immortality were completely falsified. Yet her followers would not at first believe that she was dead. They refused to bury her body, but at last were compelled to dispose of it in some secret way.

*Mrs Buchan*, a resident in Glasgow, excited by a religious mania, announced herself in 1783 as a mother and leader of the elect. She likewise was resolute in proclaiming that she was the woman spoken of in the Revelations; that the end of the world was near; and that all should follow her ministrations. For some time she wandered from place to place, attended by hundreds of half-crazy dupes. This woman appears to have been one of the least selfish or arrogant of the class to which she belonged. She seems simply to have been a lunatic, whom it was cruel to allow to go at large. She announced that she was immortal, and that all who believed in her should never taste death; but in time, like all other mortals, she died; and this event staggered the faith of her followers. The Buchanites, as they were termed, are now, we believe, extinct. Perhaps some of them were absorbed by the next impostor-fanatic who appeared in England.

*Joanna Southcott*.—This person was born in Devonshire about the year 1750, of humble parents. In early life, and till near her fortieth year, she was employed chiefly at Exeter as a domestic servant. Having joined one of the Methodist bodies, her religious feelings were powerfully awakened, and becoming acquainted with a man named Sanderson, who laid claim to the spirit of prophecy, the notion of a like pretension was gradually impressed on her mind. Possessing a very inferior education, and naturally of a coarse mind, her efforts at prophecy, whether in prose or verse, were uncouth and unworthy of the notice of people enjoying a sane mind. There being, however, always persons of an unsettled turn ready to give credence to pretensions confidently supported, her influence extended; she announced herself, like her predecessors in England and America, as the woman spoken of in the Book of Revelations; and obtained considerable sums by the sale of seals which were to secure the salvation of those who purchased them.

Exeter being too narrow a field for the exercise of her prophetic powers, Mrs Southcott removed to London, on the invitation and at the expense of William Sharp, an eminent engraver, who had become one of her principal adherents. Both before and after her removal to the metropolis, she published a number of pamphlets containing her crude reveries and prophecies concerning her mission. Towards the year 1813 she had surrounded herself with many

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credulous believers, and among certain classes had become an object of no small importance. Among other rhapsodies, she uttered dreadful denunciations upon her opposers and the unbelieving nations, and predicted the speedy approach of the millennium. In the last year of her life she secluded herself from the world, and especially from the society of the other sex, and gave out that she was with child of the Holy Ghost; and that she should give birth to the Shiloh promised to Jacob, which should be the second coming of Christ. Her prophecy was, that she was to be delivered on the 19th of October 1814, at midnight; being then upwards of sixty years of age.

This announcement seemed not unlikely to be verified, for there was an external appearance of pregnancy; and her followers, who are said to have amounted at that time to 100,000, were in the highest state of excitement. A splendid and expensive cradle was made, and considerable sums were contributed, in order to have other things prepared in a style worthy of the expected Shiloh. On the night of the 19th of October a large number of persons assembled in the street in which she lived, waiting to hear the announcement of the looked-for event; but the hour of midnight passed over, and the crowd were only induced to disperse by being informed that Mrs Southcott had fallen into a trance. On the 27th of December following she died, having a short time previously declared that 'if she was deceived, she was at all events misled by some spirit, either good or evil.' Under the belief that she was not dead, or that she would again come to life, her disciples refused to inter the body, until it began to be offensive from decomposition. They then consented, with much reluctance, to a post-mortem examination, which fully refuted Joanna's pretensions and their belief. The appearance which had deceived her followers was found to have arisen from dropsy. The pretended mission of Joanna Southcott might be expected to have been now thoroughly abandoned; but whether influenced by fanaticism or shame, her disciples clung to the cause of the deceased. They most reluctantly buried the body, without relinquishing their hopes. Flattering themselves that the object of their veneration would still, some way, reappear, they formed themselves into a religious society, under the name of the Southcottian Church. The members affected a peculiar costume, of which a brown coat of a plain cut, a whity-brown hat, with a long unshaven beard, were the chief features. Joanna Southcott was unquestionably, for the last twenty years of her life, in a state of religious insanity, which took the direction of diseased self-esteem. A lunatic asylum would have been her most fitting place of residence.

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### ROBERT MATTHEWS.

Some years ago a considerable sensation was created in the state of New York by the mad and grotesque pranks of Robert Matthews, who presumptuously laid claim to the divine character, and had the address to impose himself as a superior being upon some of the most respectable members of society. As no account, as far as we are aware, has ever been published in Britain of this remarkable affair, notwithstanding the interest which it excited in America, we propose to introduce a notice of it to our readers.

Robert Matthews was a native of Washington county, in the state of New York, and of Scotch extraction. At an early age he was left an orphan, and was brought up in the family of a respectable farmer in the town of Cambridge, where in his boyhood he received the religious instruction of the clergyman belonging to the Antiburgher branch of Seceders. At about twenty years of age he came to the city of New York, and worked at the business of a carpenter and house-joiner, which he had partially learned in the country. Possessing a genius for mechanical pursuits, and being of active habits, he was an excellent workman, and was in constant and lucrative employment. In 1813 he married a respectable young woman, and removed to Cambridge for the purpose of pursuing the business of a storekeeper; but the undertaking, after a trial of three years, failed. He became bankrupt, involving his father-in-law in his ruin; and in 1816 he returned once more to New York, where for a number of years he wrought at his old profession of a house-carpenter. Being at length dissatisfied with his condition, he removed in 1827 to what he thought a better field for his talent in Albany. While settled in this city, a remarkable change took place in his feelings. Hitherto he had belonged to the Scotch Church; but now, disliking that communion, he attached himself to the Dutch Reformed congregation, and there gathering fresh ardour, at length surrendered his whole mind to spiritual affairs. While in this condition, he went to hear a young and fervent orator, the Rev. Mr Kirk, from New York, preach, and returned home in such a frenzy of enthusiasm as to sit up a great part of the night repeating, expounding, and commending passages from the sermon. From this period his conduct was that of a half-crazy man. He joined the temperance society, but went far beyond the usual rules of such associations, contending that the use of meats should be excluded as well as of intoxicating liquors; proceeding on this notion, he enforced a rigid system of dietetics in his household, obliging his wife and children to subsist only on bread, fruits, and vegetables.

During the year 1829 his conduct became more and more wild and unregulated. His employment was still that of a journeyman house-joiner; but instead of minding his work, he fell into the practice of



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exhorting the workmen during the hours of labour, and of expounding the Scriptures to them in a novel and enthusiastic manner, until at length he became so boisterous, that his employer, a very pious man, was obliged to discharge him from his service. He claimed at this time to have received by revelation some new light upon the subject of experimental religion, but did not as yet lay claim to any supernatural character. Discharged from regular employment, he had abundant leisure for street-preaching, which he commenced in a vociferous manner—exhorting every one he met upon the subject of temperance and religion, and holding forth to crowds at the corners of the streets. Having made a convert of one of his late fellow-workmen, he procured a large white flag, on which was inscribed ‘Rally round the Standard of Truth;’ this they raised on a pole, and bore through the streets every morning, haranguing the multitudes whom their strange appearance and demeanour attracted around them. A young student of divinity, catching the infection, as it seemed, united himself with Matthews, and assisted in the preachings in the public thoroughfares. Matthews, however, was a remarkably bad preacher, and made little or no impression on his auditors. His addresses were incoherent, consisting of disjointed sentences, sometimes grand or bombastic, and at other times low and ridiculous, but always uttered at the highest pitch of the voice, and designed both in matter and manner to terrify and startle his hearers. The favourite doctrine which he attempted to enforce was, that Albany would be immediately destroyed, unless the people were converted; and he harped so wildly on this theme, that in a short time he became utterly distraught. All the efforts of his poor wife to restrain him in his mania were unavailing. One night he aroused his family from their slumbers, declared that the city would be destroyed before morning, and fled from his home, taking with him three of his sons, the youngest an infant of only two years. With these he travelled maniacally on foot for twenty-four hours, till he reached the house of his sister in the town of Argyle, a distance of forty miles.

The religious wanderings of Matthews the prophet, as he was called, may now be said to have commenced. With a Bible in his hand, and his face garnished with a long beard, which he had for some time been suffering to grow, in obedience to a Scriptural command, he wandered about, collecting crowds to listen to his ravings, and frequently disturbed the peace of regular meetings in the churches. Finding that he made no impression in the old settled part of the country, he set out on a missionary tour through the western states, penetrating the deepest forests, crossing the prairies, and never stopping till he had proclaimed his mission amid the wilds of the Arkansas. Thence he turned his steps to the south-east, recrossed the Mississippi, traversed Tennessee, and arrived in Georgia with the view of preaching to the Indians; but here he was

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seized by the authorities, and placed in confinement as a disturber of the public peace. Ultimately he was dismissed, and permitted to return towards his old haunts in New York and its neighbourhood, where he arrived in a somewhat new character. It would appear that till about this period Matthews was simply in a state of mental derangement, and, like all madmen in similar circumstances, was perfectly sincere in his belief. The small degree of success on his journey, his imprisonment in Georgia, and his utter poverty, may be advanced as a cause for an alteration in his conduct. He now lost a portion of his frenzy, and in proportion as he cooled in this respect, the idea of imposture seems to have assumed a place in his mind. There is at least no other rational mode of explaining his very singular behaviour. In the capacity, therefore, of half madman, half knave, Mr Matthews may be viewed as entering on his career in New York in the month of May 1832.

In ordinary times and circumstances, the intrusion of such a madman into a quiet mercantile city would lead to no other result than the committal of the intruder to the house of correction or a lunatic asylum ; but at the period of Matthews's appearance in New York, a pretty large portion of the public mind was prepared for any kind of extravagance in religion, and therefore the declaration of his mission was looked upon only as another act in the drama which had for some time been performing. About the year 1822 a few ladies became dissatisfied with the existing means of religious instruction in the city, and set on foot the bold project of converting the whole population by a system of female visitation, in the execution of which, every house and family was to be visited by committees of two, who were to enter houses indiscriminately, and pray for the conversion of the inmates whether they would hear or not. This scheme created no little noise at the time, but, like all frenzies, it only lasted its day, and was succeeded by other schemes perhaps equally well meaning, but equally visionary. Among the class of perfectionists, as they were termed, there were doubtless many estimable persons, and none more so than Mr Elijah Pierson and his wife. Mr Pierson was a merchant by profession, and, by a course of industry and regularity in all his undertakings, was now in opulent circumstances. Until the late religious frenzy agitated the city, he had been noted for his intelligence and unaffected piety, and not less so was his lady. In a short period his devotional feelings underwent a remarkable change. In 1828, after passing through a state of preliminary excitement, he became afflicted with monomania on the subject of religion, while upon all matters of business, as far as they could be disconnected from that on which he was decidedly crazed, his intellectual powers and faculties were as active and acute as ever. During his continuance in this state of hallucination, in the year 1830 his wife died of a pulmonary affection, which had been greatly aggravated by long fasting and other bodily severities. This

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event only served to confirm Mr Pierson in his monomania. He considered that it would afford an opportunity for the working of a miracle through the efficacy of faith. By a gross misinterpretation of Scripture (Epistle of James v. 14, 15), he believed that his wife should be 'raised up' from death while lying in her coffin, and accordingly collected a crowd of persons, some of whom were equally deluded with himself, to see the wonder performed in their presence. The account of this melancholy exhibition, which is lying before us, is too long and too painful for extract; and it will suffice to state, that notwithstanding the most solemn appeals to the Almighty from the bereaved husband, the corpse remained still and lifeless; and by the remonstrances of a medical attendant, who declared that decomposition was making rapid and dangerous progress, the body was finally consigned to the tomb.

Such was the hallucination of Mr Pierson, which many pitied, and some were found to approve. Among the latter was Mr S—, also a merchant in good circumstances, but who had latterly become a victim to the religious excitement which prevailed, and, like Mr Pierson, often subjected himself to fasts for a week at a time, greatly to the injury of his health and the confirmation of his mania. Both gentlemen being thus in a state of mind to look for extraordinary events, a stranger presented himself before them on the 5th of May 1832. He had the beard of a patriarch, a tall form, and his language was of a high-flown cast on religious topics, which at once engaged their attention and sympathy. This imposing stranger was no other than Robert Matthews. The pretensions which he made were of a nature which we can scarcely trust ourselves even to hint at. That the tale may be told with as little pain to our readers as possible, let it suffice to say, that the *very highest imaginable character* was assumed by this unhappy man, and that the pretension was supported merely by the perversion and misinterpretation of one or two passages of Scripture. The character which he assumed he pretended to be in the meantime incorporated with the resuscitated person of the Matthias mentioned in the New Testament; and he accordingly was not now any longer Matthews, but Matthias. He had the power, he said, to do all things, not excepting those which most peculiarly belong to the divine nature. Mr Pierson and his friend believed all that he set forth of himself, then and subsequently, no matter how extravagant or blasphemous; and he in turn recognised them as the first members of the true church, whom, after two years' search, he had been able certainly to identify. He announced to them that, although the kingdom of God on earth began with his public declaration in Albany in June 1830, it would not be completed until twenty-one years from that date, in 1851; previous to which time wars would be done away, the judgments finished, and the wicked destroyed. As Mr Pierson's Christian name was Elijah, this afforded Matthews the opportunity of de-

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claring that he was a revivification of Elijah the Tishbite, who should go before him in the spirit and power of Elias; and as Elias, as everybody knows, was only another name for John the Baptist, it was assumed that Elijah Pierson was the actual John the Baptist come once more on earth, and by this title he was henceforth called.

Mr Pierson very soon relinquished preaching, as did Mr S——, and the work of the ministry devolved entirely on Matthews, who, jealous of his dignity, would bear no rivals near the throne. The prophet was now invited to take up his residence at the elegantly furnished house of Mr S——, and acceding to the invitation, he remained there three months. The best apartments were allotted to his use, and the whole establishment was submitted to his control. It was not long before he arrogated to himself divine honours, and his entertainer washed his feet in token of his humility. The female relations of the family were sent away by the impostor, and he allowed no one to reside there but the black domestics who were of the true faith. From fasting he taught his disciples to change their system to feasting; and having their houses at his command, and their purses at his service—loving the good things of this world, and taking all the direction in procuring supplies—he caused them to fare sumptuously every day. But this splendid style of living was not enough. The prophet was vain of his personal appearance, and proud of wearing rich clothes. It was now necessary that he should be arrayed in garments befitting his character and the dignity of his mission. His liberal entertainer, therefore, at his suggestion, furnished him with an ample wardrobe of the richest clothes and finest linens. His favourite costume consisted of a black cap of japanned leather, in shape like an inverted cone, with a shade; a frock-coat of fine green cloth, lined with white or pink satin; a vest, commonly of richly figured silk; frills of fine lace or cambric at the wrists; a sash around his waist of crimson silk, to which were suspended twelve gold tassels, emblematical of the twelve tribes of Israel; green or black pantaloons, over which were worn a pair of well-polished Wellington boots. Add to this, hair hanging over his shoulders, and a long beard flowing in ringlets on his breast, and we may have an idea of him in his public costume. In private he disused the black leather cap, and sometimes appeared in a night-cap of the finest linen, decorated with twelve points or turrets, and magnificently embroidered in gold by his female votaries. He usually preached in a suit of elegant canonicals.

Lodged, fed, and decorated in this sumptuous manner, Matthews spent his time so agreeably, that he became less anxious to make public appearances. His preaching was confined to select parties of fifty or sixty individuals, composing, as he styled it, 'the kingdom,' and by these he was held in the most reverential esteem. Occasionally, strangers were invited to attend his ministrations, but this was

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only as a great favour ; and at all meetings he made it a rule to allow no one to speak but himself. He declared his rooted antipathy to arguing or discussion. If any one attempted to question him on the subject of his mission or character, he broke into a towering passion, and said that he came not to be questioned, but to preach. Among other of his vagaries, he declared that he had received in a vision an architectural plan for the New Jerusalem, which he was commissioned to build, and which for magnificence and beauty, extent and grandeur, would excel all that was known of Greece or Rome. The site of this great capital of the kingdom was to be in the western part of New York. The bed of the ocean was to yield up its long-concealed treasures for its use. All the vessels, tools, and implements of the New Jerusalem were to be of massive silver and pure gold. In the midst of the city was to stand an immense temple, to be surrounded with smaller ones : in the greater temple he was to be enthroned, and Mr Pierson and Mr S—— were each to occupy a lesser throne on his right hand and on his left. Before him was to be placed a massive candlestick with seven branches, all of pure gold.

Any man in his senses must have perceived that this was the vision of a madman, but by his humble votaries it was considered a sure prediction of what would speedily come to pass. As long as it was confined to mere harangues, the public were not called on to interfere ; the case, however, was very different when Mr S——, in obedience to the injunctions of the prophet, commenced ordering expensive ornaments for the proposed temple from a goldsmith in the city. Matters were now going too far for S——'s friends to remain any longer calm spectators of his folly, and both he and Matthews were taken up on a warrant of lunacy, and consigned to an asylum for the insane. Poor S—— was too confirmed in his madness to be speedily cured, and therefore remained long in confinement ; but Matthews had the address to appear perfectly sane when judicially examined, and was relieved by a writ of habeas corpus, procured by one of his friends.

Upon his release from the asylum, he was invited to take up his residence with Mr Pierson ; but that gentleman shortly afterwards broke up his establishment, though he still rented a house for Matthews and one or two attendants, supplying him at the same time with the means of living. In the autumn of 1833 he was, on the solicitations of Mr Pierson, invited to reside at Sing Sing, in Westchester county, about thirty miles from town, with a Mr and Mrs Folger, two respectable persons, whose minds had become a little crazed with the prevailing mania, but who as yet were not fully acquainted with the character of the prophet. Mr Pierson afterwards became a resident in the family, and thus things went on very much in the old comfortable way. Only one thing disturbed the tranquillity of the establishment. Mrs Folger, who had a

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number of children, and was of an orderly turn of mind respecting household affairs, felt exceedingly uneasy in consequence of certain irregular habits and tendencies in the prophet, who set himself above all domestic discipline. The great evil which she complained of was, that he always took the meal-time to preach, and generally preached so long, that it was very difficult to find sufficient time to get through the duties of the day. He often detained the breakfast-table so long, that it was almost time for dinner before the meal was over ; in the same manner he ran dinner almost into supper, and supper was seldom over before midnight—all which was very vexing to a person like Mrs Folger, who was accustomed to regularity at meals, and could not well see why the exercises of religion should supersede the ordinary current of practical duties.

The infatuation of both Pierson and Folger in submitting to the tyranny and pampering the vanity of Matthews was demonstrated at this period in many acts of weakness which astonished the more sober part of the community. The impostor was furnished with a carriage and horses to convey him to and from New York, or any other place in which he chose to exhibit himself. Money to a considerable amount was given him on various pretences ; and to crown the absurdity, an heritable property was conveyed to him for his permanent support. An allowance of two dollars a day was further made to his wife in Albany ; and several of his children, including a married daughter, Mrs Laisdel, were brought to reside with him in Mr Folger's establishment. After a short time, however, Mrs Laisdel was under the necessity of returning home, in consequence of her father's violent treatment.

This very agreeable state of affairs was too pleasant to last. Mr Folger's business concerns became embarrassed, and he was obliged to spend the greater part of his time in New York. The entire government of the household now devolved on Matthews ; and he, along with Katy, a black female cook, who was a submissive tool in all his projects, ruled the unfortunate Pierson, Mrs Folger, and the children, with the rod of an oppressor. Certain meats were forbidden to appear at table ; the use of confectionary or pastry was denounced as a heinous sin ; and the principal food allowed was bread, vegetables, and coffee. What with mental excitement and physical deprivations, Mr Pierson's health began to decline ; he became liable to fainting and apoplectic fits ; but no medical man was permitted to visit him, and he was placed altogether at the mercy of the impostor. At this crisis Matthews shewed his utter incapacity for supporting the character he had assumed. Instead of alleviating the condition of his friend, he embraced every opportunity of abusing him, so as to leave little doubt that he was anxious to put him out of the way. One of his mad doctrines was, that all bodily ailments were caused by a devil ; that there was a fever devil, a toothache devil, a fainting-fit devil, and so on with every other

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malady; and that the operations of such a fiend were in each case caused by unbelief, or a relaxation of faith in Matthews's divine character. The illness of Pierson was therefore considered equivalent to an act of unbelief, and worthy of the severest displeasure. On pretence of expelling the sick spirit, he induced his friend to eat plentifully of certain mysteriously prepared dishes of berries, which caused vomiting to a serious extent, and had a similar though less powerful effect on others who partook of them. The children also complained that the coffee which was served for breakfast made them sick. On none of these occasions did Matthews taste of the food set before Mr Pierson or the family; and from the account of the circumstances, there can be no doubt of his having, either from knavery or madness, endeavoured to poison the family, or at least to destroy the life of his deluded patron. Besides causing Mr Pierson to swallow such trash as he offered him, he compelled him to receive the contents of a pitcher of water poured into his mouth from a height of four or five feet. This horrid operation, in which Katy the black servant assisted, brought on strong spasmodic fits, in which the sufferer uttered such dismal groans and sighs as shocked Mrs Folger, and might have induced her to discredit the pretensions of the impostor, and to appeal to a magistrate for protection; but excellent as was this lady's general character, she possessed no firmness to decide in so important a matter, and her sympathy was dissolved in a flood of useless tears.

The water-torture, as it may be called, hastened the fate of the unhappy gentleman, and he was shortly afterwards found dead in his bed. The intelligence of Mr Pierson's death immediately brought Mr Folger from New York, to inquire into the cause of the event, and to superintend the arrangements for the funeral. The representations of the case made by Mrs Folger did not suggest the possibility of Matthews having used any unfair means towards Mr Pierson, but that his death was in some way caused by him through supernatural power. Matthews, indeed, boasted that he could kill any one who doubted his divine character by a mere expression of his will. Singular as it may seem, this madness or villainy did not yet release Folger from the impression that Matthews was a divine being; and fearing his assumed power, he had not the resolution to order his departure. In a few days, however, all ceremony on the subject was at an end. An action having been raised by Pierson's heirs to recover the property which the impostor had obtained on false pretences, Matthews refused to resign it, and attempted to justify his conduct to Folger by reasons so completely opposed to the principles of common honesty, that that gentleman's belief at once gave way, and he ordered him to quit the house. This abrupt announcement was received with anything but complacency. The prophet preached, stormed, and threatened; tears likewise were tried; but all was unavailing. Folger respectfully but firmly told

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him that circumstances required a retrenchment of his expenditure, and that he must seek for a new habitation. Matthews, in short, was turned out of doors.

He was again thrown upon the world, though not in an utterly penniless condition. The right which he held to Pierson's property was in the course of being wrested from him, but he possessed a considerable sum which he had gathered from Folger and a few other disciples, and on this he commenced living until some new and wealthy dupe, as he expected, should countenance his pretensions, and afford him the means of a comfortable subsistence. This expectation was not realised in time to save him from public exposure and shame. Folger, having pondered on a variety of circumstances, felt convinced that he had been the victim of a designing impostor, that Pierson's death had been caused by foul means, and that the lives of his own family had been exposed to a similar danger. On these suspicions he caused Matthews to be apprehended, for the purpose, in the first place, of being tried on a charge of swindling. On the 16th of October 1834, this remarkable case came on for trial before the Court of Sessions in New York, on an indictment setting forth that Matthews was guilty of 'devising by unlawful means to obtain possession of money, goods, chattels, and effects of divers good people of the state of New York; and that the said B. H. Folger, believing his representations, gave the said Matthias one hundred pieces of gold coin, of the value of five hundred and thirty dollars, and one hundred dollars in bank-notes, which the said Matthias feloniously received by means of the false pretences aforesaid.' Matthews pled not guilty to the charge, but upon the solicitation of Folger, who seems to have been ashamed to appear publicly as prosecutor, the district attorney dropped the case, and the prisoner was handed over to the authorities of the county of Westchester, on the still more serious accusation of having murdered Mr Pierson.

To bring to a conclusion this melancholy tale of delusion, imposture, and crime, Matthews was arraigned for murder before the court of Oyer and Terminer, at Westchester, on the 16th of April 1835. The trial excited uncommon interest, and many persons attended from a great distance, to get a view of the man whose vagaries had made so much noise in the country. The evidence produced for the prosecution was principally that of medical men, who had been commissioned to disinter the body of the deceased, and examine the condition of the stomach, it being a general belief that death had been caused by poison. Unfortunately for the ends of justice, the medical examiners could not agree that the stomach shewed indications of a poisonous substance, some alleging that it did, and others affirming the reverse. On this doubtful state of the question, the jury had no other course than to offer a verdict of acquittal. On the announcement of the verdict, the prisoner was evidently elated,



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but his countenance fell when he found that he was to be tried on another indictment for having assaulted his daughter, Mrs Laisdel, with a whip, on the occasion of her visit to him at Singing; her husband was the prosecutor. Of this misdemeanour he was immediately found guilty, and condemned to three months' imprisonment in the county jail. In passing sentence, the judge took occasion to reprimand him for his gross impostures and impious pretensions, and advised him, when he came out of confinement, to shave his beard, lay aside his peculiar dress, and go to work like an honest man.

Of the ultimate fate of Matthews we have heard no account, and therefore are unable to say whether he renewed his schemes of imposture.

## JOHN NICOLLS THOMS.

In the summer of 1838 the people of Great Britain were startled by the intelligence of a remarkable disturbance in Kent, caused by the assumptions of divine power by a madman named John Nicolls Thoms.

This religious impostor was the son of a small farmer and maltster at St Columb, in Cornwall. He appears to have entered life as cellarman to a wine-merchant in Truro. Succeeding to his master's business, he conducted it for three or four years, when his warehouse was destroyed by fire, and he received £3000 in compensation from an insurance company. Since then, during more than ten years, he had been in no settled occupation. In the year 1833 he appeared as a candidate successively for the representation of Canterbury and East Kent, taking the title of Sir William Percy Honeywood Courtenay, knight of Malta and king of Jerusalem, and further representing himself as the owner by birthright of several estates in Kent. His fine person and manners, and the eloquent appeals he made to popular feeling, secured him a certain degree of favour, but were not sufficient to gain for an obscure adventurer a preferment usually reserved for persons possessing local importance and undoubted fortune. Though baffled in this object, he continued to address the populace as their peculiar friend, and kept up a certain degree of influence amongst them. He is supposed to have connected himself also with a number of persons engaged in the contraband trade, as, in July 1833, he made an appearance in a court of law on behalf of the crew of a smuggling vessel, when he conducted himself in such a way as to incur a charge of perjury. He was consequently condemned to transportation for seven years, but, on a shewing of his insanity, was committed to permanent confinement in a lunatic asylum, from which he was discharged a few months before his death, on a supposition that he might safely be permitted to mingle once more in society.

Thoms now resumed his intercourse with the populace, whose

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opinion of him was probably rather elevated than depressed by his having suffered from his friendship for the smugglers. He repeated his old stories of being a man of high birth, and entitled to some of the finest estates in Kent. He sided with them in their dislike of the new regulations for the poor, and led them to expect that whatever he should recover of his birthright should be as much for their interest as his own. There were two or three persons of substance who were so far deluded by him as to lend him considerable sums of money. Latterly, pretensions of a more mysterious nature mingled in the ravings of this madman; and he induced a general belief amongst the ignorant peasantry around Canterbury that he was either the Saviour of mankind sent anew upon earth, or a being of the same order, and commissioned for similar purposes. One of his followers, when asked, after his death, by the correspondent of a newspaper, how he could put faith in such a man, answered in language of the following tenor: 'Oh, sir, he could turn any one that once listened to him whatever way he liked, and make them believe what he pleased. He had a tongue which a poor man could not get over, and a learned man could not gainsay, although standing before him. He puzzled all the lawyers in Canterbury, and they confessed that he knew more of law than all put together. You could not always understand what he said, but when you did, it was beautiful, and wonderful, and powerful, just like his eyes; and then his voice was so sweet! And he was such a grand gentleman, and sometimes latterly such an awful man, and looked so terrible if any one ventured to oppose him, that he carried all before him. Then, again, he was so charitable! While he had a shilling in his pocket, a poor man never should want. And then such expectations as he had, and which nobody could deny! He had papers to prove himself to be either the heir or right possessor of Powderham Castle, and Evington, and Nash Court, and Chilham Castle, and all the estates of the families of the Courtenays, the Percies, and Honeywoods, and of Sir Edward Hales, and Sir Thomas Hindlay, more than I can tell you of. And there was Mr — of Boughton, who lent him £200 on his title-deeds, and the waiter of the — Hotel, in Canterbury, who lent him £73, besides other respectable people throughout the country who let him have as much money on his estates as he pleased, and have kept up a subscription for him ever since he was sent to jail in 1833 about the smugglers he befriended. And at that same time it was well known that he need not have gone to prison unless he liked, for the very ladies of Canterbury would have rescued him, only he forbade them, and said the law should be fulfilled. I myself saw them kissing his hand and his clothes in hundreds that day; and there was one woman that could not reach him with a glass of cordial gin, she threw it into his mouth, and blessed him, and bade him keep a bold heart, and he should yet be free, and king of Canterbury!'

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It is further to be observed, that the aspect of the man was imposing. His height approached six feet. His features were regular and beautiful—a broad fair forehead, aquiline nose, small well-cut mouth, and full rounded chin. The only defect of his person was a somewhat short neck; but his shoulders were broad, and he possessed uncommon personal strength. Some curious significations of the enthusiasm he had excited were afterwards observed in the shape of scribblings on the walls of a barn. On the left side of the door were the following sentences: ‘If you new he was on earth, your harts Wod turn;’ ‘But dont Wate to late;’ ‘They how R.’\* On the right side were the following: ‘O that great day of gudge-ment is close at hand;’ ‘It now pepes in the dor every man according to his works;’ ‘Our rites and liberties We Will have.’

On Monday the 28th of May 1838, the frenzy of Thoms and his followers seems to have reached its height. With twenty or thirty persons, in a kind of military order, he went about for three days amongst the farmhouses in Boughton, Sittingbourne, Boulton, and other villages in the vicinity of Canterbury, receiving and paying for refreshment. One woman sent her son to him with a ‘mother’s blessing,’ as to join in some great and laudable work. He proclaimed a great meeting for the ensuing Sunday, which he said was to be ‘a glorious but bloody day.’ At one of the places where he ordered provisions for his followers, it was in these words, ‘Feed my sheep.’ To convince his disciples of his divine commission, he is said to have pointed his pistol at the stars, and told them that he would make them fall from their spheres. He then fired at some star, and his pistol having been rammed down with tow steeped in oil, and sprinkled over with steel filings, produced, on being fired, certain bright sparkles of light, which he immediately said were falling stars. On another occasion he went away from his followers with a man of the name of Wills and two others of the rioters, saying to them: ‘Do you stay here, whilst I go yonder,’ pointing to a bean-stack, ‘and strike the bloody blow.’ When they arrived at the stack, to which they marched with a flag, the flag-bearer laid his flag on the ground, and knelt down to pray. The other then put in, it is said, a lighted match; but Thoms seized it, and forbade it to burn, and the fire was not kindled. This, on their return to the company, was announced as a miracle.

On Wednesday evening he stopped at the farmhouse of Bossenden, where the farmer Culver, finding that his men were seduced by the impostor from their duty, sent for constables to have them apprehended. Two brothers named Mears, and another man, accordingly went next morning; but on their approach, Thoms shot Nicolas Mears dead with a pistol, and aimed a blow at his brother with a dagger, whereupon the two survivors instantly fled. At an early hour he was abroad with his followers, to the number of about forty,

\* Apparently, *They who err*.

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in Bossenden or Bleanwoods, which were to have been the scene of the great demonstration on Sunday; and a newspaper correspondent reports the following particulars of the appearance and doings of the fanatics at this place, from a woodcutter who was following his business at the spot: 'Thoms undertook to administer the sacrament in bread and water to the deluded men who followed him. He told them on this occasion, as he did on many others, that there was great oppression in the land, and indeed throughout the world; but that if they would follow him, he would lead them on to glory. He depicted the gentry as great oppressors, threatened to deprive them of their estates, and talked of partitioning these into farms of forty or fifty acres among those who followed him. He told them he had come to earth on a cloud, and that on a cloud he should some day be removed from them; that neither bullets nor weapons could injure him or them, if they had but faith in him as their Saviour; and that if ten thousand soldiers came against him, they would either turn to their side or fall dead at his command. At the end of his harangue, Alexander Foad, whose jaw was afterwards shot off by the military, knelt down at his feet and worshipped him; so did another man of the name of Brankford. Foad then asked Thoms whether he should follow him in the body, or go home and follow him in heart. To this Thoms replied: "Follow me in the body." Foad then sprang on his feet in an ecstasy of joy, and with a voice of great exultation exclaimed: "Oh, be joyful! Oh, be joyful! The Saviour has accepted me. Go on—go on; till I drop I'll follow thee!" Brankford also was accepted as a follower, and exhibited the same enthusiastic fervour. At this time his denunciations against those who should desert him were terrific. Fire would come down from heaven and consume them in this world, and in the next eternal damnation was to be their doom. His eye gleamed like a bright coal whilst he was scattering about these awful menaces. The woodcutter was convinced that at that moment Thoms would have shot any man dead who had ventured to quit his company. After this mockery of religion was completed, the woodcutter went to Thoms, shook hands with him, and asked him if it was true that he had shot the constable? "Yes," replied Thoms coolly, "I did shoot the vagabond, and I have eaten a hearty breakfast since. I was only executing upon him the justice of Heaven, in virtue of the power which God has given me."

The two repulsed constables had immediately proceeded to Faversham, for the purpose of procuring fresh warrants and the necessary assistance. A considerable party of magistrates and other individuals now advanced to the scene of the murder, and about mid-day (Thursday, May 31) approached Thoms's party at a place called the Osier-bed, where the Rev. Mr Handley, the clergyman of the parish, and a magistrate, used every exertion to induce the deluded men to surrender themselves, but in vain. Thoms defied the assailants,

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must teach us, if anything will, the folly and danger of leaving the agricultural population in the debasing ignorance which now exists among them.

We will conclude with some account of one of the most remarkable pretended Messiahs of modern times,

### SABBATHAIS ZWI.

This confessed impostor was born at Smyrna in 1641. A boy of extraordinary gifts, he had at the age of fifteen already mastered that great treasury of Jewish learning, the Talmud, and at eighteen was an adept in the Cabbala, a system of mystical doctrines mixed up with magic, which was greatly in vogue in those days. Very soon, incited by fantastic dreams and more fantastic friends, he declared himself to be the Messiah, who had been sent to shake off the thralldom both of Christianity and Mohammedanism from the Jews, and to convert all humanity. The supreme council of the Jewish church thereupon excommunicated him. He, however, continued to preach his 'mission' as before. He was now declared an outlaw, and his death was decreed, yet nobody dared to touch him. At last, his expulsion from Smyrna was resolved upon by the municipal authorities. Four apostles—one of them a reconverted Jew, who had previously turned Christian—followed him on his way to Saloniki, where he arrived in 1659, having gathered a vast number of disciples, mostly wealthy, on his road. His extraordinary personal beauty and his fiery eloquence soon brought the most influential Jewish inhabitants on his side, and his cabbalistic formulas and prayers were adopted into the ritual of their synagogue. Two years later, however, he had to leave Saloniki, where powerful antagonists had risen in the meantime, and went first to Palestine, and soon after to Alexandria, accompanied by several thousand disciples. Here his power and influence grew so rapidly, that the revenues of the commonwealth to be founded by the new Messiah, and the ways and means of supporting the wars he was going to wage, were seriously taken into consideration. In 1664, no fewer than about 80,000 people belonged to the new empire; and in the following year, Sabbathais and six disciples, all clad in white raiments, with garlands on their heads, proclaimed aloud in the streets of Alexandria that the Messianic reign would begin within a few months, and the Temple be rebuilt next year. Somewhat later, he returned to Jerusalem; and the resurrection, to take place within six years, and the deposition of the sultan, whose crown would be placed upon Sabbathais's head, were proclaimed far and near. Upon this all the Jews of Asia, Africa, and Europe were divided into two camps. Those who believed, finding all the predicted signs fulfilled now, sold everything they had, in order to get ready-money for their journey to, and final abode in, the new capital,

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Jerusalem; others, and among them some of the highest spiritual authorities, declared all the pretended Messiah's miracles to be cabbalistic tricks, and himself an impostor. Notwithstanding this, when Sabbathais returned to his native place, Smyrna, he was received with full royal honours. Meanwhile, the attention of the Divan was drawn to this movement, and Mohammed IV., then in Adrianople, ordered the grand vizier to secure the person of Sabbathais, and to commit him to prison, until the investigations set on foot should be concluded. Accordingly, two agas, with their janizaries, were sent to apprehend him; but they returned without having effected the order, not having dared 'to stretch forth their hand against the sacred man.' He now offered to surrender voluntarily, and was committed as prisoner of state to Kuthajah, where he received visits and deputations from all parts. Being at last brought before the sultan, his courage failed him, and he declared himself to be nothing more than a simple rabbi: it was only his disciples, he averred, who had called him a Messiah. The sultan then proposed to test his 'mission.' Three poisoned arrows were to be shot at him. Did these prove harmless, he, the sultan, would at once range himself under his flag. In speechless terror, Sabbathais, at the instigation of his Jewish interpreter, now took the turban from the head of an official standing near, and placed it upon his own, thereby indicating, as the interpreter declared, that his sole object had been all along to embrace Islam or Mohammedanism, and to carry over all the Jews with him. The sultan declared himself satisfied, and honoured him with the title of Effendi, equivalent to Sir, giving him an honorary post at the same time.

But, extraordinarily enough, the movement was far from having reached its end. The most wonderful stories were circulated among the believers. A supposititious man was supposed by some to have embraced Islam, while the real Messiah had ascended to heaven. Others believed that Islam was to form part of the new religion; and Sabbathais, countenancing this view, converted many Jews to that faith. Nathan, one of his most enthusiastic disciples, travelled about, and caused strife without end, even sanguinary revolts. Many, however, had turned from him by this time, and the voices of the rabbis and their excommunications began to tell more forcibly. Finally, the grand vizier was persuaded to arrest Sabbathais once more, and to send him to a prison in Belgrade, where he died—according to some, in consequence of poison, while according to others he was executed in 1677, ten years after his conversion to Mohammedanism.

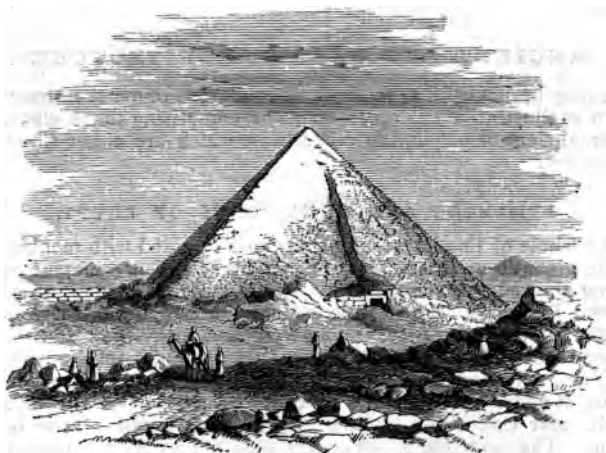
It is very difficult to judge correctly of a character like his. Even his worst enemies never had a word to say either against his morality or against the extraordinarily brilliant powers of his mind, and his erudition. Probably, he was a self-deceiver, whose plans were not measured by the means at his command for their

## RELIGIOUS IMPOSTORS.

execution. His death, however, was only the signal for the increase of his sect, which even many of his former antagonists now joined, and which now, for the first time, was developed into a proper religious system—that of the Sabbathaites or Sabbathians (Shebsen). Among the succeeding apostles of the sect were Nehemiah, previously a bitter enemy of Sabbathais, and Nehemiah Hajun, who flourished in the beginning of the eighteenth century. The latter taught the dogma of the Trinity as part of the new faith; and it became a principle of this religion to accept and to modify itself to the dominant creed of the country—Islam in the East, Christianity in the West. Remnants of the sect are said to be still in existence in Poland and Turkey.

Of founders of sects in the nineteenth century, the most remarkable is Joseph Smith, who originated the sect of the Mormons. A full account of this wonderful movement is given in a previous number of this series, *The History of the Mormons*, in vol. vi.





The Pyramids.

## WONDERS AND CURIOSITIES OF ARCHITECTURE.

**T**HE erection of structures for shelter, for worship, for commemoration, or for any other useful or ornamental purpose, is one of those branches of art in which mankind very early excelled. Hence it is that in Eastern countries, from which, as a starting-point, we trace the progress of civilisation, some of the noblest and most stupendous of human erections are still to be found. Egypt, Syria, Persia, India, and China had their pyramids, catacombs, walls, towers, and temples long before Greece and Rome had being; and though these may be deficient in that taste and ornamental gracefulness which make the Athenian structures models even to the present day, still many of them possessed a vastness and grandeur of conception which has stamped them as wonders to all following ages. When science and art arose in Greece, and flowed onward along the southern and western shores of Europe, even to our own remote island, the genius of architecture displayed itself in another form; the semi-barbaric vastitude of the Oriental pile gave way to chastened elegance and symmetrical compactness—beauty of form and skilful arrangement were substituted for mere magnitude and expense of labour.



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### ANCIENT AND PAGAN ARCHITECTURE

It may be convenient to separate into two groups the structures taken as illustrative examples—the one comprising those which are either ancient or pagan, the other those which are either Christian or modern.

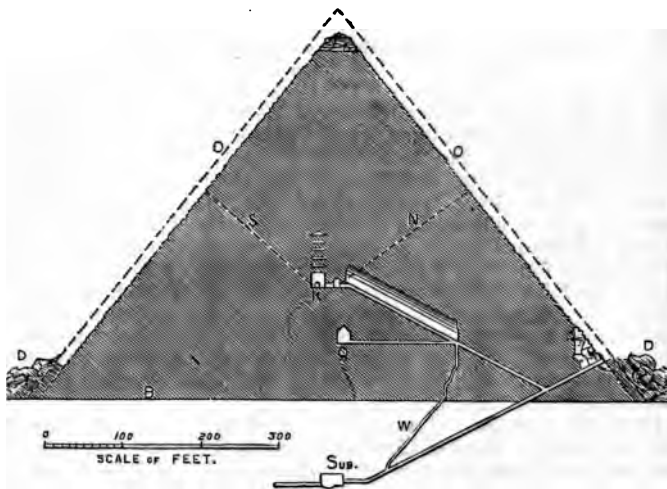
#### PYRAMIDS AND MONUMENTS OF EGYPT.

The whole of this interesting country is crowded with monuments of the gigantic architecture of former times and of different ages; among the most ancient, and by far the most stupendous of which are the Pyramids. These colossal erections, to which there is no parallel in other countries, are situated on a rocky tract at the foot of those mountains which form the western boundary of the valley of the Nile. They are about thirty in number, and are scattered along a tract of nearly seventy miles in length—commencing with those of Gizeh, near Cairo, and ending with a small group a little below Feshu. The principal group occurs near the place where stood the ancient city of Memphis, and consists of four nearly entire pyramids, with a number of smaller ones in a state of dilapidation. The four faces exactly correspond to the four cardinal points. The most northern, commonly known as the 'Great Pyramid,' is the largest; its perpendicular height being little short of 500 feet, and its base covering more than eleven acres of land. The base forms a square, whose side is 733 feet; and as the length of the sloping side upwards is about equal to that of the base, each face may be regarded in a general way as an equilateral triangle. It must not be supposed, however, that these structures are smooth-sided, sharp-pointed, mathematical pyramids; for the summits are not now entire, and the sides, whatever may have been their original condition, consist in reality of a number of steps formed by the successive layers of stone. The steps in the Great Pyramid are variously estimated at from 207 to 212, the length of some of the blocks forming them being not less than thirty feet. The size of the blocks is unequal, but they have all right angles, that they may fit closely together. The external layers have neither mortar nor cramps; but in the body of the Pyramid a kind of cement is used, composed of lime, sand, and clay. The only foundation is the surface of the subjacent rock, which is about eighty feet above the level of the ground annually overflowed by the Nile.

Respecting the purpose of these erections numerous conjectures have been offered; but the opinion generally entertained is, that they were erected by the ancient kings of Egypt as private mausoleums or tombs. This idea is so far supported by the fact, that the

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larger pyramid, near Memphis, has interior chambers, in one of which is a marble sarcophagus, supposed to have contained the ashes of the monarch who completed the structure. It is necessary to mention, however, that Mr Piazzi Smyth published, in 1864, a large volume on purpose to develop a theory that the Great Pyramid was built as a universal standard of weights and measures.\* The passages and chambers of this pyramid, which are walled and



Section of Great Pyramid of Gizeh (from Vyse's *Pyramids of Gizeh*).

D, debris and remains of casing; Q, queen's chamber; K, king's chamber; O, outer casing line; S, N, air channels; W, well; Sub., subterranean apartment.

covered with polished marble and granite, are of a curious and intricate kind (see cut). They have been entered and explored by various travellers.

\* Since the above was written, Mr Piazzi Smyth has published a second work concerning the Great Pyramid, in which he gives some measurements recently obtained by Mr Inglis. It is found that the base of the pyramid is not a perfect square, the lengths of the four sides being respectively 9120, 9114, 9102, and 9104 English inches. Of course, such small deviations may be due to instrumental errors. The vertical height Mr Inglis found to be 5478 inches up to the platform, or 5857 to the once existing apex. There have been many hypotheses concerning the proportions of the pyramid. (1.) That the perimeter of the base equals six times the vertical height; (2.) That the perimeter of the base is to the vertical height as the circumference of a circle to the radius; (3.) That the vertical height, the sloping height from the middle of one side of the base, and the length of one side are in the ratio of 4, 5, 6; (4.) That each face of the pyramid equals in area the square of the vertical height. Colonel James, in 1867, found that the rise at the four angles is in the ratio of 9 vertical to 10 horizontal; and that the length of each side of the base equals 256 Egyptian cubits.

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The Egyptian pyramids, as has been stated, are of different ages ; but those we have described are considered by Sir Gardner Wilkinson to be the most ancient, and to have been built by Suphis, and his brother Sensuphis, about 2120 years before the Christian era. But whatever was the time of their erection, or by whom erected, there can be no doubt of their being amongst the earliest, as they are unquestionably the most stupendous, monuments of human architecture. Diodorus Siculus asserts that the building of the Great Pyramid occupied about twenty years, and that three hundred and sixty thousand men were employed in its construction.

The other architectural monuments of Egypt which have attracted the attention of after-ages are the Great Sphinx, the labyrinth of Arsinœ, the reputed musical statues of Memnon, the hieroglyphical obelisks of Luxor, the catacombs of Thebes, the obelisks known as Cleopatra's Needles, and the Pillar of Pompey. The Great Sphinx, though sadly mutilated, is still to be seen about sixty yards to the south-east of the Great Pyramid already described. This enormous figure—which is intended to represent the body of a lion with the breasts and head of a woman—is cut out of the solid rock, and seems to have been formed as a monument in connection with the inundation of the Nile, which takes place when the sun passes from Leo to Virgo. Its huge recumbent body, about sixty feet in length, and its outstretched fore-legs, are almost entirely buried in sand and rubbish ; but the neck and head rise above the wreck—the latter being twenty feet high—and, though much mutilated, still possessing a considerable degree of feminine beauty.

Of all the labyrinths of antiquity, that of Arsinœ was the largest and most costly ; those of Crete and Lemnos being mere imitations, and not one-hundredth part of its dimensions. It was so extraordinary that Herodotus, who partly explored its chambers, declares it to be even more wonderful than the Pyramids. It was situated near the city of Crocodiles, or Arsinœ, a little above the lake Mœris, and is reputed to have been the conjoint work of the twelve kings among whom Egypt was at that time divided. It seems to have been designed as a pantheon, or universal temple of all the Egyptian deities which were separately worshipped in the provinces. It was also the place for general assembly of the magistracy of the whole nation ; for those of all the provinces met here to feast and sacrifice, and to judge causes of great consequence. For this reason every province had a hall or palace appropriated to it—the whole edifice being thus divided, according to Herodotus, into twelve, though Pliny makes the number sixteen, and Strabo even so many as twenty-seven. The former authority tells us that the halls were vaulted, and had an equal number of doors opposite to one another, six opening to the north and six to the south, all encompassed by the same wall ; that there were 3000 chambers in this edifice—1500 in the upper part, and as many under ground ; and that he viewed

## WONDERS AND CURIOSITIES OF ARCHITECTURE.

every room in the upper part, but was not permitted by those who kept the palace to go into the subterranean part, because the sepulchres of the holy crocodiles, and that of the kings who built the labyrinths, were there. He reports that what he saw seemed to surpass the work of man ; so many exits by various passages, and infinite returns, afforded a thousand occasions of wonder. He passed from a spacious hall to a chamber, and from thence to a private cabinet ; then again into other passages out of the cabinets, and out of the chamber into the more spacious rooms. All the roofs and walls within were lined with marble, and adorned with hieroglyphic sculpture. The halls were surrounded with pillars of white stone, finely polished.

Of the other monuments above mentioned, we can only shortly advert to the so-called 'Pillar of Pompey,' situated about a quarter of a league from the southern gate of Alexandria. It is composed of red granite, apparently brought from the quarries of Upper Egypt. What renders it particularly wonderful is, that the shaft and the upper member of the base are of one piece, 90 feet long, and 9 feet in diameter ! The base, which is a square block of marble, rests on two layers of stone, bound together with lead. The whole column is 114 feet high, beautifully polished, and only a little weathered on the eastern side. 'Nothing can equal,' it has been said, 'the majesty of this monument. Seen from a distance, it overtops the town, and serves as a signal for vessels ; and on a nearer approach, it produces an astonishment mingled with awe. One can never be tired with admiring the beauty of the capital, the proportions of the shaft, and the extraordinary simplicity of the pedestal ; although the latter has been rather damaged by the instruments of travellers, who were anxious to possess a relic of this antiquity ; and one of the volutes of the capital was immaturity brought down, in 1781, by some English captains, who reached the summit by a rope-ladder, carried thither by the ingenious device of flying a kite, to the string of which the ropes were attached.'

## STRUCTURES OF SYRIA AND PERSIA.

In the region comprehended by these names—a region which is generally considered as the cradle of mankind—arose some of the most magnificent cities, temples, and monuments which the world has yet beheld. The wasting hand of time, and the devastations of war, have long since laid most of them in ruins ; the very sites of some of the most renowned are even matter of doubt ; their history, mingled with not a little of fable, is all that remains. Among these, Babylon holds a prominent place—its walls, towers, and hanging-gardens having been considered as the noblest of the seven ancient wonders of the world. As an example of the decisive instead of the critical way of treating such subjects two or three centuries ago, we

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shall quote the description of Babylon from *Time's Storehouse*, published in 1619: 'This city was surrounded, like a quadrangle, with walls 87 feet thick, 360 feet high, and about 60 English miles in circumference. These were built with lime and cement made into large bricks, which bound together like pitch, and grew so solid by time, that six chariots might easily drive abreast on the top. This wall was encompassed with a vast ditch filled with water, and lined with bricks on both sides; and as the earth dug out made the bricks, we may judge of the size by the height and thickness of the walls. There were one hundred gates round the wall, twenty-five on each side, all of solid brass; between every two of these gates were three towers, and four more at the four corners, and each of these towers was ten feet higher than the walls: in all, there were 250 towers. The Euphrates flowed through the middle of the city from north to south, over which there was a bridge 1100 yards long, and 30 feet wide; on each end of the bridge was a palace of vast magnificence, which communicated with each other by a tunnel under a channel of the river. Added to this, ancient historians tell us of the hanging-gardens built in Babylon upon arches and towers, wherein grew trees of great height. There are said to have been five of these, each containing about four English acres, consisting of terraces one above another, as high as the wall of the city. The ascent from terrace to terrace was by steps ten feet wide, and was strengthened by a wall surrounding it on every side twenty-two feet thick; and the floors on each of them were laid in this order: first, on the tops of the arches, a bed or pavement of stones, sixteen feet long and four feet broad; over this a layer of reed, mixed with earth, and over this two courses of brick, and over these thick sheets of lead, and on these the earth or mould, which was so deep as to give root to the largest trees. Upon the uppermost of these terraces was a reservoir, supplied by an engine with water from the river Euphrates.'

The celebrated Tower of Babel, originally built in the plains of Shinar, but afterwards enclosed as a part of Babylon, was carried on, according to Scriptural chronology, 2247 years before Christ. Its altitude is said to have been about 843 feet (being 343 feet higher than the loftiest of the Pyramids of Egypt), and its circumference at the base 8430 feet—admeasurements conventionally repeated, but for which there is no authentic record.

Ecbatana, the capital of Media, was also of immense magnificence—being eight leagues in circumference, and surrounded with seven walls, in form of an amphitheatre, the battlements of which were painted of various colours, and gilded. Nineveh, according to Diodorus, was sixty miles in circuit; the walls, which were defended by 1500 towers, were 100 feet high, and so broad, that three chariots could go abreast on them. A flood of light has been thrown upon the history and art of Nineveh and Assyria, within the last few

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years, by the researches of Layard and Botta ; some of the marvellous sculptures at the British Museum were brought from the walls of the ruined palaces in those regions. Persepolis was another city, of which all historians speak as being one of the most ancient and noble of Asia. There remain the ruins of one of its palaces, which measured 600 paces in front, and still displays the relics of its ancient grandeur. Tyre, Baalbek, and Palmyra were likewise famous cities of antiquity—the temple of the sun in the latter being regarded, in its day, as one of the most gorgeous of Oriental erections. Every one has heard of the famous towers and walls of Troy ; and few readers of modern travels can fail to be familiar with the ruins of Petra—whose temples, theatres, and tombs are not built, but hewn in proper proportions out of the solid rock, which encloses the curious valley in which the city is situated.

Ephesus, which is now a paltry village, was once one of the most celebrated cities of Asia Minor. It had its theatres, circus, aqueducts, and temples, and other costly structures, among which was the celebrated temple of Diana, regarded by the ancients as one of the seven wonders of the world. This magnificent building, according to Pliny, was 425 feet long and 220 feet broad. It was adorned on the outside and inside with 127 columns of the most exquisite marble—curiously carved, and 60 feet in height—of which thirty-six had ornaments in basso-relievo. Two hundred and twenty years were spent in the building of this wonderful temple, whose beams and doors were of cedar, and the rest of the timber cypress. It was burned by Herostratus, 356 years before Christ, through no other motive, as he himself confessed, than to immortalise his name.

Another curious structure in Asia Minor, and one which formed the fourth wonder of the ancient world, is the Mausoleum of Artemesia, built by that queen in honour of her husband Mausolus, king of Caria. Aulus Gellius says, she, being so affected at her husband's death, had this built to his memory. The stone of the whole structure was of the most costly marble. The mausoleum was 411 feet in circumference, and 25 cubits in height ; it had twenty-six columns of fine stone, and was open on all sides, with arches 73 feet wide.

The British Museum contains many extraordinary specimens, recently obtained, of very ancient sculptures from Asia Minor.

## TEMPLES AND STATUES OF INDIA.

Passing to India, we find there also numerous temples and erections, which may justly be regarded as curiosities of human art. The most wonderful of the Hindustani erections were the dams and water-courses necessary for irrigation in a tropical country, and of which vast remains still exist in Ceylon and other provinces. Next to these were their forts and temples—the latter

## WONDERS AND CURIOSITIES OF ARCHITECTURE.

often of gigantic proportions, and ornamented with columns, statues, and other sculpture. That of Elephanta, on a small rocky island of that name, on the coast of Bombay, has been long regarded as the chief. The temple is situated well up the island, and all its compartments, pillars, and statues are hewn out of the solid rock. 'The entrance,' says Mrs Grahame, 'is 55 feet wide, its height 18, and its length about equal to its width. It is supported by massive pillars, carved in the solid rock; the capital of these resembles a compressed cushion, bound with a fillet; the abacus is like a bunch of reeds supporting a beam, six of which run across the whole cave; below the capital, the column may be compared to a fluted bell, resting on a plain octagonal member placed on a die, on each corner of which sits Hanamam, Ganesa, or some of the other inferior gods. The sides of the cavern are sculptured in compartments, representing persons of the mythology; but the end of the cavern, opposite to the entrance, is the most remarkable. In the centre is a gigantic trimurti, or three-formed god—including Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva—sculptured with all their ornaments and attributes. On each side of the trimurti is a pilaster, the front of which is filled up by a figure, 14 feet high, leaning on a dwarf. To the right is a large square compartment, hollowed a little, and carved into a great variety of figures, with all their appropriate symbols. The upper part of the compartment is filled with small figures in the attitudes of adoration. On the left side of the trimurti is a compartment answering to that I have just described, but appropriated to other deities. All these figures are in alto-relievo, as are those of the other sides of the cavern. On the right, as you enter the cave, is a square compartment with four doors, supported by eight colossal figures; it contains a gigantic symbol of Maha Deo, and is cut out of the rock, like the rest of the cave. There are several other more secret chambers and smaller recesses, to which there is no outlet; these are lighted from above, the whole thickness of the hill having been cut through for that purpose.' One of the most beautiful of these rock-cut structures is the Hindu temple called Kailasa at Ellora. It is one of a number of similar temples existing there. A representation of it is given as frontispiece to this volume.

There are other Brahmin temples, remarkable for their size and for the elaborate manner in which they are sculptured and ornamented; but these we pass by, to give an example of their statues, which, like those of Egypt, were frequently of colossal dimensions. That of Ningydeo is thus described by Colonel Welsh in his *Military Reminiscences*: 'Estimated as a military post only, this place must ever rank high, from its being almost inaccessible; though all wonder in this respect was speedily lost in our surprise, when, after ascending several neat staircases, we suddenly came upon a large stone building, above which we then first discovered a finely formed image, carved out of one solid stone, about 70 feet

## WONDERS AND CURIOSITIES OF ARCHITECTURE.

high, and representing a youth with wreaths of laurel winding from his ankles to his shoulders, every leaf of which was so exquisitely laboured, as to bear the closest examination. We were able to contrast the size of this extraordinary colossus with men, monkeys, and vultures, two of the latter being perched upon his head; and the upper part being seven times the height of a middle-sized man, who stood on the top of the building, with the legs and thighs of the statue below. That it was cut out of the solid rock, cannot admit of a doubt; for no power on earth could have moved so massive a column, to place it there on the top of so steep and slippery a mountain—so steep, indeed, that we could not see the statue till we had ascended close to it. The legs and thighs are cut out in proportion to the rest, but are attached to a large fragment of the rock behind them, artfully covered by the building, of which it forms the back wall. I never in my life beheld so great a curiosity, every feature being most admirably finished. From the nose inclining to the aquiline, and the under lip being very prominent and pouting, the profile shews it to the greatest advantage; and every part, from top to toe, is smooth and highly polished.'

Of a higher order of architecture than what may be regarded as the native Hindustani, is that introduced into India by the Mohammedans after the time of Timur. It is exhibited in mosques and mausoleums, so remarkable for their beauty and chasteness of design, grace of proportion, and excellence of material and workmanship, as to be entitled to be compared with the finest remains of Greek and Roman art. The most remarkable of these monuments is that known by the name of Tajmahal, situated near the city of Agra, on the right bank of the Jumna. It is a mausoleum, occupying, with its garden, a quadrangle of forty acres; the principal building, with its domes and minarets, being almost wholly of white marble. It was built by Shah-Jehan in the early part of the seventeenth century.

In the Burmese empire there are likewise to be found the remains of several remarkable structures, chiefly pagodas or temples. Of these, the most celebrated is that of Pegu, known as Shoe-madoo, or Great Pagoda. It is an edifice of high antiquity, and is raised on successive terraces, in a manner similar to the religious structures of the Mexicans. It stands, according to Colonel Symes, on an apparently artificial hill, the sides of which are sloped into two terraces, the lower about 10, and the upper about 30 feet high. Each side of the lower terrace is not less than 1391 feet in length, and of the upper 684 feet. The brick walls sustaining the terraces were formerly covered with plaster, wrought into various figures, but they are now in a ruinous state. On the second terrace is the pagoda, a pyramidal building of brick and mortar, without excavation or aperture of any sort, octagonal at the base, each side measuring 162 feet, and diminishing in breadth abruptly, till it becomes of a



## WONDERS AND CURIOSITIES OF ARCHITECTURE.

spiral form. Its entire height from the ground is 360 feet ; it is surrounded by two rows of small spires, a great variety of mouldings, ornaments in stucco, &c. ; the whole being crowned with the *tee*, a sort of umbrella of open ironwork, gilt, 56 feet in circumference, and surrounded by a number of small bells.

One of the most remarkable things in the history of architecture is the discovery of a vast ancient temple in Cambodia, so recently as 1860, by M. Mouhot. It is evidently connected with serpent-worship, differing from the present faith both of Siamese and Hindus. So far as inquiries have yet gone, Nakhou Wat ('the temple of the city') appears to have been built about 1000 A.D. It is exactly square, and measures nearly an English mile each way. There is an inner enclosure, surrounded by a moat 250 yards wide. A causeway crosses the moat, and this leads to a magnificent gateway, which anywhere else would be a palace in itself. The temple itself consists of three enclosures, one within another, each raised 15 to 20 feet above the one outside it. The outer enclosure has three portals adorned with flowers on each face ; and on either side are open galleries or verandahs, filled with bas-reliefs. M. Mouhot describes the walls of these galleries as a marvel of masonry, the large stones being adjusted without cement, and so beautifully fitting that the joints can barely be seen. Standing out from this frontage, at intervals, are bold and massive piers, with pillars, capitals, architraves, cornices, and friezes of very striking character. The bas-reliefs in the walls of the three successive enclosures are among the most wonderful yet discovered in Asia. These are distributed in eight compartments, one on each side of each central group of entrances. Each compartment is from 250 to 300 feet long by 6½ in height ; their aggregate length is at least 2000 feet ; and it is estimated that there are little less than 20,000 figures of men and animals sculptured on them. Generally speaking, the bas-reliefs represent battle scenes, expressed in a very animated manner, and somewhat Hindu in character. One subject, however, supposed to represent Heaven, Earth, and Hell, has a different tone about it. Within the outer peristyles or enclosures is a court-yard, bounded by about a hundred columns. Within this is the central or veritable temple itself, surmounted by four very elaborate towers, one at each corner, and one in the middle. The pillars everywhere are unlike those of India. Snakes or serpents are abundantly sculptured on all sides ; every roof has an image of a seven-headed snake ; every cornice is composed of snakes' heads ; every one among the thousands of convolutions of roof terminates in snakes ; and the balustrades are snakes. Besides Nakhou Wat, there are two other temples near at hand, called Ongcor Thom and Paten-ta-Phrohm, nearly as large and quite as elaborate. Mr Fergusson gives several wood-cuts of these wonderful buildings, from photographs executed very recently by Mr J. Thomson.

## WONDERS AND CURIOSITIES OF ARCHITECTURE.

### WALLS AND TOWERS OF CHINA.

The greatest architectural curiosity which China affords is undoubtedly the frontier wall, built by the Chinese to prevent the frequent incursions of the Tartars. When this amazing barrier was first commenced is not known with accuracy, but the time of its completion was about three centuries before the Christian era; so that, at all events, it has withstood the wind and weather of two thousand years. It is called by the inhabitants 'the Great City Wall, a thousand *le* in length,' and bounds the whole north of China, along the frontiers of three provinces extending from the shore of the Gulf of Pe-chih-le to Se-ning, 15 degrees west of Pekin. It is in general about 20 feet high, and broad enough for six horsemen to ride abreast on it; and throughout its whole length it is fortified at intervals with strong square towers to the number of three thousand, which, before the Tartars subdued the country, used to be guarded by a million of soldiers. Its whole length, with all its windings, is computed at 1500 miles—running over mountains 5000 feet high, across valleys, rivers, and marshes, and along sandy hollows, which seem incapable of admitting a foundation for such a weighty structure. The body of the wall, according to Captain Parish, who accompanied Lord Macartney's embassy, is an elevation of earth, retained on each side by solid brickwork, and terraced by a brick platform furnished with parapets. The total height of the masonry is 25 feet; the basis of it is of granite, projecting about 2 feet beyond the brickwork, the height of which is irregular. The thickness of each retaining-wall is about 5 feet, and the entire thickness of the whole work is 25 feet. In many places there is a fosse or ditch, beyond the foundation. The towers are furnished with embrasures and loopholes, but vary much in their dimensions. The bricks used in the construction are kiln-dried, and well moulded, and are cemented by a strong mortar of white calcined lime. Besides the great barrier, there is an additional inner wall near to Pekin, which was built by the emperors of the Ming dynasty, for the purpose of enclosing a portion of the province between it and the old wall. These vast erections are now of little or no use, and are viewed by the people with indifference.

Outside the gates of several cities in China lofty towers or pagodas are erected, which, according to Sir J. F. Davis, are of a religious nature, and, like the steeples of churches, were at first attached to temples. The most remarkable of these is that of Nankin, called the Porcelain Tower, from the roofs of its different stories or stages being covered with porcelain tiles beautifully painted. It is of an octangular figure, contains nine stories, and is about 200 feet high, raised on a very solid basis of brickwork. The wall at the bottom is at least 12 feet thick; and the building gradually tapers to the top, which forms a sort of spire terminating in a large golden ball. It is

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surrounded by a balustrade of rough marble, and has an ascent of twelve steps to the first floor, from whence one may ascend to the ninth story by very narrow and incommodious stairs. Over each story is a kind of penthouse or verandah on the outside of the tower, from the eaves of which are suspended brass bells, diminishing in size as they approach the top, and set in motion by the wind. Each story is formed of strong beams of timber well boarded; the ceilings of the rooms are adorned with paintings; and the light is admitted through windows made of network or lattices of wire. There are likewise many niches in the walls filled with idols; and the variety of ornaments that embellish the whole, render it one of the most beautiful structures in China. Unfortunately, however, this remarkable structure must now be spoken of rather in the past tense than the present, seeing that when the Taeping rebels captured Nankin in 1853, they commenced a system of devastation which has laid in ruins most of the fine buildings in the city, including the Porcelain Tower.



Porcelain Tower of  
Nankin.

## STRUCTURES OF GREECE AND ROME.

Turning to the western world, we pass from the huge and wondrous structures of the Orientals to the less gigantic but more elegant and equally surprising efforts of Greek and Roman architecture. Few of these now remain entire; but contemporary writers describe them, and this description, aided by a study of their ruins, leaves us in little doubt either as to their extent or their matchless elegance and splendour.

In Athens the temples of Minerva, Neptune, Theseus, and others, have long been subjects of admiration—their columns, external sculptures, and statues within, or what remains of them, still serving as models to the sculptor and architect. The Athenians could also boast of their public institutions—their theatres, baths, and monumental trophies—most of which were formed of the finest Pentelic marble, and erected in the most classic styles that the fertile but chaste imagination of Greece could produce. 'The chief glory of the Acropolis,' says a modern writer, 'was undoubtedly that of the Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva. It was a peripteral octostyle, of the Doric order, with seventeen columns on the sides, each 6 feet 2 inches in diameter at the base, and 34 feet in height, elevated on three steps. Its height from the base of the pediment was 65, and the dimensions of the area 233 by 102 feet. The eastern pediment was adorned with two groups of statues, one of which represented

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the birth of Minerva, the other the contest of Minerva with Neptune for the government of Athens. On the metopes was sculptured the battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ; and the frieze contained a representation of the Panathenaic festivals. Ictinus, Callocrates, and Carpion were the architects of the temple; Phidias was the artist; and its entire cost has been estimated at one and a half millions sterling. Of this building eight columns of the eastern front, and several of the lateral colonnades, are still standing. The sculptures with which it was enriched constitute the chief portion of the matchless Elgin marbles at the British Museum, obtained by the English ambassador to Turkey (the Earl of Elgin) between the years 1801 and 1812, and afterwards purchased by the English government for £35,000. The Parthenon, dilapidated as it is, still retains an air of inexpressible grandeur and sublimity; and it forms at once the highest part in Athens and the centre of the Acropolis. The temple of Theseus is regarded as one of the most noble remains of the ancient magnificence of Athens, and the most perfect, if not the most beautiful, existing specimen of Grecian architecture. It is built of Pentelic marble; the roof friezes and cornices still remain; and so gently has the hand of time pressed upon this venerable edifice, that the first impression of the mind in beholding it is doubt of its antiquity.



The Parthenon of Athens.

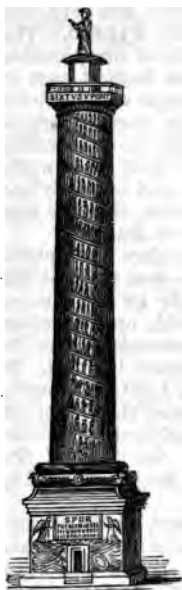
Of their numerous sculptures, the statue of Jupiter Olympus—regarded as one of the seven ancient wonders—was perhaps the most gigantic and costly. This statue was made by the famous sculptor Phidias. It was composed of ivory, gold, and precious stones, and was seated upon a throne equally remarkable for its costliness and workmanship. The height was about 180 feet. It was placed in the innermost recess of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, at Achaia, between the cities of Elis and Pisa, where the Olympian games were observed. The statue of Minerva, executed by Phidias after the battle of Marathon, and placed near the gate of the Acropolis, was another colossal sculpture—the height, including the pedestal, being about 60 feet.

The temples, theatres, baths, monumental columns, and triumphal arches erected by the Romans, though not equal in point of taste and genius to those of Athens, were perhaps of a bolder and more gigantic description. The baths, as they now exist, are an assemblage of naked, half-dilapidated brick walls, which surprise by their huge size and the extent of ground they cover—those of Caracalla, for example, occupying not less than twenty-eight acres! In the palm

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days of Rome, these were fitted not only as baths, but as gymnasia, reading and lecture rooms, gardens, theatres, and the like—being, as a whole, the most gigantic places of recreation ever built or known in any age or in any country. Among the numerous sacred edifices that once adorned Rome, the Pantheon, and the temples of Vesta, Peace, Fortune, and Bacchus, present extensive and very interesting remains. The former, though stripped of its external ornaments, to furnish materials to decorate the modern cathedral of St Peter's, is still incomparably the finest. It is a perfect circle of 180 feet in diameter. 'Its beauty,' says Forsyth, 'consists in its admirable proportions; and its portico, 110 feet in length by 44 in depth, supported by sixteen Corinthian columns of white marble, has a most majestic appearance.'

The great wonder of ancient Rome, however, is the Colosseum, unquestionably the most august ruin in the world, and by far the largest theatre of which we have any knowledge. It consists of a vast ellipse, the length of the longest diameter being 620 and that of the shortest 513 feet, so that it covers about five and a quarter acres of ground! The longest diameter of the arena has been variously given at from 287 to 300, and the shortest at from 180 to 190 feet; the space between the arena and the outer wall (from 160 to 167 feet) being occupied by the walls, corridors, and seats, that rose, tier above tier, from the wall round the arena nearly to the top of the outer wall. The latter, which is about 179 feet in height, consists of three rows of vaulted arches, rising one above another, exclusive of which it had, when perfect, upper works of wood. This colossal amphitheatre is said to have had seats for 87,000 spectators, and standing room for 20,000 more! Belonging to the same class of buildings were the circuses, of which Rome had at one time no fewer than fifteen. Of these the chief was the Circus Maximus, of which there are now no remains; but of whose dimensions we may judge from the statement of Pliny, that it was capable of accommodating 200,000 spectators.



Trajan's Pillar.

The only other remains to which we can allude are those triumphal columns alike remarkable for their antiquity and workmanship. That erected in honour of the Emperor Trajan is about 130 feet high, exclusive of the pedestal. It consists of large blocks of white marble, hollow within, and so curiously cemented, as to seem but one entire stone.

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Within, there is a spiral staircase leading to the summit, to which the light is admitted by a number of loopholes; and the outside is adorned with fine bas-reliefs, representing the principal actions of the emperor. It is now inappropriately surmounted by a statue of St Peter, instead of the golden urn in which the ashes of Trajan were deposited. The Column of Antoninus Pius is higher than the preceding, but inferior in point of workmanship. The emperor's statue, which originally adorned the summit, has been succeeded by one of St Paul. The ornaments on the outside are of the same nature as those on Trajan's Pillar; and amongst them there is one representing Jupiter Pluvius sending down rain on Antoninus's fainting army and thunderbolts on his enemies. Of the Roman obelisks now remaining, the most beautiful is that which stands in the piazza before St Peter's, whither it was brought from the circus of Nero, after it had lain buried in ruins for many centuries. It is of one entire block of Egyptian marble, 72 feet high, 12 feet square at the base, and 8 feet at the top. Notwithstanding its immense weight (calculated at four hundred and seventy tons), it was erected on a pedestal 30 feet high, by the celebrated architect Dominico Fontanæ, in the pontificate of Sixtus V. with vast expense and labour.

## SARACENIC OR MOORISH STRUCTURES.

Posterior to the introduction of Christianity, but yet neither Christian nor pagan, are those works which were executed by the Saracens during the reign of the caliphs in Asia, and by the Moors during their ascendancy in Spain—both nations being alike Mohammedan. There is a great deal of richness and beauty in those works, an offshoot from the Roman architecture of earlier times, but modified by oriental luxuriance and ornamentation. We can only spare room to mention one illustrative example—the far-famed Alhambra in Grenada. This was at one time a Moorish stronghold in that city, with the palace of the Moorish kings in the centre. Around all was a wall a mile in circuit, studded with towers. One of these towers contains the famous Hall of the Ambassadors. There are only portions of the real palace still remaining, running round two oblong courts, called the Court of the Lions and the Court of the Fishpond. These consist of a wonderfully rich assemblage of porticoes, halls, columns, arches, cupolas, &c. elaborately adorned with gold, colours, and marble. The much-admired Alhambra Court in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham is a reproduction of the Court of the Lions and some of the smaller adjacent portions.

## STRUCTURES IN MEXICO AND YUCATAN.

Mexico, with its Aztecs and Toltecs, is a puzzle to architects as well as to ethnologists; there are old buildings of a remarkable

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character in that land, which no one seems able to trace to the early civilisations of the old continent. Cities have been rediscovered which were inhabited and in the full tide of prosperity at the time of the Spanish conquest. How much is reliable of the alleged history of the Aztecs and Toltecs between the fifth and the fifteenth centuries is not certain ; but the remarkable temples of Mexico and Yucatan were built somewhere within that wide interval. Some suppose that the Toltecs were of Esquimaux origin, who crept down the Pacific coast from Behring's Strait to Central America in the lapse of ages ; that the Aztecs were an offshoot from the Red Indians, who arrived from the inner portions of America ; and that the Yucatan had Carib blood in their veins : but the recently discovered temples in that region are far in advance of anything that Esquimaux, Red Indians, or Caribs have produced elsewhere. Messrs Stephens and Catherwood actually visited sixty old ruined cities in Yucatan, full of remarkable buildings, and supposed to be from 500 to 700 years old. One of the most celebrated buildings of which detailed descriptions have been given, is the teocalli or temple of Cholula. It now looks little other than a vast mound of earth ; but examination shews it to be a pyramid-temple, 1440 feet square at the base, by 177 feet high ; it is four times as large as the great pyramid of Egypt in area, but only one-third the height. The bulk of the pyramid is formed of clay and sun-dried bricks. It consists of four terraces ; and on the top was once a temple of the Toltec god of the air. It contains spacious sepulchral cavities ; a square chamber formed of stone and cypress-wood, when discovered a few years ago, was found to contain two skeletons and several painted vases. The teocalli at Palenque was a far more splendid structure, comprising sanctuaries, sepulchres, courts, cloisters, galleries, and cells ; forming altogether a spacious quadrangle enclosed by porticoes, and resting on a platform composed of three graduated terraces. Much of the interior is decorated with sculptures and hieroglyphics in stucco. The palace of Mitla is another of these large and remarkable Toltec structures, and seems to consist of five tombs of kings, exhibiting notable works in porphyry, stone, stucco, and cypress-wood, adorned with elaborately painted representations of sacrifices, trophies, weapons, &c.

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## CHRISTIAN AND MODERN ARCHITECTURE.

We shall now take a rapid glance at some of the more remarkable structures which are either modern, or Christian without being modern. They may be more correctly designated curiosities than wonders ; but some of them, nevertheless, are wonders in beauty, and a few in size. It will be convenient to group them according to kind or purpose, rather than according to country or age.

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### LEANING-TOWERS.

Great celebrity has been attained by the cathedral and the leaning-tower of Pisa, in Italy. This cathedral is one of the most regular, beautiful, and lightsome pieces of Gothic architecture to be seen in Europe. The choir is of the finest marble, and the roof is supported by eighty columns of the same stone, each of one solid piece. The pavement is of tessellated marble; and the gates, which are of brass, are exquisitely wrought with the history of our Saviour's birth, life, and passion. The most celebrated portion, however, is the campanile or leaning-tower, which stands detached. This erection is of a round form, and 190 feet high, entirely built of white marble. It was begun in 1174, but was not completed till about the middle of the fourteenth century. It is ascended by 230 steps, has several galleries on the outside, and is open in the interior. It stands not less than 15 feet out of the perpendicular. Some conceive this reclining position, which produces a very singular effect on the traveller, to be occasioned by a sinking of the foundation on one side, and others, to the ancient builders aiming at eccentricity in erecting this remarkable tower; but as the observatory and baptistery, which stand in the same square, have also a slight inclination, there can be little doubt that the former is the correct opinion.



Leaning-tower of Pisa.

The only other lofty structure known to incline so much from a perpendicular position is the leaning-tower of Saragossa, in Spain, which was erected in 1503. It is built entirely of brick, and stands in the centre of the square of San Felippo, in solitary grandeur, insulated and lofty, being ascended by a stair of 284 steps.

### CATHEDRALS AND CHURCHES.

Among the numerous cathedrals which have been considered remarkable for their dimensions, their architecture, or the richness



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of their decorations, that of St Peter's at Rome is, beyond all comparison, the most magnificent. The first stone was laid by Pope Julius II. in 1506, the main body of the edifice was completed in 1614, and the colonnade added in 1667. The extreme inside length of the building, which is in the form of a Greek cross, is 607 feet; the length of the transepts 445 feet; and the height from the floor to the cross, which surmounts the cupola, 458 feet. 'So vast are its dimensions,' says Maclaren, 'that colossal statues and monumental groups of figures are stowed away in its aisles and recesses, without impairing the unity and simplicity of the plan, as they are in the St Paul's of London. Comparing it with the British cathedral, which, though *longo intervallo*, may well claim to be the second in the world, the floor of St Peter's covers about five English acres (nearly the size of the Colosseum), while that of St Paul's occupies only two acres; and the actual bulk, or entire contents of the former as compared to the latter, are as four to one. And taking into account the number and splendour of the decorations of St Peter's, we need not wonder that it is supposed to have cost, with its monuments, gilding, and embellishments, from twelve to sixteen millions sterling; whereas the cost of St Paul's did not exceed £750,000! In the interior of these two noble buildings, the difference is scarcely less striking than between one of our old barn-like meeting-houses and the most elegant of our modern Episcopal churches; but as regards the exterior, all admit that in symmetry, purity of design, and true architectural beauty, the English is superior to the Roman temple.' The extreme inside length of St Paul's is 510 feet, the length of the transepts 283, and the height to the cross 365 feet—an altitude which is greatly exceeded by the spire of Salisbury Cathedral, 404 feet.

Milan Cathedral is the largest and richest of all the churches erected in the middle ages; and it is one in which the architect planned to cover the largest possible space from the fewest points of support. The interior has double rows of aisles on each side of the nave, thus giving a magnificent width to the structure. Being erected between 1385 and 1440, it exhibits all the richness of architecture of that florid period. Not only is it the largest of all medieval cathedrals (covering 108,000 square feet), but it is almost unparalleled for beauty of effect in being built wholly of white marble. The decoration is most lavish, the whole of the exterior being adorned with tracery and sculpture of the richest kind. The cathedral is 493 feet long, and 356 feet high to the top of the spire. The marble statues are said to amount to the almost incredible number of 4400!

The cathedral or *Duomo* of Florence, begun in 1206 and finished in 1426, is about 500 feet in length, and 384 in height to the top of the cross; its cupola is said to have furnished Michael Angelo with the first idea of that of St Peter's. The well-known cathedral of

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Strasburg has an interior length of 378 feet, and the height of its spire 474 feet—being, if the dimensions be accurate, little less than that of the great Pyramid of Egypt. This spire is open work, and combines, with the most perfect solidity, extraordinary lightness and elegance.

St Sophia at Constantinople was built by the Emperor Justinian about 535 A.D., on the site of a small church which had been built by Constantine. It is nearly an exact square in plan, being 250 by 235 feet, exclusive of projections called the narthex and the apse. The exterior is more remarkable for stability and majesty than for beauty; but the interior is famed for its dome. This dome is very little lower than a hemisphere, being 107 feet diameter by 46 feet high. Beyond the great dome, east and west, are two semi-domes, of a diameter equal to the great dome; and these are again cut by two smaller domes. All the pillars are of porphyry, verd antique, or rich marble; all the flat surfaces are covered with a mosaic of beautifully varied slabs of marble; and all the domes, roofs, and other curved surfaces with mosaics on a gold ground. The effect of the dome, semi-domes, and quarter-domes has been to give to the centre of the church the character of a gorgeous hall 250 feet long, 100 wide, and 180 high—proportions which no Gothic architect has since attempted to equal.

St Petersburg contains one of the largest and most costly churches in Europe; though architectural critics are divided in opinion as to its artistic merits. It stands in a magnificent square, bounded by the Neva on one side, and by large public buildings on the other three sides. This cathedral or church, St Isaac's, is the third which has occupied the site. It was begun by the Emperor Alexander I. in 1818, and finished by Alexander II. in 1858—one architect, Montferrand, having superintended its construction from first to last. The cathedral is a rectangle, 305 feet by 166; it covers a much smaller area than St Paul's, and therefore, regarded as a cathedral, is far from large; but it is certainly to be ranked among the largest of churches. It has the unusual feature of four magnificent porticoes, one in the centre of each front; these are octastyle Corinthian, and have rich alto-rilievi in the pediment. Two towers flank the principal façade; two others flank the opposite side; and in the centre of the whole mass is a dome. The porticoes are considered to be the finest that have been erected in any part of Europe since the time of the Romans. Each column consists of one single piece of the most beautiful rose-coloured granite, 56 feet in height by 6½ diameter. The entablature and nearly the whole exterior of the building are faced with granite. The drum of the dome is surrounded by a peristyle of twenty-four equidistant columns, each being a monolith of red granite. The four towers or cupolini are bell-towers—the Russians being famous for bells in their ecclesiastical arrangements. The interior of the church is absolutely crowded with magnificence.

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malachite and marble, painting and gilding, sculpture and ornament, are carried to such an excess as absolutely to weary the eye, and destroy all idea of repose.

Every country in Europe, with few exceptions, is rich in specimens of cathedral architecture—especially England, France, Germany, and Italy. We can only notice one more in these brief pages. The greatest recent work of this kind in Europe is unquestionably Cologne Cathedral. The old structure, consisting of little more than the choir, was in progress from the 13th to the 16th century; since which time the works remained dormant till the beginning of the present century, when the Germans throughout the 'Fatherland' took up the matter with much enthusiasm. Associations were formed, not only over the whole of Germany, but elsewhere in Europe, to collect funds for achieving the noble work; and the successive kings of Prussia have taken a lively interest in the work. The nave, aisles, and transepts were finished in 1848; the portals in 1859; the central spire in 1860; and all the other parts are now finished except the great towers—at an expense of three-quarters of a million sterling. When finally completed, the cathedral will be 511 feet long, 231 broad, and nearly 500 feet high to the top of the towers. The whole is in the purest style of Gothic.

America has made one approach to the style of St Peter's, so fine as to obtain for it the character of being the noblest ecclesiastical building in the New World. This is Mexico Cathedral, begun in 1573, but not finished till 1657. It is 504 feet long, and 228 broad. The western façade presents two bold towers 305 feet high. The dome is curiously placed, being near the east end, an arrangement which some authorities consider to give a magnificent interior vista. The next best ecclesiastical building in America is Arequipa Cathedral, Peru, built about two centuries ago, nearly destroyed by fire in 1844, and since rebuilt nearly on the same plan as before. The façade is of very considerable extent, and divided into five compartments by Corinthian pillars standing upon a low basement, but supporting only a fragment of an entablature.

## ROYAL PALACES.

Let us glance at the palaces of a few of the European sovereigns, as examples of a kind of structure on which much splendour has been lavished and much cost incurred.

Versailles has been designated 'the largest and most gorgeous palace in Europe.' It is at anyrate the largest palace in France. It extends to the immense length of 1400 feet; with a depth of 500 in the centre, though much less in the wings. The chapel is at the junction of the centre group with one of the wings, and the theatre is at the other end of the same wing. There was an old hunting-seat at this spot belonging to Louis XIII.; Louis XIV. requested that

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this old structure should be incorporated in the new building ; and it is generally admitted that the architect, Mansard, failed somewhat in his design for the palace, owing to this obstacle. The old château or hunting-seat is a small brick building with stone dressings, and this was repaired and adorned as the king's residence in the new structure. The garden-front, however, is really the palace, in an architectural point of view. The grand gallery, with the square vestibules at each end, is considered to be one of the most magnificent apartments in Europe, so rich is it in marbles and in decoration ; although it cannot compare in dimensions with the galleries of the Louvre. The theatre and the chapel are both very sumptuous ; while the gardens are almost unrivalled.

The famous palaces of the Louvre and the Tuileries have gradually been so linked together as to become almost one. There had for many centuries been a palace for the kings of France at the spot where the Louvre now stands ; but the present structure was commenced by Francis I. about 1540. The south-west angle was the part first commenced. Catherine de Médicis, a few years later, began the Tuileries from the design of Philibert de l'Orme. The original plan was for a rectangular block, 860 feet by 550, with a square court in the centre and smaller courts nearer the sides. Only the garden façade, however, was finished by its foundress. During the time of Henri Quatre the façade was extended to the excessive length of 1000 feet, by the addition of two pavilions at the ends. Louis XIV. afterwards raised the height of the whole façade, to make it correspond better with the length, and with the pavilions of Flore and Marsan at the ends. Among the works of Henri Quatre was the commencement of a gallery to connect the Louvre with the Tuileries. It was in the reign of Louis XIV. that an effort was seriously made to finish the Louvre ; and the eastern façade, by Perrault, is considered to be a very favourable specimen of the architecture of that period in France. Very little more was effected until recently, when Napoleon III. resolved to make the Louvre and the Tuileries as nearly as possible parts of one vast building. The space that used to separate the two palaces, called the Place du Carrousel, is a vast square of 930 feet by 850 ; but this is now enclosed by new buildings on the north and south. Another court, called the Place Napoléon, is 600 feet by 400, and this is bounded on the north and south by new buildings still more palatial. The result of all this is, that the Louvre and the Tuileries, in whatever way the interior is occupied, now really form one enormous palace so far as the exterior is concerned, about 600 feet along the west end (Tuileries), 300 on the east end (Louvre), and no less than 1100 feet on the north and south sides, facing the Rue de Rivoli and the Seine.

The most famous civil structure in Spain is unquestionably the Royal Palace of *Escorial*. Commenced in 1563 by Gianbattista, it

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was finished several years afterwards by Herrera. Externally the vast mass is singularly destitute of grandeur in design ; but the inner façades around the several courts, and the church in the middle of the whole, are much finer. The quadrangular mass is 680 feet long by 520 wide, or, with certain outworks, 744 by 580. The shorter sides or flanks are little more than plain granite walls pierced with five stories of unornamented square windows, 'with as little design and as little ornament as one generally finds in a Manchester cotton-mill ;' but the main façade is a little more diversified by columns, arches, and pediments. A multitude of courts in the interior, and passages leading from one court to another, have given rise to a story that the Escorial was built in the form of a gridiron, to typify the martyrdom of St Lawrence ; but this idea has not been traced to any authentic source. The great feature of the interior is the church, a grand cathedral-like structure, 320 feet long by 200 wide. The western façade has two bold flanking towers ; and in the centre of the pile is a dome, not so large as some others in Europe, but grand in its general appearance. The church is square in plan, and is divided into a sort of Greek cross by the four great piers and arches of the dome. One of the finest features in the building is what is called the Court of the College, about 140 feet square, with an arcaded cloister in two stories running round its four sides. The central entrance in the main front leads to a well-proportioned atrium or court ; on one side of which is the college, on the other a monastery, and at the further end the church ; and beyond the church are the state apartments of the palace.

The Caserta, or royal palace, at Naples is one of the largest palaces in Europe, being 766 feet long, 500 wide, and 125 high to the top of the balustrade. It was built about a century ago, from the plans of Vanvitelli. Each angle is surmounted by a square pavilion, and a dome crowns the centre. The design is uniform throughout all the four façades, presenting a four-storied range of Italian character. Even the centre of each façade is only slightly broken by a pediment. It is, in fact, something like a Pall Mall club-house of unprecedentedly large dimensions. The mass of the interior is divided into four equal courts or open quadrangles by two ranges of buildings, which contain the state apartments. This arrangement is somewhat remarkable, leaving the whole of the exterior buildings visible to the outer world, to the officers and subordinates of the household. The interior courts present more architectural richness than the exterior façades. Naples no longer being the residence of a sovereign, the Caserta is shorn of some of its importance.

St Petersburg has been called 'a city of palaces ;' no other capital in Europe presenting so numerous an array of vast palatial edifices. Even the barracks for the soldiery, and the offices for the government, are quite palatial in character. True, many of these buildings are only of brick, with ornaments of stucco ; but nevertheless the

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aggregate effect is unquestionably majestic. The finest of the buildings is the Imperial Winter Palace, commenced about a century ago on the plans of Rastrelli, and gradually brought to its present state. It is 731 feet long, by 584 wide; being a hollow square, it has a rectangular court in the centre, 385 feet by 300. The main façade is on the banks of the Neva. It is nevertheless an unsatisfactory specimen of architecture, striking only for its vastness. The palace of the Grand-duke Michael, though smaller in size, is considered by men of taste to be superior in design and general effect. All the offices and domestic buildings are placed in the wings, leaving a magnificent central block wholly for the imperial family and suite. The staircase in this block is one of the grandest in Europe; it is in the entrance-hall, a noble apartment 80 feet square, and the whole height of the building.

The *Kremlin* at Moscow is a far more remarkable structure, or rather group of structures, than anything at St Petersburg. It was built five hundred years ago, but has been frequently rebuilt since. It is surrounded with a wall from 12 to 16 feet thick, and from 28 to 50 feet high, with battlements, embrasures, numerous towers, and five gates. The chief buildings within the walls are the Palace of the Czars and the Cathedral. The latter is not large as a cathedral, but is adorned with profuse magnificence; there are more than two thousand paintings on the walls, of angels, apostles, saints, martyrs, czars, czarinas, and patriarchs; and there are numerous highly prized relics. Besides this cathedral, in which the czars are solemnly crowned, there are no less than thirty-one churches within the Kremlin, three of which are known as the cathedrals of St Michael, the Annunciation, and the Transfiguration; the first of these contains the tombs of the Russian sovereigns and grand-dukes, for many centuries. The Kremlin is, in short, an imperial palace embedded in a mass of imperial cathedrals and churches.

The only palace in England worthy of being compared with those on the continent is one which illustrates castellated as well as palatial architecture. Windsor Castle is most magnificently situated on the brow of a hill overlooking the Thames. The Round Tower or Keep is a sort of centre, with the royal apartments on one side, and various adjuncts on the other. The keep is not perfectly circular, being 102 feet in one direction by 93 in the other, and rising 80 feet above a kind of mound on which it stands, with a watch-tower 25 feet high. Starting from this keep, and proceeding from right to left round the buildings which surround the royal court or quadrangle, we come in succession to St George's Gateway; Edward III.'s and George IV.'s Gateways, between Lancaster and York Towers; South Turret; and Victoria Tower. Then we come to the east front, where are Clarence Tower; Chester Tower, with the state drawing-room; and Prince of Wales's Tower, with the state dining-room. Next, on the north side, are Brunswick Tower, an octagon

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38 feet in diameter externally, by 100 feet; Cornwall Tower, with the ball-room, 90 feet by 32; Waterloo Gallery, 95 feet by 46; George IV.'s Tower; the State Staircase, 50 feet by 36; Henry VII.'s Building; Queen Elizabeth's Gallery; and Norman Tower and Gateway, which bring us round again to the keep. The quadrangle frontages of this vast range of building present numerous vestibules and corridors connected with the state apartments, and with the private apartments of the royal family. Some of these apartments are furnished with palatial magnificence; and the clustering of buildings, varying in date from the Norman times down to those of Victoria, give to this castle a historical interest scarcely paralleled by any other in Europe. But this is not all. On the western side of the keep are St George's Hall and the Royal Chapel, on which much cost has been lavished; and there are a vast number of subsidiary buildings, which render the whole castle a small town in itself. The stables, erected at a cost of £70,000, form quite a distinct structure at a short distance from the castle, and are unquestionably the most magnificent stables in England.

## LEGISLATIVE PALACES.

The Palace of Westminster, or Houses of Parliament, is the grandest modern Gothic building in England, and the grandest structure ever devoted to the sittings of a legislative body. Indeed, it is doubtful whether there is another Gothic edifice in the world covering so large an area. The old legislative buildings were burned down in 1834; the present, from the plans of Sir Charles Barry, were commenced after two or three years' delay and consideration, and are not even finished now; nor can they be brought into harmony with the complete design until a total sum of £3,000,000 has been spent on them. The building, in its present form, extends 900 feet in length along the river-front, but about 1000 feet in a line with the Clock-tower. The eastern or river front is a magnificent display of Gothic work—traciated windows, carved mullions, niches, statues, pinnacles, and ornaments being lavished in a degree unequalled in any other modern building in Europe. The statues and the shields-of-arms alone form almost an epitome of the history of England. The whole building covers an area of nearly eight acres, and comprises the enormous number of 1100 apartments and 100 staircases. In a building of such vast magnitude, it is necessary to have many interior open quadrangles or courts, to afford window-light. These (beginning at the northern end) are the Speaker's Court, Star-chamber Court, Commons' Court, Cloister Court, Commons' Inner Court, St Stephen's Court, Peers' Court, Peers' Inner Court, Judges' Court, Chancellor's Court, and Royal Court. Besides the two main chambers—the House of Lords and the House of Commons—the chief apartments and halls are the Queen's Robing-room, the Royal

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Gallery, the Norman Arch, the Prince's Chamber, St Stephen's Porch, St Stephen's Hall, the Central Hall, the Peer's Lobby, the Commons' Lobby, Conference Rooms, and Refreshment Rooms. The Victoria Tower, at the south-west angle, is one of the finest Gothic towers in the world, being 340 feet high by 75 feet square. The Central Tower, over the beautiful octagonal Central Hall, is 300 feet high. The Clock-tower, 320 feet high by 40 feet square, contains the celebrated bell weighing 14 tons, and a clock which is now considered to be the most accurate of all the great clocks in Europe, having dials 30 feet in diameter (12 feet larger than those of St Paul's). The chamber in which the Peers meet (popularly known as the 'House of Lords') is so lavishly decorated as to be almost oppressive in its grandeur; sculpture, carving, bronze-work, gilding, painting, and stained glass are so combined as to leave scarcely a square inch of plain surface; while the windows are so high up and so deeply stained as to leave the chamber insufficiently lighted. The dimensions are 97 feet long, 45 feet high, and 45 feet wide. The House of Commons (35 feet shorter than the House of Lords, but the same height and breadth) is much plainer, but is now found to be too small for its intended purpose. The Royal or Victoria Gallery contains two magnificent water-glass fresco paintings by Mr Maclise; there are six other large frescoes in the Peers' Chamber by Maclise, Dyce, Cope, and Horsley; in the corridors on either side of the Central Hall are frescoes on subjects from the history of England, by Ward, Pickersgill, Cross, and other painters; while in the Upper Waiting-hall are subjects from Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, and other poets. In St Stephen's Hall are statues of twelve statesmen whose eloquence adorned parliament in past days—Hampden, Falkland, Clarendon, Selden, Walpole, Somers, Mansfield, Chatham, Fox, Pitt, Burke, and Grattan. Taken altogether, this sumptuous building is one of which the nation has reason to be proud, albeit there is a want of space in some of the rooms, and of light in still more.

The finest civil or secular building in America is perhaps the Capitol or legislative palace at Washington. The eastern or principal front consists of a centre 352 feet wide, and two wings which increase the total façade to 751 feet. Each of the three portions has a rich Corinthian portico. In the centre of the whole mass is a dome resting on a drum or tambour, the latter surrounded by a circular colonnade. This dome, when finished, will be 130 feet diameter by 310 feet high; and under it is a fine circular rotunda. The chambers for the two Houses of the legislature are far larger than those of our English legislative palace—one being 139 feet by 93, and the other 112 by 82.



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### PILLARS AND STATUES.

In imitation of the ancients, the moderns have often erected monuments, trophies, statues, and the like; but these, though often of exquisite workmanship, are generally of inferior dimensions. Of this class, the London Monument is one of the most remarkable. It is a column of the Doric order, erected to perpetuate the memory of the fire of London in 1666, which broke out near the place where it stands; and was begun, according to a design of Sir Christopher Wren, in 1671, and finished in 1676. It is 15 feet in diameter, and 202 feet high from the ground; it stands upon a pedestal 40 feet high and 21 feet square. On the cap of the pedestal are four dragons, the supporters of the city arms, and between them trophies, with symbols of regality, arts, sciences, and commerce. Within is a spiral staircase of black marble, containing 345 steps, with iron rails leading to a balcony, which encompasses a cone 32 feet high, and supporting a blazing urn of gilded brass.

Rather a notable example is the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square, commenced in 1840, and not finished till 1867. It is formed of Portland stone, and is surmounted by a statue of Lord Nelson by Baily, sculptured in Granton granite. The capital is of bronze, the melting down of cannon captured from the French. The square base presents bronze *bassi rilievi* of events which distinguished the career of Nelson—namely, the death of Nelson, by Carew; the battle of the Nile, by Woodington; the battle of Copenhagen, by Ternouth; and the battle of St Vincent, by Watson. Four bronze lions on the pedestal, the only works in sculpture by Sir Edwin Landseer, were finished and set up early in 1867; they are among the largest specimens of the kind ever executed.

A multitude of memorial columns have been erected on hill-tops in Great Britain; such as that near Dunrobin Castle, in Scotland. Most of these derive their importance chiefly from magnificence of situation.

Paris can also boast of several, perhaps of more remarkable, monuments of this kind than any other modern city. The chief of these are the noble column erected in the Place Vendôme, formed on the model of that of Trajan at Rome, covered with bronze castings, representing the achievements of the Grand Army in 1805, and surmounted by a statue of Napoleon; and the Colonne de Juillet, a large Doric column, erected in the Place de la Bastille in commemoration of the Revolution of 1830, 130 feet in height, surmounted by a colossal figure of the genius of France.

The colossal equestrian statue of Peter the Great in the Russian capital, is another of the magnificent achievements of modern art. The monarch is represented in the attitude of mounting a precipice, the summit of which he has nearly attained. This rocky

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pedestal, which consists of a single block of granite, weighing between 1500 and 2000 tons, was quarried at a distance of several miles from the capital, and its conveyance thither was a work of extraordinary difficulty. The column erected in honour of the Emperor Alexander I. is a surprising monolith, being one of the largest yet known. The column is 150 feet high; the pedestal is of granite and bronze; and the shaft consists of a single piece of red granite, 84 feet long and 14 feet in diameter! The column is surmounted by a capital and a small dome in bronze, on which is placed a statue emblematical of Religion.

## EXHIBITION BUILDINGS AND CRYSTAL PALACES.

International Exhibitions have led to the construction of buildings of unusual vastness. The original Crystal Palace in Hyde Park for the Exhibition of 1851, covered about 800,000 square feet. It was 1851 feet long (the same figures that represented the date of construction), 408 feet wide, 64 feet high to the main level of the roof, but 108 feet to the top of the centre transept. The ground covered was seven times as large as the area of St Paul's Cathedral. There were 3300 iron columns and 3500 iron girders. There were 4000 tons of iron, 17 acres of glass in the roof, 1500 vertical glazed sashes, 200 miles of sash-bars, and 1,000,000 square feet of flooring (ground-floor and galleries together). Although there was not the slightest pretence to architectural beauty in the building—it being literally nothing but a glass-house—nevertheless, it pleased every one. The novelty, the lightness, the spaciousness, the simplicity, made a favourable impression on most of the persons who saw it; while the unbroken vista, exceeding a third of a mile in length, gave to the interior an effect which had seldom or never been paralleled.

The Exhibition buildings at Dublin and at New York, for the international industrial displays of 1853, were also Crystal Palaces, more elaborate in some of their details, but of far smaller dimensions, and not so productive of a fine interior effect.

The Paris Exhibition of 1855 did not afford suitable means for comparison with the Hyde Park structure; seeing that it was accommodated in four distinct buildings, entirely unlike in character, and almost wholly disconnected. The Manchester Exhibition building of 1857 bore some resemblance to those at Dublin and New York.

The International Exhibition at Brompton in 1862 was in a building which covered 24 acres. The main structure was 1200 feet long by 500 wide, besides two annexes or wings of considerable length. The area roofed in was very little less than 1,000,000 square feet. The southern façade, in Cromwell Road, was of brick; indeed, the southern portion of the whole structure was of brick, for the exhibition of pictures; while the northern portion was of iron, wood, and glass.

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The interior of the chief nave was 100 feet high ; while the east and west ends were surmounted by stupendous domes 160 feet in diameter by 250 in height—among the largest domes ever constructed.

The Paris Exhibition building of 1867 was entirely unlike any that preceded it. It formed a vast oval amphitheatre, nearly three-quarters of a mile in circumference, and covered 35 acres of ground. The exterior was practically a wall of iron, 80 feet high. The interior was divided by avenues or passages into numerous blocks of exhibition space ; those which went radially, from the exterior towards the centre, divided country from country ; while those which ranged concentrically, like the rings in a trunk of timber, divided one class of goods from another. Every gallery was thus a curve or a portion of a curve ; and the whole of these was lighted from the roof by skylights. The centre of the entire structure was occupied by a garden, being the only portion which was not under cover. There were no upper galleries, except in the outer ring for machinery, where there was an elevated platform, which made the entire circuit. Ten thousand tons of iron were used in the building, and 15,000,000 rivets to fasten the various pieces of iron. The length of the building was 1580 feet, and the breadth 1214—not so long by nearly 300 feet as our Hyde Park building in 1851, but vastly greater in breadth, and covering a much greater area of ground. The central garden was 540 feet by 170. The sixteen radial avenues were each about 500 feet long, and received such names as *Rue de France*, *Rue d'Angleterre*, *Rue de Prusse*, &c. The chief avenue, broader and more imposing than the rest, took the direction of the long axis of the oval, and was in fact part of that line ; it was 50 feet broad and 82 high. Vast as the building was, it had little besides its size to recommend it. The subsidiary buildings in the park, occupying the remaining portion of the Champ de Mars, were wholly of a miscellaneous character—imitations of almost every kind of structure—a world in miniature. The Champ de Mars presents a surface of about 500,000 square yards, of which 160,000 were occupied by the Exhibition building, and 340,000 by the surrounding park. The centre of the Champ de Mars being much lower than the outer portions, and it being desirable that this centre should be raised to the same level, a neighbouring hill, called the Trocadero, was made to supply many hundred thousand cubic feet of earth for this purpose.

Two Crystal Palaces for popular amusement, one at Sydenham and one at Muswell Hill, have been constructed in part with the iron and glass of the Hyde Park Exhibition building of 1851, and the Brompton Exhibition building of 1862. One of them, the 'Alexandra Palace and Park,' need not here be described ; but the other, the world-renowned Crystal Palace at Sydenham, is unquestionably the most beautiful glass structure in the world. It is 1600 feet long, 380 feet wide, and no less than 200 high at the centre transept. It

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consists of a nave with three transepts, all having arched roofs; and the construction is almost wholly of iron and glass. Galleries run round the interior, from which vistas can be obtained of almost matchless beauty. Marble basins and crystal fountains are ranged at intervals along the nave. A magnificent amphitheatre of seats affords unparalleled accommodation for an orchestra of 5000 persons. On either side of the nave are elaborate courts or halls, representing the architecture, sculpture, and mural decoration of the Roman, Greek, Assyrian, Egyptian, Pompeiian, Alhambraic or Saracenic, Romanesque, Byzantine, Gothic, Medieval, Renaissance, Palladian, and Elizabethan styles of art. (Such at least was the rich assemblage until the unfortunate fire early in 1867, when much of the northern portion of the Palace, including the Egyptian and Assyrian Courts, was destroyed, entailing a loss of not much less than £100,000.) At the north and south ends of the main building, but detached from them, are stupendous water-towers, at least 250 feet high. Water is pumped up into tanks, which surmount the towers, by steam-power; and the pressure thus obtained supplies water to a grander set of fountains than has ever been exhibited elsewhere. On one of the grand gala-days there are 12,000 jets playing at once, some rising to a height of 250 feet; and it requires 6,000,000 gallons of water to feed them all. Whether considered in regard to its cost (£1,500,000), its vast magnitude, its external and internal beauty, its profuse illustrations of architecture and sculpture, its grand musical capabilities, its fine botanical and arboricultural collection, its park, its majestic terraces, its marble basins, or its fountains and cascades—the Crystal Palace is probably the finest place of amusement in the world, and its amusements the most wonderful shillingsworth.

## HOTELS AND CLUB-HOUSES.

*Hotel* meant, in the middle ages, a nobleman's mansion, or even a municipal building, such as an hôtel de ville; but in most cases at the present day it is a house for boarding and lodging guests, who come and go whenever they please. Architectural display has never been bestowed upon these buildings in England until recent years; but some of our railway hotels are now really magnificent buildings. Witness, as an example, the City Hotel, forming the frontage of the Cannon Street Station. Its façade presents one grand scene of decoration from top to bottom—the central mass crowned by a Mansard roof, while the wings are surmounted by pavilions with high truncated roofs; balconies adorn almost every range of windows. Besides coffee-rooms and bed-rooms for the usual class of hotel visitors, there are a great hall for public dinners and balls, a large room for public meetings, a restaurant, a chop-room, and a

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luncheon-bar. The building is 218 feet in length and 76 feet high, but the pavilion roofs rise to a further height of 32 feet. A tower at the south-east angle, containing a ventilating shaft and the kitchen flue, rises still higher. The ground-floor is mainly occupied by the entrances to the railway station. The next floor above it presents, as its chief feature, the great hall or ball-room, 114 feet long, 41 feet wide, and 36 high—one of the grandest rooms recently built in the city of London. The principal room on the next floor is the room for public meetings, 80 feet long. Another hotel, typical of those which do *not* belong to railway companies, nor adjoin railway stations, is the Langham Hotel, Portland Place. There is a vast cubical mass of building in this edifice. On the ground-floor there is a central courtyard, adorned with fountains and flowers; and around this are the *salle à manger*, a noble dining-room 150 feet long, coffee-room, ladies' coffee-room, library, reading-room, audience and meeting rooms, drawing-rooms, post-office and telegraph-office; while up-stairs, besides the smoking-room and the billiard-room, there are ranges of private apartments and sleeping-rooms soaring to a greater height than any other hotel in England. The kitchen, a room 50 feet by 40, is quite a distinguishing feature; so replete is it with all the best appliances for the practical exercise of the culinary art: the roasting-grate alone is 8 feet wide by 7 feet high.

Paris contains two hotels which have no parallels in England for magnitude. One is called the *Grand Hôtel*, and the other the *Grand Hôtel du Louvre*, and each has between 600 and 700 bed-rooms. America has gone beyond even Paris in the magnitude of its hotels, especially in the instance of the Irving House, the Astor, and the St Nicholas Hotels at New York, and the Mount Vernon Hotel at New Jersey. As specimens of architecture, these immense buildings hardly call for detailed description, they being little else externally than windowed stories rising one above another to a great height; but some of the curiosities and marvels of one of the hotels have been summarised in the following brief way: 'Eight hundred bed-rooms under one roof; three hundred servants; a steam laundry that will wash four thousand articles in a day (a shirt washed, dried, ironed, and delivered in fifteen minutes!); the beef of one thousand oxen cooked and served up in a year; bell-telegraphs to every room; a mile and a half of verandahs and balconies in front of the several ranges of rooms; hot and cold water baths to every bed-room; and a bridal-chamber so gorgeously furnished as to be charged at ten guineas a day.'

*Clubs* are to so remarkable an extent an English institution, that we need not go out of our own country to seek examples of them. So far as regards architectural character, we may select one club-house (the *Reform*) as an illustration of the whole.

The Reform Club-house, on the south side of Pall Mall, built by

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the late Sir Charles Barry, is 140 feet wide by 110 deep. There are two façades which have nine windows on a floor, and one which has eight. The style is of that Italian palazzo kind which does not depend upon porticoes, colonnades, arches, towers, pinnacles, or domes, but upon a bold mass of decorated windowed surface; and the general effect has met with marked approval. There is a beautiful cortile or covered court in the centre of the building, 56 feet long, 50 wide, and 54 high. The coffee-room, on the garden-front, is a grand apartment, 112 feet by 28. The news-room, dining-room, drawing-room, library, card-rooms, are all handsome portions of the building. It was in the kitchen of the Reform Club-house that M. Soyer established his renown as a *chef de cuisine*.

## THEATRES AND OPERA-HOUSES.

Instead of describing, in our limited space, any one of the numerous opera-houses and theatres of Europe, we will give in a condensed form some comparative figures, from Fergusson's *History of Modern Architecture*.

### OPERA-HOUSES.

	Depth of Auditory. Feet.	Width of Auditory. Feet.	Depth of Stage. Feet.
Milan, La Scala.....	105	87	77
Naples, San Carlo.....	100	85	74
Genoa.....	95	82	80
London, Her Majesty's.....	95	75	45
"    Covent Garden.....	89	80	89
St Petersburg.....	87	70	100
Paris, Académie.....	85	80	82
Parma.....	82	74	76
Venice.....	82	78	48
Munich.....	80	75	87
Madrid.....	79	89	55
Darmstadt.....	72	62	70
Berlin.....	70	55	58
Vienna.....	65	55	72
Turin.....	90	71	110

La Scala, at Milan, is the greatest in depth of audience part, and the Vienna the least; the Madrid opera-house is the greatest in width, and the Berlin and Vienna the least; the Madrid is the greatest in width of curtain, and Berlin the least; the Turin is the greatest in depth of stage, and our own opera-house in the Haymarket decidedly the least; the height over the pit varies from 84 feet in San Carlo at Naples, to 51 at Darmstadt.

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A similar comparison is made between

### DRAMATIC THEATRES.

	Depth of Auditory. Feet.	Width of Auditory. Feet.	Depth of Stage. Feet.
Versailles.....	77	65	82
Marseille.....	76	65	50
Paris, Historique.....	70	65	42
" Italien.....	60	65	46
Hamburg.....	70	67	65
Bordeaux.....	65	64	70
Mayence.....	65	60	46
Lyon.....	64	66	75
Berlin.....	64	60	70
Antwerp.....	60	58	58
Carlsruhe.....	60	66	50
London, Drury Lane.....	70	70	48
" Haymarket.....	57	48	33
" Lyceum.....	55	52	40
" Adelphi.....	51	56	47

Here we must close. It would be easy, if space allowed, to notice many other classes or groups of buildings which have something about them either of the wonderful or the curious. As a single room, of which the outside is scarcely visible at all, perhaps one of the most remarkable and original in Europe, and the most admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was constructed, is the new Reading-room at the British Museum. Circular in plan, and with a domed ceiling, it admits of being lighted both from the sides and from the top; it secures an effective interior; it affords unexampled accommodation to readers, with wall and press space for 100,000 volumes. The room is about 140 feet in diameter, and the height to the central skylight 108 feet. The dimensions nearly equal those of the Pantheon at Rome. Tables for about 300 readers are placed radially, like the spokes of a wheel, with an ample supply of room, light, chairs, pens, ink, paper, knives, &c. It is one of the few modern English buildings which every one praises. A beautiful new reading-room was opened at Paris in 1868, in the Imperial Library. It consists of a central square room, surrounded by semicircular arcades. The roof consists of nine cupolas of enamelled porcelain, resting on sixteen columns; the centre of each cupola having a circular skylight. There are 345 chairs, desks, and tables, for an equal number of readers. About 40,000 volumes are ranged round the room, in three balconies or galleries; and a large doorway gives access to a number of rooms in which the rest of the books are kept.



## ‘TIME ENOUGH’

AN IRISH TALE, BY MRS S. C. HALL.

**O**NE of the most amusing and acute persons I remember—and in my very early days I knew him well—was a white-headed lame old man, known in the neighbourhood of Kilbaggin by the name of BURNT EAGLE, or, as the Irish peasants called him, ‘Burnt *Aigle*.’ His accent proclaimed him an Irishman, but some of his habits were not characteristic of the country, for he understood the value of money, and that which makes money—TIME. He certainly was not of the neighbourhood in which he resided, for he had no ‘people,’ no uncles, aunts, or cousins. What his real name was I never heard; but I remember him since I was a very little girl, just old enough to be placed by my nurse on the back of Burnt Eagle’s donkey. At that time he lived in a neat pretty little cottage, about a mile from our house: it contained two rooms; they were not only clean, but well furnished; that is to say, well furnished for an Irish cottage. During the latter years of his life, these rooms were kept in order by two sisters; what relationship they bore to my old friend, I will tell at the conclusion of my tale. They, too, always called him Burnt



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Aigle ; all his neighbours knew about them—and the old man would not be questioned—was, that he once left home suddenly, and, after a prolonged absence, returned, sitting as usual between the panniers on a gray pony, which was young then, and, instead of his usual merchandise, the panniers contained these two little girls, one of whom could walk, the other could not : he called them Bess and Bell ; and till they were in a great degree able to take care of themselves, Burnt Eagle remained entirely at home, paying great attention to his young charges, and exciting a great deal of astonishment as to ‘how he managed to keep so comfortable, and rear the children :’ his neighbours had no idea what a valuable freehold the old man possessed—in his time. When Burnt Eagle first came to Kilbaggin, he came with a load of fresh heather-brooms, in a little cart drawn by a donkey ; but besides the brooms, he carried a store of sally switches, a good many short planks of wood, hoops large and small, bee-hives, and the tools which are used by coopers and carpenters : these were few, and of the commonest kind, yet Burnt Eagle would sit on a sort of driving-box, which raised him a great deal above the level of the car, into which he elevated himself by the aid of a long crutch that always rested on his knees : there he would sit ; and as the donkey jogged quietly, as donkeys always do, through the wild and picturesque scenery of hill and dale, the old man’s hands were busily employed either in weaving kishes or baskets, or forming noggins, or little tubs, and his voice would at times break into snatches of songs, half-English, half-Irish ; for though sharp-mannered, and of a sallow complexion that tells of melancholy, he was cheerful-hearted ; and his voice, strong and clear, woke the echoes of the hills, though his melodies were generally sad or serious.

I never heard what attached him to our particular neighbourhood, but I have since thought he chose it for its seclusion. He took a fancy to a cottage, which, seated between two sand-hills covered by soft green grass and moss, was well sheltered from the sea-breeze that swept along the cockle-strand, and had been the habitation of Corney the crab-catcher, who, poor fellow, was overtaken by a spring-tide one windy evening in March, and drowned. For a long time ‘Crab Hall,’ as it was jestingly called, was untenanted, and when Burnt Eagle fell in love with it, it was nearly in ruins. Some said it was not safe to live in it ; but my old friend entered the dwelling, together with the donkey and a gray cat, and certainly were never disturbed by anything worse than their neighbours, or a high storm. It did not, however, suit Burnt Eagle’s ideas of propriety to suffer the donkey to inhabit any portion of his cottage dwelling ; and accordingly, after repairing it, he built him a stable, and wove a door for it out of the sally switches. His neighbours looked upon this as a work of supererogation, and wondered what Burnt Eagle could be thinking of, to go on slaving himself for

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nothing. What would ail a lone man to live in our town?—wasn't that enough for him? It would be 'time enough' to be building a house when he had some one to live in it. But he went on his own way, replying to their remonstrances with a low chuckling laugh, and darting one glance of his keen piercing eyes upon them, in return for the stare of lazy astonishment with which they regarded his proceedings.

Burnt Eagle was, as I have said, an admirable economist of time ; when he took his little car about the neighbourhood with brooms, or noggins, or baskets, or cockles, or anything else, in fact, that might be wanted, he never brought it home empty ; when he had disposed of all his small merchandise, he would fill it with manure or straw, which the gentry or farmers gave him, or he gathered on the roads. If he could bring nothing else, he would bring earth or weeds ; suffering the latter to decay, preparatory to the formation of a garden, with which he proposed to beautify his dwelling ; the neighbours said it would be 'time enough' to think of getting the enrichment for the ground when the place was laid out for it. But Burnt Eagle would not be stayed in his progress by want of materials. So, not until he had everything ready, even a sty built for the pig, and a fence placed round the sty to prevent the pig from destroying his bit of land when it was made and cropped, not until then did he commence : and though the neighbours again said 'it would be "time enough" to deprive the pig, the craythur, of his liberty when the garden was to the fore,' Burnt Eagle went on his own way, and then every one in the parish was astonished at what he had accomplished.

The little patch of ground this industrious old man had, after incredible labour, succeeded in forming over the coat of sward that covered the sand, was in front of Crab Hall. The donkey had done his best to assist a master who had never given him an unjust blow : the fence was formed round the little enclosure of gray granite, which some convulsion of nature had strewn abundantly on the strand ; these stones the donkey drew up when his day's work was ended, three or four at a time. Even this enclosure was perfected, and a very neat gate of basket-work, with a latch outside and a bolt in, hung opposite the cottage door, before Burnt Eagle had laid down either the earth or manure on his plot of ground.

'Why, thin, Burnt Aigle dear,' said Mrs Radford, the net-maker's wife, as, followed by seven lazy, dirty, healthy children, she strolled over the sand-hills one evening to see what the poor *bocher*\* was doing at the place, 'that was good enough for Corney the crab-catcher without alteration, dacent man ! for twenty years. Why, thin, Burnt Aigle dear, what are ye slaving and fencing at ?'

'Why, I thought I could ye, Mrs Radford, whin I taught ye the *tight* stitch for a shrimp-net, that I meant to make a garden here ;

\* A lame man.

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‘I understand flowers, and the gentry’s ready to buy them ; and sure, when once the flowers are set, they’ll grow of themselves while I’m doing something else. Isn’t it a beautiful thing to think of that !—how the Lord helps us to a great deal if we only do a *little* towards it !’

‘How do you make that out ?’ inquired the net-maker.

Burnt Eagle pulled a seed-pod from a tuft of beautiful sea-pink. ‘All that’s wanted of us,’ he said, ‘is to put such as this in the earth at first, and doesn’t God’s goodness do all the rest ?’

‘But it would be “time enough,” sure, to make the fence whin the ground was ready,’ said his neighbour, reverting to the first part of her conversation.

‘And have all the neighbours’ pigs right through it the next morning ?’ retorted the old man, laughing ; ‘no, no, that’s not *my* way, Mrs Radford.’

‘Fair and aisy goes far in a day, Masther Aigle,’ said the gossip, lounging against the fence, and taking her pipe out of her pocket.

‘Do you want a coal for your pipe, ma’am ?’ inquired Burnt Eagle.

‘No, I thank ye kindly ; it’s not out, I see,’ she replied, stirring it up with a bit of stick previous to commencing the smoking with which she solaced her laziness.

‘That’s a bad plan,’ observed our friend, who continued his labour as diligently as if the sun was rising instead of setting.

‘What is, Aigle dear ?’

‘Keeping the pipe a-light in yer pocket, ma’am ; it might chance to burn ye, and it’s sure to waste the tobacco.’

‘Augh !’ exclaimed the wife, ‘what long heads some people have ! God grant we may never want the bit o’ tobacco ! Sure it would be hard if we did ; we’re bad enough off without that.’

‘But if ye *did*, ye know, ma’am, ye’d be sorry ye wasted it ; wouldn’t ye ?’

‘Och, Aigle dear, the poverty is bad enough whin it comes, not to be looking out for it.’

‘If you expected an inimy to come and burn yer house’ (‘Lord defend us !’ ejaculated the woman), ‘what would you do ?’

‘Is it what would I do ? bedad, that’s a quare question. I’d pervint him, to be sure.’

‘And *that’s* what I want to do with the poverty,’ he answered, sticking his spade firmly into the earth ; and, leaning on it with folded arms, he rested for a moment on his perfect limb, and looked earnestly in her face. ‘Ye see every one on *the sod*—green though it is, God bless it—is somehow or other born to some sort of poverty. Now, the thing is to go past it, or undermine it, or get rid of it, or prevent it.’

‘Ah, thin, how ?’ said Mrs Radford.

‘By forethought, prudence ; never to let a farthing’s worth go to waste, or spend a penny if ye can do with a halfpenny. Time makes

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the most of us—we ought to make the most of him ; so I’ll go on with my work, ma’am, if you please ; I can work and talk at the same time.’

Mrs Radford looked a little affronted ; but she thought better of it, and repeated her favourite maxim, ‘Fair and aisy goes far in a day.’

‘So it does ma’am ; nothing like it ; it’s wonderful what a dale can be got on with by it, keeping on, on, and on, always at something. When I’m tired at the baskets, I take a turn at the tubs ; and when I’m wearied with them, I tie up the heath—and sweet it is, sure enough ; it makes one envy the bees to smell the heather ! And when I’ve had enough of that, I get on with the garden, or knock bits of furniture out of the timber the sea drifts up after those terrible storms.’

‘We burn that,’ said Mrs Radford.

‘There’s plenty of turf and furze to be had for the cutting ; it’s a sin, where there’s so much furniture wanting, to burn any timber—barring chips,’ replied Eagle.

‘Bedad, I don’t know what ill-luck sea-timber might bring,’ said the woman.

‘Augh ! augh ! the worst luck that ever came into a house is idleness, except, maybe, extravagance.’

‘Well, thin, Aigle dear !’ exclaimed Mrs Radford, ‘what’s come to ye to talk of extravagance?—what in the world have poor craythurs like us to be extravagant with?’

‘Yer time,’ replied Burnt Eagle, with particular emphasis ; ‘yer time.’

‘Ah, thin, man, sure it’s “time enough” for us to be thinking of that whin we can *get anything for it*.’

‘*Make anything of it*, ye mean, ma’am : the only work it’ll ever do of itself, if it’s let alone, will be destruction.’

‘Well !’ exclaimed Mrs Radford indignantly, ‘it’s a purty pass we’re come to, if what we do in our own place is to be *comed* over by a stranger who has no call to the country. I’d like to know who you are, upsetting the ways of the place, and making something out of nothing like a fairy man ! If my husband *did* go to the whisky shop, I’ll pay him off for it myself ; it’s no business of yours ; and maybe we’ll be as well off in the long-run as them that are so mean and thoughtful, and turning their hand to every man’s trade, and making gentlemen’s houses out of mud cabins, and fine gardens in the sand-hills ; doing what nobody ever did before ! It won’t have a blessing—mark my words ! Ye’re an unfriendly man, so ye are. After my wearing out my bones, and bringing the children to see ye, never to notice them, or ask a poor woman to sit down, or offer her a bit of tobacco, when it’s rolls upon rolls of it ye might have *unknownst*, without duty, if ye liked, and ye here on the sea-coast.’

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‘I have nothing that doesn’t pay duty,’ replied Burnt Eagle, smiling at her bitterness. ‘I don’t go to deny that the Excise is hard upon a man, but I can get my bit of bread without breaking the law, and I’d rather have no call to what I don’t rightly understand. I am sure ye’re heartily welcome to anything I have to give. I offered to make a gate for yer sty, to keep yer pig out of the cabbages, and I’m sure’—

Again Mrs Radford, who was none of the gentlest, interrupted him. ‘We are ould residents in the place, and don’t want any of your improvements, Misther Burnt Aigle, thank you, sir,’ she said, drawing herself up with great dignity, thrusting her pipe into her pocket, and summoning her stray flock, some of whom had entered Crab Hall without any ceremony, while others wandered at their ‘own sweet will’ in places of dirt and danger—‘I daresay we shall get on very well without improvement. We’re not for setting ourselves above our neighbours; we’re not giving up every bit of innocent divarson for slavery, and thin having no one to lave for what we make—no chick nor child!’

‘Woman!’ exclaimed Burnt Eagle fiercely, and he shook his crutch at the virago, who, astonished at the generally placid man’s change, drew back in terror; ‘go home to yer own piggery, follow yer own plan, waste the time the Almighty gives to the poorest in the land, gossip and complain, and make mischief; what advice and help I had to give, I gave to ye and to others ever since I came in the place; follow yer own way, but lave me to follow mine—time will tell who’s right and who’s wrong.’

‘Well, I’m sure!’ said Mrs Radford, quailing beneath his bright and flashing eye, ‘to think of that now! how he turns on us like a wild baste out of his sand-hole, and we in all frindship! Well, to be sure—sure there was “time enough”—’

‘Mammy, mammy!’ shouted one of the seven ‘hopes’ of the Radford family, ‘ye’re smoking behind, ye’re smoking behind!’

‘Oh, the marcy of Heaven about me!’ she exclaimed, ‘Burnt Aigle’s a witch; it’s he has set fire to me with a wink of his eye, to make his words good about the coal and the pipe in my pocket. Oh, thin, to see how I’m murdered intirely through the likes of him! I’ve carried a live-coal in my pocket many’s the day, and it never sarved me so before! Oh, it’s thrue, I’m afeared, what’s said of ye, that ye gave the use of one of yer legs to the devil—mother of marcy purtect me!—to the devil for knowledge and luck; and me that always denied it to be sarved so. Don’t come near me—I’ll put it out meself; oh, to think of the beautiful *gownd*, bran-new it was last Christmas was a year! Am I out now, children dear? Oh, it’s yer mother’s made a show of before the country to plase him! What would come over the coal to do me such a turn as that *now*, and never to think of it afore! Oh, sorra was in me to come near yer improvements!’

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‘Mammy,’ interrupted the eldest boy, ‘don’t be hard upon Burnt Aigle; there’s the coal that dropt out of the pipe, red hot still—see, here where ye stood—and the priest tould ye the danger of it long ago.’

‘Oh, sure it’s not going to put the holy man’s advice ye are on a level with Burnt Aigle’s! Come, we’ll be off. I meant to take off my beautiful *gown* before I came out, but thought it would be “time enough” whin I’d go back. And to see what a *bocher* has brought ye to, Judith Radford.’ And away she went fuming and fretting over the sand-hills, stopping every moment to look back at the devastation which her own carelessness had occasioned her solitary dress. Burnt Eagle imagined he was alone, and kept his eyes fixed upon the foolish woman as she departed, but his attention was arrested by Mrs Radford’s second daughter, who stole round the lame man, and touched his hard hand with her little fingers.

‘Ye’re not a witch, are ye, daddy?’ she said, while looking up smilingly, but with an expression of awe, in his face.

‘No, darlint.’

‘Twas the coal done it—wasn’t it?’

‘It was.’

‘Well, good-night, Burnt Aigle; kiss little Ailey—there. Mother will forget it all or have it all out—the same thing, you know. I havn’t forgot the purty noggin you gave me; only it hurts mother to see how you get on with a little, and father blames her, and gets tipsy; so just go on yer own way, and don’t heed us. Mother wants *that the sun should shine only on one side of the blackberries*; but I’ll larn of ye, Daddy Aigle, if ye’ll tache me; only don’t bother the mother with what she has no heart to, and sets the back of her hand against.’ And after asking for another kiss, the little barefooted pretty girl—whose heart was warm, and who would have been a credit to any country if she had been well managed—darted over the banks like a fawn, her small lissom figure graceful as a Greek statue, her matted yellow hair streaming behind her, and her voice raised to the tune of ‘Peggy Bawn.’

‘It’s truth she says—God’s truth, anyway,’ said Burnt Eagle, as he turned to enter his cottage. ‘It’s truth; they set the back of their hand and the back of their mind against improvement; they’d be ready to tear my eyes out if I tould them what keeps them back. Why, their own dislike to improvement, part; and the carelessness of their landlords, part; the want of sufficient employment, a great part; and, above all, their being *satisfied with what they get, and not trying to get better*. As long as they’re content with salt and potato, they try for nothing else. Set John Bull down to salt and potato, and see how he’ll look, and why shouldn’t you get as good, Paddy aghra! But no; you won’t; a little more method, a little more capital employed amongst you, and plenty of steadiness, would

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make you equal to anything the world produced since it was a world. But no: ye keep on at yer ould ways, and yer ould sayings, and all things ould, and ye let others that haven't the quarter of yer brains get the start of ye. Yet where, Paddy, upon the face of the earth, is a finer man or a brighter head than your own?" The old man shut his door, and lit his lamp, which was made of a large scallop-shell, the wick floating in oil he had extracted from the blubber of a grampus that otherwise would have decayed unnoticed on the shore.

I have told all I heard as to Burnt Eagle's first settlement in what I still call 'my neighbourhood.' I will now tell what I know, and what occurred some time after. I very well remember being taken by my mother, who was a sort of domestic doctor to the poor, to see Judy Radford, who, plunged into the depths of Irish misery, was mourning the loss of her husband, drowned because of the practice of the principle that it was 'time enough' to mend the boat; 'it had taken the boys often, and why not now?' But the boat went down, and the poor, overworked, good-natured father and his eldest son were lost! We could hardly get to the door for the slough and abominations that surrounded it. 'Judy,' said my mother, 'if this was collected and put at the back of the house, you need not have come begging to the steward for manure.'

'Och, ma'am, wont it be "time enough" to gather it when we have the seed potatoes?—sure it *was always there, and the young ducks would be lost without it.*

'Such a heap of impurity must be unhealthy.'

'We has the health finely, thank God! if we had everything else;' and then followed a string of petitions, and lamentations and complaints of her neighbours, all uttered with the whine of discontent which those who *deserve* poverty indulge in, while those who are struggling against it seek to conceal, from a spirit of decency, the extent of their wants. 'Indeed, ma'am,' she continued, 'the ill-luck is after us: my second boy has, as all the country knows, the best of characters, and would have got the half acre at the Well corner if he had gone to his honour in time for it, and that would have been the help to us sure enough; but we thought there was "time enough," and Bill Deasy, who's put up to all sorts of sharpness by Burnt Aigle, got the promise.'

'Well, did Ailey get the flax-wheel I told her she could have from Lucy Green until she was able to buy one?'

'Oh, ma'am, there it is again; I kep her at home just that *one* day on account of a hurt I got in my thumb, and thought it would be "time enough" to be throubling yer honour for a plaster if it got worse—which it did, praise be to God!—and never did a hand's turn with it since; and whin she went after it, Miss Lucy had lint it, and was stiffer about it than was needful. My girl tould her she thought *she'd* be "time enough," and she hurt her feelings,

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saying, “she thought we’d had enough of ‘time enough’ among us before.” It was very sharp of her; people can’t help their troubles, though that ould thriving *bocher*, that’s made all he has out of the gentry, never scruples to tell me that I brought them on myself.

‘I must say a word for Burnt Eagle,’ said my mother; ‘he has made all he has out of himself, not out of the gentry; all we did was to buy what we wanted from him—one of his principles being, never to take a penny he did not earn.’

‘And very impudent of him to say that, whin the gentry war so kind as to offer him money—setting himself up to do without help!’ said Mrs Radford, whom we were fain to leave in the midst of her querulous complainings.

We now proceeded along the cliffs to the *bocher’s* dwelling: to visit him was always a treat to me; but childhood’s ready tears had been some time previously excited by the detail of his sorrow for his companion and friend; for such the poor donkey had been to him.

The struggle which took place between his habit of making the best and most of everything, was in this particular instance at war with the affection he had borne his dead favourite; he knew her skin was valuable, and he did not see why he ought not to use it: one of our friends had called accidentally at the cottage, and found Burnt Eagle standing beside a deep pit he had excavated in the sand-hill, intended for the donkey’s grave; he had a knife in his hand, and had attempted the first incision in its skin.

‘It can’t be any hurt to a dead animal, sir,’ he said, ‘and yet I can’t do it! It seems like taring off my own flesh: the poor baste had such a knowledge of me. I know the skin would be useful; and the times are hard; but I can’t, sir, I can’t; *it would be like skinning a blood relation*,’ and he threw the knife from him. The finest sea-pinks of the banks grow on the donkey’s grave!

I have seen lately in Ireland as well-built and as well-kept cottages as I ever saw in England: they are not common—would to God they were!—yet I *have* seen them, and in my own county too, where, I trust, they will increase. But when I was a very little girl, they were far less numerous, and Burnt Eagle’s was visited as a curiosity; the old man was so neat and particular: the windows—there were two—looked out, one on his little garden, the other commanded the vista that opened between the sand-hills; and when the tide was in, the cockle-strand presented a sheet of silver water; the rafters of the kitchen were hung with kishes and baskets, lobster-pots, bird-cages, strings of noggins, bunches of skewers, little stools, all his own workmanship; and the cabbage and shrimp nets seemed beyond number; then brooms were piled in a corner, and the handles of spades and rude articles of husbandry were ready for use; there was a grinding-stone, and some attempt at a lathe; and the dresser, upon which



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were placed a few articles of earthenware, was white and clean : a cat, whom Burnt Eagle had not only removed, but, in defiance of an old Irish superstition, carried over water, was seated on the hearth-stone, and the old man amused us with many anecdotes of her sagacity. One beautiful trait in his character was, that he never spoke ill of any one ; he had his own ideas, his own opinions, his own rules of right, but he never indulged in gossip or backbiting. ‘As to Mrs Radford,’ he said, when complimented on the superior appearance of his own cottage, ‘the hand of the Lord has been heavy on her to point out the folly of her ways, and *that* ought to tache her : those who cast the grace of God from them are very much to be pitied ; for if it’s a grace to the rich, it is surely a grace to the poor. But the people are greatly improved, madam, even in my time : the Agricultural Societies do good, and the Loan Societies do good, and there’s a dale of good done up and down through the country, particularly here, where the landlords—God bless them!—*stick to the sod* ; and the cottages are whitewashed, and ye can walk dry and clane into many of the doors ; and some that used to turn me into ridicule, come to me for advice ; and I’m welcome to high and low ; not looked on, as when I came first, with suspicion : indeed, there are not many now like poor Mrs Radford : but Ailey will do well, poor girleen!—she always took to dacency.’

‘You certainly worked wonders, both for yourself and others ; I think you might do me a great deal of good, Burnt Eagle, by telling me how you managed,’ said my mother.

‘Thank you, my lady, for the compliment ; but, indeed, the principal rule I had was, “NEVER TO THINK THERE WAS TIME ENOUGH TO DO ANYTHING THAT WANTED DOING.” I’ve a great respect for time, madam ; it’s a wonderful thing to say it was before the world, and yet every day of our lives is both new and ould—ould in its grateness, yet new to thousands ; it’s God’s natural riches to the world ; it never has done with us, till it turns us over to eternity ; it’s the only true tacher of wisdom—it’s the Interpreter of all things—it’s the miracle of life—it’s flying in God’s face to ill-use it, or abuse it ; it’s too precious to waste, too dear to buy it ; it can make a poor man rich, and a rich one richer ! Oh, my lady, time is a fine thing, and I hope little miss will think so too : do, dear, remember poor Burnt Aigle’s words, never to think it “TIME ENOUGH TO DO ANYTHING THAT IT’S TIME TO DO.”’

‘I wish,’ said my mother, ‘that you had a child to whom to teach so valuable a precept.’ The old man’s lips (they were always colourless) grew whiter, and he grasped the top of his crutch more firmly ; his eyes were riveted as by a spell ; they looked on nothing, yet remained fixed ; his mouth twitched as by a sudden bitter pain ; and by degrees tears swam round his eyelids. I could not help gazing on him ; and yet, child though I was, I felt that his emotion was

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sacred ; that he should be alone ; and though I continued to gaze, I moved towards the door, awe-struck, stepping back, yet looking still.

‘Stay, stay, miss,’ he muttered.

‘Sit down ; you are not well,’ said my mother.

‘Look at that child,’ he continued, without heeding her observation ; ‘she is your only one, the only darlint ye have ; pray to the Lord this night, lady, this very night, on yer bended knees, to strike her with death by the morning, before she should be to you what mine has been to me.’ He staggered into his bedroom without saying another word. My mother laid upon the table a parcel containing some biscuits I had brought him, and we left the cottage, I clinging closely to her side, and she regretting she had touched a string which jarred so painfully. I remember I wept bitterly ; I had been so happy with the pony, which I fancied worth all the horses at our house ; and the revulsion was so sudden, that my little heart ached with sorrow ; I wanted to know if Burnt Eagle’s daughter had been ‘very naughty,’ but my mother had never heard of his daughter before.

What I have now to tell has little to do with the *character* of my story, but is remarkable as one of the romances of real life, which distance all the efforts of invention, and was well calculated to make an impression on a youthful mind. The next morning, soon after breakfast, my cousin came to my mother to inquire if she knew anything of the destruction of a provincial paper, the half of which he held in his hand. ‘I wanted it,’ he said, ‘to see the termination of the trial of that desperate villain Ralph Blundel at the Cork assizes.’

‘I think I wrapt it round the biscuits Maria took to Burnt Eagle,’ said mamma, ‘but I can tell you the termination of the tragedy. Blundel is executed by this time ; but the sad part of the story is, that a young woman, who is supposed to have been his wife, visited him in prison, accompanied by two children ; he would not speak to her, and the miserable creature flung herself into the river the same night.’

‘And the two children ?’

‘They were both girls, one a mere baby ; there was nothing more said about them.’

Tales of sorrow seldom make a lasting impression even on the most sensitive, unless they know something of the parties. We thought little, and talked less of Ralph Blundel ; but we were much astonished to hear the next morning that Burnt Eagle had set off without anything in his creels. This was in itself remarkable ; and it was added, that he appeared almost in a state of distraction, yet gave his cottage and all things contained therein in charge to his friend Ailey. Time passed on, and no tidings arrived of the old man, though we were all anxious about him. Some said one thing,

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some another. Mrs Radford hinted, 'the good people had got him at last,' and began to speculate on the chance of his never returning, in which case she hoped Ailey would keep Crab Hall. He had been absent nearly six weeks, but was not forgotten, at all events by me. I was playing one summer evening at the end of the avenue with our great dog, when I saw Burnt Eagle jogging along on his pony. The animal seemed very weary. I ran to him with childish glee, forgetting our last interview in the joy of the present. I thought he looked very old and very sad, but I was delighted to see him notwithstanding. 'Oh, Burnt Eagle!' I exclaimed, 'Gray Fan staved in Peggy's best milk-pail, and cook wants some new cabbage-nets; and I've got two young magpies, and want a cage; and grandmamma wants a netting-pin; and—but what have you got in your panniers?' and I stood on tiptoe to peep in; but instead of nets or noggins, or cockles, or wooden ware, there was a pretty rosy child as fast asleep in the sweet hay as if she had been pillowed on down.

I was just going to say, 'Is that your little girl?' but I remembered our last meeting.

'That's little Bell, miss,' he said, and his voice was low and mournful. 'Now, look in the other, and you will see little Bess,' and his smile was as sad as any other person's tears would have been.

I did look, and there was another! How astonished I was!—I did not know what to say. That child was awake—wide awake—looking up at my face with eyes as bright, as blue, as deep as Burnt Eagle's own. He wished me good-bye, and jogged on. I watched him a long way, and then returned, full of all the importance which the first knowledge of a singular event bestows. The circumstance created a great sensation in the country. The gentry came from far to visit Burnt Eagle's cottage. Civil he always was, but nothing could be extracted from him relative to the history of his little protégées: the priest knew, of course, but that availed nothing to the curious; and at last, even in our quiet nook, where an event was worn threadbare before it was done with, the excitement passed away, and my mother and myself were the only two who remembered the coincidence of the old man's emotion, the torn newspaper, and Burnt Eagle's sudden disappearance.

Bess and Bell grew in beauty and in favour with the country. They were called by various names—'Bess and Bell of Crab Hall,' or 'Bess and Bell Burnt Aigle,' or 'Bess and Bell of the sand-hills.'

For a long time after the old man's return, he was more retired than he had been. He was melancholy, too, at times, and his prime favourite Ailey declared 'there was no plasing him.' By degrees, however, that moroseness softened down into his old, gentle, and kindly habits. He would not accept gifts of money or food from

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any of us, thanking us, but declining such favours firmly. ‘I can work for the girls still,’ he would say; ‘and by the time I can’t, plase God they’ll be able to work for themselves; there’s many wants help worse than me.’ It was a beautiful example to the country to see how those children were brought up; they would net, and spin, and weave baskets, and peel osiers, and sing like larks, and weed flowers, and tie up nose-gays, and milk the goats, and gather shell-fish, and knit gloves and stockings, emulating the very bees (of which their protector had grown a large proprietor) in industry; and in the evenings the old man would teach them to read, and the nearest schoolmaster would come in and set them a copy, for which Burnt Eagle, scrupulously exact, would pay night by night, although the teacher always said ‘it would be “time enough” another time;’ and the old man would reply, while taking the pence out of his stocking-purse, ‘that there was no time like the present; and that if folks could not pay a halfpenny to-day, they would not be likely to be able to pay a penny to-morrow.’ The neighbours laughed at his oddity. But prosperity excites curiosity and imitation; and his simple road to distinction was frequently traversed. Solitary as were his habits, his advice and humble assistance were often asked, and always given.

When we left our old home, we went to bid him farewell. He was full of a project for establishing a fishery, and said: ‘Some one had told him that the Irish seas were as productive as the Irish soil; that there was a new harvest every season, free of rent, tithe, or taxes, and needing only boats, nets, and hardy hands to reap the ocean-crop which Providence had sown. I’ve spoke to the gentry about it,’ he said, ‘but they say “they’ll see about it,” and it’ll be “time enough.” *If my grave could overlook a little set of boats,*’ he added, ‘going out from our own place, I’d rest as comfortable in it as on a bed of down; but if they stick to “time enough,” the time will never come!’

I saw the old man no more; but the last time I visited Kilbaggin I stood by his grave. It was a fine moonlight evening in July, and Bess and Bell—the former being not only a wife, but a mother—had come to shew me his last resting-place: they had profited well by his example, and Bess made her little boy kneel upon the green-sward that covered his remains. ‘He died beloved and respected by rich and poor,’ said Bell (Bess could not speak for weeping), ‘and had as grand a funeral as if he was a born gentleman, and the priest and minister both at it; and the Killbarries and Mulvanays met it without wheeling one shillala, and they sworn foes, only out of regard to his memory, for the fine example he set the country, and the love he bore it.’



## CHEVY-CHASE.



OD prosper long our noble king,  
Our lives and safeties all ;  
A woful hunting once there did  
In Chevy-Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn  
Earl Percy took his way ;  
The child may rue that is unborn  
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland  
A vow to God did make,  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
Three summer days to take ;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase  
To kill and bear away.  
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,  
In Scotland where he lay :

Who sent Earl Percy present word,  
He would prevent his sport.  
The English Earl, not fearing that,  
Did to the woods resort

#### CHEVY-CHASE.

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well in time of need  
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran  
To chase the fallow-deer :  
On Monday they began to hunt  
When daylight did appear ;

And long before high noon they had  
A hundred fat bucks slain ;  
Then having dined, the drovers went  
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,  
Well able to endure ;  
And all their rear, with special care,  
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,  
The nimble deer to take ;  
That with their cries the hills and dales  
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,  
To view the slaughtered deer ;  
Quoth he : ' Earl Douglas promised  
This day to meet me here :

But if I thought he would not come,  
No longer would I stay ;'  
With that a brave young gentleman  
Thus to the earl did say :

' Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,  
His men in armour bright ;  
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears  
All marching in our sight ;

All men of pleasant Teviotdale,  
Fast by the river Tweed.'  
' Then cease your sports,' Earl Percy said,  
' And take your bows with speed :

And now with me, my countrymen,  
Your courage forth advance ;  
For never was there champion yet,  
In Scotland or in France,

#### CHEVY-CHASE.

That ever did on horseback come,  
But if my hap it were,  
I durst encounter man for man,  
With him to break a spear.'

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,  
Most like a baron bold,  
Rode foremost of his company,  
Whose armour shone like gold.

'Shew me,' said he, 'whose men you be,  
That hunt so boldly here,  
That, without my consent, do chase  
And kill my fallow-deer.'

The first man that did answer make,  
Was noble Percy he ;  
Who said : 'We list not to declare,  
Nor shew whose men we be :

Yet will we spend our dearest blood,  
Thy chiefest harts to slay.'  
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,  
And thus in rage did say :

'Ere thus I will outbraved be,  
One of us two shall die :  
I know thee well, an earl thou art,  
Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity it were,  
And great offence to kill  
Any of these our guiltless men,  
For they have done no ill.

Let you and me the battle try,  
And set our men aside.'  
'Accursed be he,' Earl Percy said,  
'By whom this is denied.'

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,  
Witherington was his name,  
Who said : 'I would not have it told  
To Henry, our king, for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,  
And I stood looking on.  
You two be earls,' said Witherington,  
'And I a squire alone :

### CHEVY-CHASE.

I'll do the best that do I may,  
While I have power to stand :  
While I have power to wield my sword,  
I'll fight with heart and hand.'

Our English archers bent their bows,  
Their hearts were good and true ;  
At the first flight of arrows sent,  
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet stays Earl Douglas on the bent,\*  
As chieftain stout and good ;  
As valiant captain, all unmoved,  
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,  
As leader ware and tried ;  
And soon his spearmen on their foes  
Bore down on every side.

Throughout the English archery  
They dealt full many a wound ;  
But still our valiant Englishmen  
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing straight their bows away,  
They grasped their swords so bright :  
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,  
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side,  
No slackness there was found ;  
And many a gallant gentleman  
Lay gasping on the ground.

In truth ! it was a grief to see  
How each one chose his spear,  
And how the blood out of their breasts  
Did gush like water clear.

At last these two stout earls did meet,  
Like captains of great might :  
Like lions wode, they laid on lode,  
And made a cruel fight :

\* This and the three ensuing stanzas were substituted by Dr Percy for one which he considered obscure, as follows :

'To drive the deer with hound and horn,  
Douglas bade on the bent ;  
Two captains moved with mickle might,  
Their spears to shivers went.'



#### CHEVY-CHASE,

They fought until they both did sweat,  
With swords of tempered steel ;  
Until the blood, like drops of rain,  
They trickling down did feel.

'Yield thee, Lord Percy,' Douglas said ;  
'In faith I will thee bring  
Where thou shalt high advanced be  
By James, our Scottish king :

Thy ransom I will freely give,  
And this report of thee,  
Thou art the most courageous knight  
That ever I did see.'

'No, Douglas,' saith Earl Percy then,  
'Thy proffer I do scorn ;  
I will not yield to any Scot  
That ever yet was born.'

With that there came an arrow keen  
Out of an English bow,  
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,  
A deep and deadly blow.

Who never spake more words than these :  
'Fight on, my merry men all ;  
For why, my life is at an end ;  
Lord Percy sees my fall.'

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took  
The dead man by the hand ;  
And said : ' Earl Douglas, for thy life  
Would I had lost my land.

In truth ! my very heart doth bleed  
With sorrow for thy sake ;  
For sure a more redoubted knight  
Mischance did never take.'

A knight amongst the Scots there was,  
Who saw Earl Douglas die,  
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge  
Upon the Earl Percy :

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called,  
Who, with a spear full bright,  
Well mounted on a gallant steed,  
Ran fiercely through the fight ;

#### CHEVY-CHASE.

And past the English archers all,  
Without a dread or fear ;  
And through Earl Percy's body then  
He thrust his hateful spear ;

With such vehement force and might  
He did his body gore,  
The staff ran through the other side  
A large cloth yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,  
Whose courage none could stain :  
An English archer then perceived  
The noble Earl was slain :

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
Made of a trusty tree ;  
An arrow of a cloth yard long  
To the hard head haled he :

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery  
So right the shaft he set,  
The gray goose wing that was thereon  
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day  
Till setting of the sun ;  
For when they rung the evening-bell,  
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there were slain  
Sir John of Egerton,  
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,  
Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,  
Both knights of good account,  
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,  
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is woe  
That ever he slain should be,  
For when his legs were hewn in two,  
He knelt and fought on his knee.\*

\* This stanza is from the old ballad, as being preferable in all respects to the corresponding one in the new :

'For Witherington I needs must wail,  
As one in doleful dumps,  
For when his legs were smitten off,  
He fought upon his stumps.'

### CHEVY-CHASE.

And with Earl Douglas there were slain  
Sir Hugh Mountgomery,  
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field  
One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,  
His sister's son was he ;  
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,  
But saved he could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case  
Did with Earl Douglas die :  
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,  
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,  
Went home but fifty-three ;  
The rest in Chevy-Chase were slain,  
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,  
Their husbands to bewail ;  
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,  
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,  
They bore with them away ;  
They kissed them dead a thousand times,  
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,  
Where Scotland's king did reign,  
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly  
Was with an arrow slain :

'O heavy news,' King James did say,  
'Scotland can witness be  
I have not any captain more  
Of such account as he.'

Like tidings to King Henry came  
Within as short a space,  
That Percy of Northumberland  
Was slain in Chevy-Chase :

### CHEVY-CHASE.

'Now God be with him,' said our king,  
'Since 'twill no better be ;  
I trust I have within my realm  
Five hundred as good as he :

Yet shall not Scots or Scotland say  
But I will vengeance take :  
I'll be revenged on them all,  
For brave Earl Percy's sake.'

This vow full well the king performed  
After at Humbledown ;  
In one day fifty knights were slain,  
With lords of high renown :

And of the rest, of small account,  
Did many hundreds die ;  
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,  
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land,  
With plenty, joy, and peace ;  
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate  
'Twixt noblemen may cease.\*

\*The popular ballad of Chevy-Chase, here reprinted, is believed to have been written about the year 1600; but it was not an original composition. There was an older ballad of somewhat greater length, and more rudely constructed, as might be expected in a composition of earlier age. They are both printed in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. It is now believed that these ballads have no more than a foundation in fact. There certainly existed in the fourteenth century a strong feeling of rivalry between the English Earl of Northumberland and the Scottish Earl of Douglas, and this had in general ample occasion for display in the wars then carried on between the two countries. In 1388, during the reigns of Richard II. of England and Robert III. of Scotland, the Scots under Douglas invaded and ravaged the English border. They were met at Otterbourne by an English party under Henry Percy (surnamed Hotspur), son of the Earl of Northumberland, when a keen contest took place, which resulted in the captivity of Percy by the Scots, who, however, had their triumph saddened by the death of their brave commander. The known incidents of this fight furnish the chief materials of the ballad, both in its ancient and comparatively modern form: but here a difficulty meets us. There is no historical record of such an occasion for a battle as the hunting of Cheviot holds forth. It is nevertheless not improbable that, amidst the mutual jealousies of these great lords, a Percy might indulge in such a freak as hunting upon the grounds of his enemy, the Douglas, and that a battle might be the consequence; and indeed a fight did take place between these lords at Pepperden, not far from the Cheviot Hills, in 1436. This might be the battle which the poet meant to describe; but, writing perhaps a hundred years after even that later incident, he might easily confound the two conflicts, and give the *transactions* of the one in connection with the *occasion* of the other.

The modern version of Chevy-Chase is mainly an improvement upon the original; but it is scarcely so good in a few particular passages, and in one the meaning of the old writer has been mistaken. This ballad has for ages been admired by the learned and refined, as well as by the common people.

Chevy-Chase, the scene of the ballad, was the extensive hunting-ground afforded by the Cheviot Hills between Scotland and England—then partially covered with wood, and stocked with deer and roe, though now bare, and devoted to sheep-pasture alone.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL-GREEN.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF  
BETHNAL-GREEN.\*

FIT FIRST.

It was a blind beggar had long lost his sight,  
He had a fair daughter of beauty most bright :  
And many a gallant brave suitor had she,  
For none was so comely as pretty Bessie.

And though she was of favour most fair,  
Yet seeing she was but a poor beggar's heir,  
Of ancient housekeepers despised was she,  
Whose sons came as suitors to pretty Bessie.

Wherefore in great sorrow fair Bessie did say :  
' Good father and mother, let me go away  
To seek out my fortune, whatever it be.'  
This suit then they granted to pretty Bessie.

Then Bessie that was of beauty so bright,  
All clad in gray russet, and late in the night,  
From father and mother alone parted she,  
Who sighed and sobbed for pretty Bessie.

\* This popular English ballad is believed to have been written in the reign of Elizabeth. Like almost every other ballad which has been preserved principally by tradition, there are various versions of it, all less or more differing from each other. The version we have adopted is that which has appeared in *The Book of British Ballads*, a work of great elegance and taste, edited by Mr S. C. Hall, having been revised by him from the version in Dr Percy's *Reliques of English Poetry* and a black-letter copy preserved in the British Museum. The ballad in the British Museum is entitled *The Rarest Ballad that ever was seen of the Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bednal-Green*. Printed by and for W. Ouley; and are to be sold by C. Bates at the sign of the Sun and Bible in Pye Corner. With reference to one of the main events in the ballad, history mentions that at the decisive battle of Evesham, fought August 4, 1265, when Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of the barons, his eldest son, Henry, fell by his side; and in consequence of that defeat his whole family sunk for ever, the king bestowing their great honours and possessions on his second son, Edmund Earl of Lancaster. The 'angel,' a coin alluded to in the ballad, was of gold, and of the value of about ten shillings. It received its name from having on one side a representation of archangel Michael killing the dragon.

### THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL-GREEN.

She went till she came to Stratford-le-Bow ;  
Then knew she not whither, nor which way to go :  
With tears she lamented her hard destiny,  
So sad and so heavy was pretty Bessie.

She kept on her journey until it was day,  
And went unto Rumford along the highway ;  
Where at the Queen's Arms entertained was she,  
So fair and well favoured was pretty Bessie.

She had not been there a month to an end,  
But master and mistress and all was her friend ;  
And every brave gallant that once did her see,  
Was straightway in love with pretty Bessie.

Four suitors at once unto her did go ;  
They craved her favour, but still she said ' No ;  
I would not wish gentles to marry with me :'  
Yet ever they honoured pretty Bessie.

The first of them was a gallant young knight,  
And he came unto her disguised in the night :  
The second a gentleman of good degree,  
Who wooed and sued for pretty Bessie.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,  
He was the third suitor, and proper withal :  
Her master's own son the fourth man must be,  
Who swore he would die for pretty Bessie.

Then Bessie she sighed, and thus she did say :  
' My father and mother I mean to obey ;  
First get their good-will, and be faithful to me,  
And you shall enjoy your pretty Bessie.'

To every one this answer she made ;  
Wherefore unto her they joyfully said :  
' This thing to fulfil we all do agree ;  
But where dwells thy father, my pretty Bessie ?'

' My father,' she said, ' is soon to be seen ;  
The silly blind beggar of Bethnal-Green,  
That daily sits begging for charity,  
He is the good father of pretty Bessie.'

#### THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL-GREEN.

'Nay, then,' said the merchant, 'thou art not for me :'  
'Nor,' said the innholder, 'my wife thou shalt be :'  
'I loathe,' said the gentle, 'a beggar's degree,  
And therefore adieu, my pretty Bessie !'

'Why, then,' quoth the knight, 'hap better or worse,  
I weigh not true love by the weight of the purse,  
And beauty is beauty in every degree ;  
Then welcome to me, my pretty Bessie.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will go.'  
'Nay, soft,' said his kinsmen, 'it must not be so ;  
A poor beggar's daughter no lady shall be,  
Then take thy adieu of pretty Bessie.'

But soon after this, by break of the day,  
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessie away.  
The young men of Rumford, as sick as may be,  
Rode after to fetch again pretty Bessie.

But rescue came speedily over the plain,  
Or else the young knight for his love had been slain.  
This fray being ended, then straightway he see  
His kinsmen come railing at pretty Bessie.

Then spake the blind beggar : 'Although I be poor,  
Yet rail not against my child at my own door ;  
Though she be not decked in velvet and pearl,  
Yet I will drop angels with you for my girl.'

With that an angel he cast on the ground,  
And dropped in angels full three thousand pound :  
And oftentimes it was proved most plain,  
For the gentleman's one the beggar dropped twain :

So that the place wherein they did sit,  
With gold it was covered every whit ;  
The gentlemen then having dropt all their store,  
Said : 'Now, beggar, hold, for we have no more.

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright.'  
'Then marry,' said he, 'my girl to this knight ;  
And here,' added he, 'I will now throw you down  
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gown.'

### THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL-GREEN.

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seen,  
Admired the beggar of Bethnal-Green ;  
And all those that were her suitors before,  
Their flesh for very anger they tore.

Thus was fair Bessie matched to the knight,  
And then made a lady in others' despite :  
A fairer lady there never was seen,  
Than the blind beggar's daughter of Bethnal-Green.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,  
What brave lords and knights thither were prest,  
The second fit shall set forth to your sight,  
With marvellous pleasure and wished delight.

### FIT SECOND.

Of a blind beggar's daughter most fair and bright,  
That late was betrothed unto a young knight,  
All the discourse thereof you did see,  
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessie.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave,  
Adorned with all the cost they could have,  
This wedding was kept most sumptuously,  
And all for the credit of pretty Bessie.

All kinds of dainties and delicates sweet  
Were bought to the banquet, as it was most meet ;  
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,  
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessie.

This wedding through England was spread by report,  
So that a great number thereto did resort  
Of nobles and gentles in every degree,  
And all for the fame of pretty Bessie.

To church then went this gallant young knight ;  
His bride followed after, a lady most bright,  
With troops of ladies, the like ne'er was seen,  
As went with sweet Bessie of Bethnal-Green.

This marriage being solemnised then,  
With music performed by the skilfulest men,  
The nobles and gentles sat down at that tide,  
Each one admiring the beautiful bride.



### THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL-GREEN.

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,  
To talk and to reason a number begun ;  
They talked of the blind beggar's daughter most bright,  
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles : ' Much marvel have we  
This jolly blind beggar we cannot here see.'  
' My lords,' said the bride, ' my father's so base,  
He is loath with his presence these states to disgrace.'

' The praise of a woman in question to bring  
Before her own face were a flattering thing ;  
But we think thy father's baseness,' said they,  
' Might by thy beauty be clean put away.'

They had no sooner these pleasant words spoke,  
But in comes the beggar clad in a silk cloak ;  
A fair velvet cap, and a feather had he ;  
And now a musician forsooth he would be.

He had a dainty lute under his arm,  
He touched the strings, which made such a charm,  
Said : ' Please you to hear any music of me,  
I'll sing you a song of pretty Bessie.'

With that his lute he twanged straightway,  
And thereon began most sweetly to play ;  
And after that lessons were played two or three,  
He strained out this song most delicately.

' A poor beggar's daughter did dwell on a green,  
Who for her fairness might well be a queen ;  
A blithe bonny lassie, and a dainty was she,  
And many one called her pretty Bessie.

Her father he had no goods nor no land,  
But begged for a penny all day with his hand ;  
And yet to her marriage he gave thousands three,  
And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessie.

And if any one here her birth do disdain,  
Her father is ready, with might and with main,  
To prove she is come of noble degree ;  
Therefore never flout at pretty Bessie.'

### THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL-GREEN.

With that the lords and the company round  
With hearty laughter were ready to swoond ;  
At last said the lords : ' Full well we may see  
The bride and the beggar's beholden to thee.'

On this the bride all blushing did rise,  
The pearly drops standing within her fair eyes ;  
' Oh pardon my father, brave nobles,' saith she,  
' That through blind affection thus doteth on me.'

' If this be thy father,' the nobles did say,  
' Well may he be proud of this happy day ;  
Yet by his countenance well may we see,  
His birth and his fortune did never agree ;

And therefore, blind man, we pray thee beware  
(And look that the truth thou to us do declare),  
Thy birth and thy parentage, what it may be,  
For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessie.'

' Then give me leave, nobles and gentles each one,  
One song more to sing, and then I have done ;  
And if that it may not win good report,  
Then do not give me a groat for my sport.

[Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shall be,  
Once chief of all the great barons was he ;  
Yet fortune so cruel this lord did abase,  
Now lost and forgotten are he and his race.

When the barons in arms did King Henry oppose,  
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose ;  
A leader of courage undaunted was he,  
And oftentimes he made their enemies flee.

At length in the battle on Evesham plain,  
The barons were routed, and Montfort was slain ;  
Most fatal that battle did prove unto thee,  
Though thou was not born then, my pretty Bessie !

Along with the nobles that fell at that tide,  
His eldest son Henry, who fought by his side,  
Was felled by a blow he received in the fight,  
A blow that deprived him for ever of sight.

### THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BETHNAL-GREEN.

Among the dead bodies all lifeless he lay,  
Till evening drew on of the following day,  
When by a young lady discovered was he,  
And this was thy mother, my pretty Bessie.

A baron's fair daughter stepped forth in the night  
To search for her father, who fell in the fight,  
And seeing young Montfort, where gasping he lay,  
Was moved with pity, and brought him away.

In secret she nursed him, and 'suaged his pain,  
While he through the realm was believed to be slain ;  
At length his fair bride she consented to be,  
And made him glad father of pretty Bessie.

And now lest our foes our lives should betray,  
We clothed ourselves in beggar's array ;  
Her jewels she sold, and hither came we,  
All our comfort and care was our pretty Bessie.

And here have we lived in fortune's despite,  
Though poor, yet contented with humble delight ;  
Full forty winters thus have I been  
A silly blind beggar of Bethnal-Green.]

And here, noble lords, is ended the song  
Of one that once to your own rank did belong ;  
And thus have you learned a secret from me,  
That ne'er had been known but for pretty Bessie.'

Now when the fair company every one,  
Had heard the strange tale in the song he had shewn,  
They all were amazed, as well they might be,  
Both at the blind beggar and pretty Bessie.

With that the fair bride they all did embrace,  
Saying : 'Sure thou art come of an honourable race ;  
Thy father likewise is of noble degree,  
And thou art well worthy a lady to be.'

Thus was the feast ended with joy and delight ;  
A bridegroom most happy then was the young knight ;  
In joy and felicity long lived he  
All with his fair lady, the pretty Bessie.







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VOLUME IX.  
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